POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 14 · 1964 20c

ASSEMBLY-LINE SUNSHINE IN THE CARIBBEAN

Big boom in enchanted islands

"I SMOKE BECAUSE I LIKE TO SMOKE"

A poetic Speaking Out by OGDEN NASH

e funniest candidate in New Hampshire / What ever happened to burlesque?

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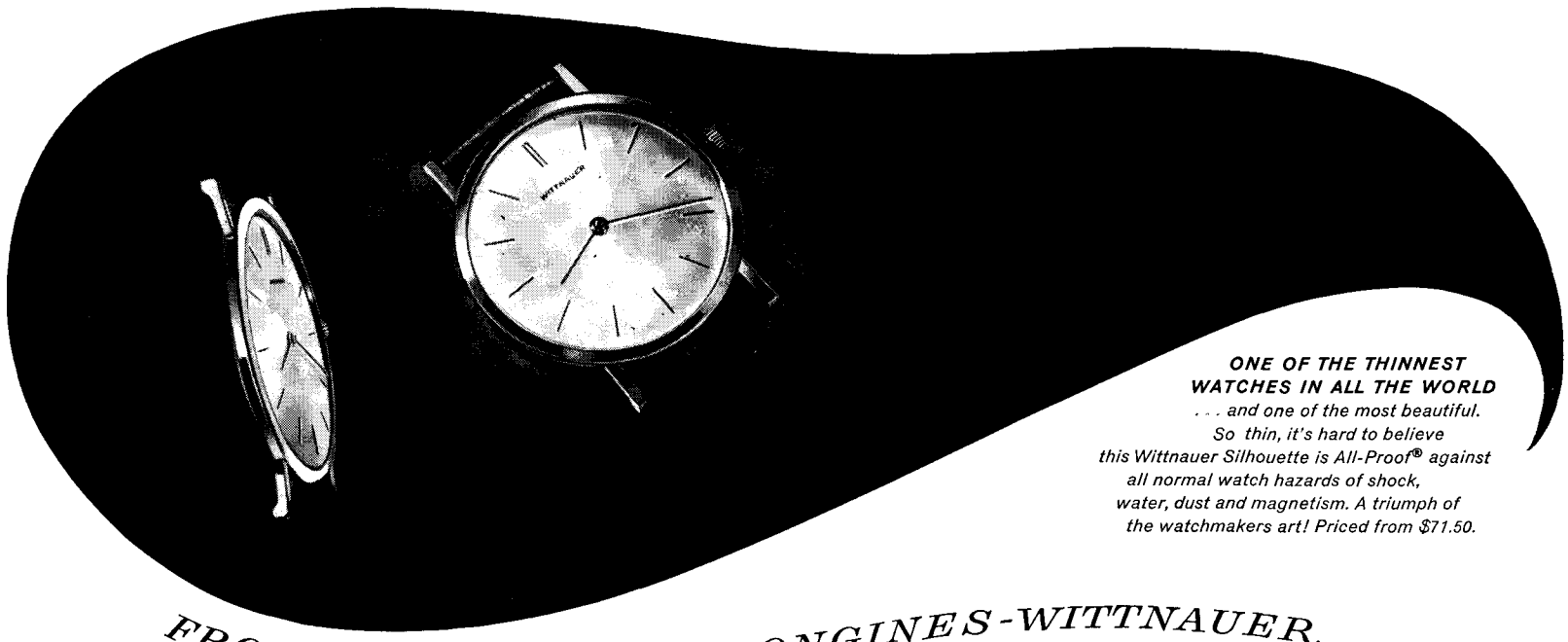

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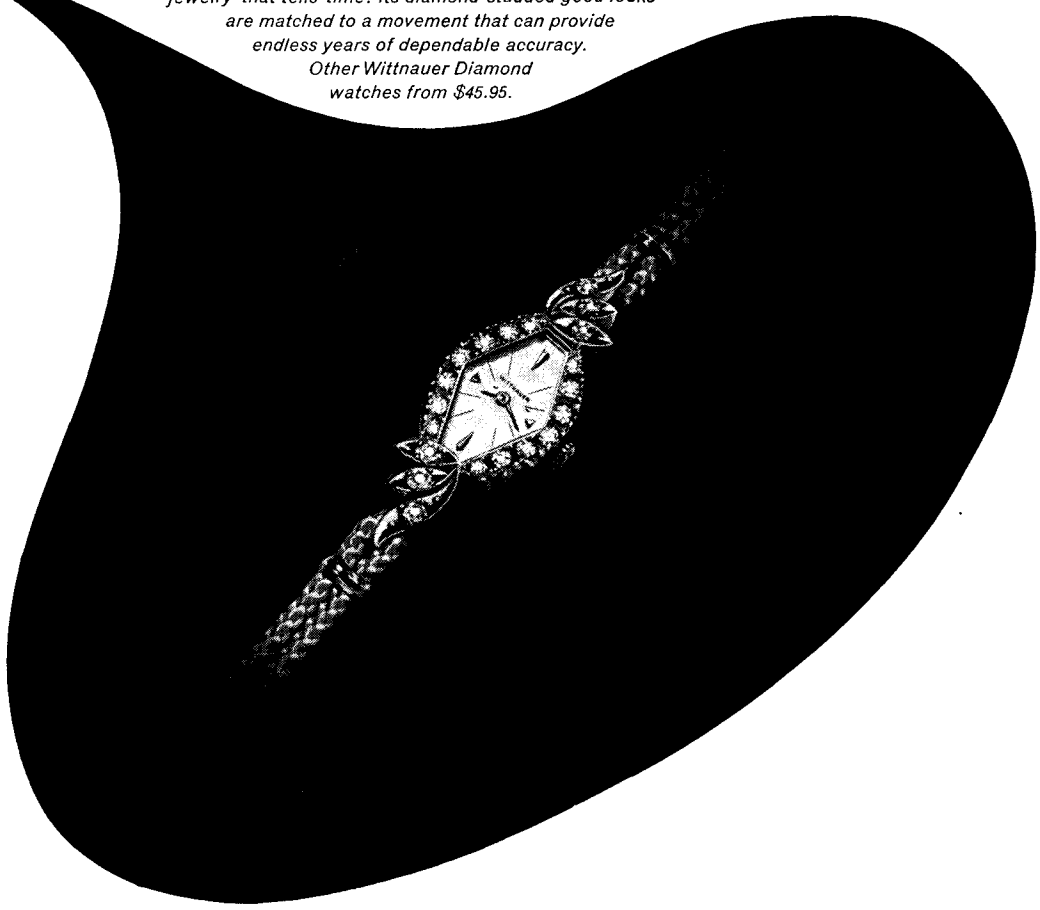

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POST

MARCH 14, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 10

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The Kinsey Report didn't upset me, either *(Speaking Out)* . *by Ogden Nash* 8
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Sweepstakes in the snow . . . . . *by John Skow* 17

Although it started out last fall as a private duel between Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater, New Hampshire's Republican primary has now become a political free-for-all. This week the voters, who are also trying to decide what to do about their state's new sweepstakes lottery, face a ballot so crowded that it looks more like a racing form. And a ghastly vision haunts the candidates—that the one who reaches the finish line first will find noncandidates Richard Nixon or Henry Cabot Lodge already in the winner's circle, posing for photographers. Contributing writer John Skow, a Vermonter who recently crossed over into the neighboring Granite State for a close look at the campaign, surveys the tactics and the prospects of the entries in this first heat of the long run for the G.O.P. nomination.

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The authors. When not running for President, **Marvin Kitman** is news managing editor of the political quarterly *Monocle*. "My fellow editors," he observes, "felt I deserved to be in Washington because of the skill with which I manage the news." . . . In the course of researching her article on the Caribbean, contributing writer **Anne Chamberlin** did locate one island hideaway as yet uninvaded by tourists and is still there. . . . **Robert Gannon,** a free-lance writer who lived with Richard Honeck during his last few days in prison, found conditions and methods strongly geared to the rehabilitation of inmates—"not like in the old Bogart movies at all." . . . **George Walsh,** a magazine editor and former college classmate of John Donohue, recalls having played on an amateur basketball team with the winning Power Academy coach and losing every game. . . . Contributing writer **Lewis H. Lapham,** who traveled with a burlesque troupe through Maryland and Pennsylvania for two weeks, learned a bit of the juggler's routine from a comedian and mastered the fine art of wardrobe "catching" from an exotic dancer. . . . In Jackson, Miss., editor-at-large Harold H. Martin not only recorded the courtroom proceedings against Byron De La Beckwith but also talked with local citizens from all walks of life. "I wanted," he says, "to gain a real insight into the emotional climate in which this fascinating trial took place."

The cover. Bodies grilling on the suntanning "racks" of a San Juan hotel were photographed from 12 stories above by contributor **John Launois.**

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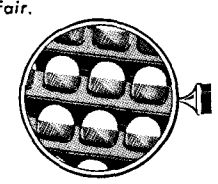

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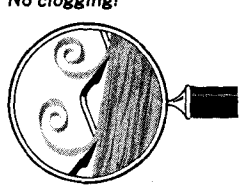

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LETTERS

Humane hunting

As an avid hunter, I feel that Hunting Is Humane [Vance Bourjaily, Feb. 15] presents a realistic view of the present-day hunter's problem, which is not where or what to hunt—as in the past—but preservation of his right to select this form of entertainment.

GRAHAM BOSTICK
Charlotte, N.C.

• We as a people are so conditioned by Walt Disney pictures and well-meaning but sentimental nonsense, that I have felt guilty about my interest in hunting. But no more—thanks to Mr. Bourjaily.

RICHARD G. DAVIS
Agawam, Mass.

• We are farmers and have recently found a live doe, with one hindquarter badly shot up, straddling a barbed-wire fence; a live wildcat hiding in a log with its face shot away; and a wounded rabbit being eaten alive by ants. We do not think hunting is humane.

MRS. VIOLET CALVERT
Goldendale, Wash.

• I am neither a "moralist" nor a "sentimentalist" nor a "politician." I am a scientifically trained naturalist, and I think hunting is *not* humane. Some people like to go out and feed the wild creatures and help give them shelter when the weather is cold and miserable. Bourjaily likes to go out and kill them. Maybe it's just a case of different personalities.

CAREY BALDWIN, *Director*
San Francisco Zoo
San Francisco, Calif.

• The unchanging truth is that anyone who kills needlessly has a problem, and although I advocate neither laws against it (better to kill birds than people) nor excessive remorse in hunters who can face the truth about themselves, I am justly tired of being told that if I eat meat, I am no better than they, and that since nature is such a great life waster anyway, what can a few birds, more or less, matter? The difference is that nature does not do it on purpose.

EDWIN RITCHIE
Floral Park, N.Y.

• We cannot call hunting a true "sport," as the hunter is in the cowardly position of holding lethal weapons as opposed to the complete defenselessness of the average quarry.

H. JAY DINSHAH
Malaga, N.J.

• The author makes it seem that Christians (or puritans, as he calls them) have some terrible disease.

MRS. ROBERT E. COLLINS
East Point, Ga.

• If one may take Mr. Bourjaily's remarks seriously, his peak of social achievement and the nearest he ever got to civilized maturity was during his adolescence when he "went to parties" instead of hunting.

G. HUSTY
Chomedey, Canada

Coin collecting

With regard to BOOM TIMES FOR PIGGY-BANKERS [by William Laas and Theodore Du Bay, Feb. 15], here's some advice for those avid coin collectors which my husband gave about a 1909-S-VDB penny I've s and checked on for years: Unless a until someone pays you more for it, it's worth exactly what it says on the back—one cent.

MRS. GRANT SLOAN
Greenwood, Wis.

• I'm saving a bag of pennies (worth $50) for my child's college education, and I haven't even walked down the aisle yet.

DOUGLAS W. HARKNESS
San Antonio, Tex.

• The reason for the appeal of coin collecting is not obscure, as indicated in Messrs. Laas and Du Bay's well-researched article. Basically it is the human desire for completeness. The same urge drives a scientist to collect and classify every variety of fish, insect or flower, thus adding to our total knowledge of the world around us.

DICK JOHNSON, *Publisher*
PACE Numismatic Weekly
Houston, Tex.

Soviet agent

THE RISE AND FALL OF A SOVIET AGENT by Edward R. F. Sheehan [Feb. 15] is the finest article pertaining to spying I have ever read.

MRS. MARTHA HARDI
Pacoima, C

Immigration

With reference to your editorial on our immigration laws [THE HYPOCRISY OF OUR IMMIGRATION LAWS, Feb. 15], a more intelligent thesis would have been that this nation, having a labor surplus of over four million, is stupid to permit any immigration at all.

WILLIAM RAYMOND BRINK
Cambridge, Mass.

• We now have about 4,250,000 births in the United States each year and about 1,750,000 deaths. It would be folly to admit more people from countries with proven records of overpopulation.

FRANK C. WORBS JR.
Vanport, Pa.

• The laws pertaining to people from the Orient are worse even than those concerning southern Europeans. We have been waiting for more than five years since approval of his petition for my wife's brother to be assigned a quota number, and are apparently no closer than the day we began. Thank you for your needed editorial.

DON C. JOHNSTON
Columbus, Ohio

• With reference to your edit most of the D.A.R.—and I includ self—are *not* descended from im grants. We're descended from colonists. And there's a whale of a difference.

PEARL M. GRAHAM
Sunset Beach, Calif.

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One of the nice things about owning it is selling it.

A new Volkswagen doesn't depreciate wildly the minute you turn the key.

In a sense, the older it gets the more valuable it gets.

So that in 5 years, the same VW will be worth more than some 5-year-old cars that cost twice as much to begin with.

Old VWs are worth a lot because a lot of people want them.

One reason is that it takes a real car nut to tell a clean used one from a new one.

VWs always look like VWs.

Another reason is that they hold up.

A VW is put together so well, it's practically airtight. (It helps to open a window to close a door. Even on old ones.)

And, new VW or old, there's all that nice money you keep saving on gas, oil, tires, insurance and repairs.

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ADD 4 EXTRA POLES IN MOMENTS

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Basic 2-Pole Permanent Magnet Latching Relay

Adding 4 Extra Poles Makes a 6-Pole Latching Relay

Adding 2-Pole Timer Makes a Timed/ Latching Relay

■ This new A-B Type N 300-volt relay is compact . . . rugged . . . and loaded with new features. The basic 4-pole relay is only 3½″ high, 2⅛″ wide and 3¼″ deep. This compact size is achieved with no sacrifice in simple, trouble free construction—and it's built to assure many millions of reliable operations.

Along with this compactness you'll appreciate the uniformity of height and width—mounting the Type N relays side-by-side in rows automatically provides a convenient wiring trough. All modifications are easily made from the front . . . no extra panel space is needed.

And let's not forget flexibility. When you need extra contacts, there's a 2 or 4-pole front deck assembly that mounts right on the front of the basic 4-pole relay, making a 6 or 8-pole relay in moments. The Type N relay has a 2-pole timer that also mounts on the front of the basic 4-pole relay. It's adjustable from 0.2 second to 1 minute, and can be quickly converted to either "on-delay" or "off-delay" operation.

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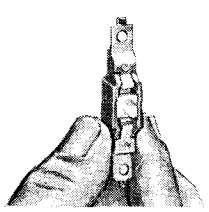

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LETTERS

Big Sur

The natural beauties of Big Sur [WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO BIG SUR?, William Trombley, Feb. 15] may be hard to match, but the picture (man shooting trapped coyote) shows a sign of the end. It's not clear who the real villain in your picture is, but I doubt if it's the coyote.

ROY DIETERT
Allendale, N.J.

Sophia

I am a *long*time reader of the *Post* and yesterday was immensely cheered by the story and beautiful pictures of Miss Loren [SOPHIA LOREN: "FIRST, I AM A WOMAN," Pete Hamill, Feb. 15]. In the white dress she is exquisite! I've never had the pleasure of seeing her act, but reading Mr. Hamill's story and looking at Burt Glinn's pictures gave me a distinctly happy time.

LOUIE J. MATTHEWS
Brownsville, Tex.

• I am surprised that the *Post* would glorify in color—inside the magazine and on the cover—a woman who is living in open immorality and smoking 60 cigarettes a day. This must have a shocking impact on our young people.

STANLEY H. WHITING
Drayton Plains, Mich.

• She "feels" as if she is married. Ha!

MRS. J. E. CHRISTENSEN
Vienna, Va.

Balance of payments

I should like to comment on and correct the reference to Ford Motor Company in Martin Mayer's THE FLIGHT OF THE YANKEE DOLLAR [Jan. 18]. The article mentions Ford Motor Company's purchase, early in 1961, of the minority stock interest in its British subsidiary.

Contrary to Mr. Mayer's statement, I have never denied that I discussed this transaction with Robert B. Anderson, then Secretary of the Treasury. In these discussions, Mr. Anderson did not ask that we withdraw our offer to purchase the minority stock interest. What Mr. Anderson did suggest was that we consider alternative methods of making this purchase with a view to minimizing the short-term adverse impact on the U.S. balance of payments. We carefully explored all the possible courses of action. Again contrary to Mr. Mayer's statement, I did not tell "the Treasury to mind its own business," or anything of the sort.

In evaluating the effect of investments abroad by U.S. companies, it is essential to consider both sides of the ledger. As earnings are returned to this country, Ford Motor Company's investments in other countries have a long-term favorable influence on the U.S. balance of payments position. In fact, since 1949, Ford Motor Company has increased U.S. receipts from abroad by a net amount of more than $2.5 billion.

HENRY FORD
Dearborn, Michigan

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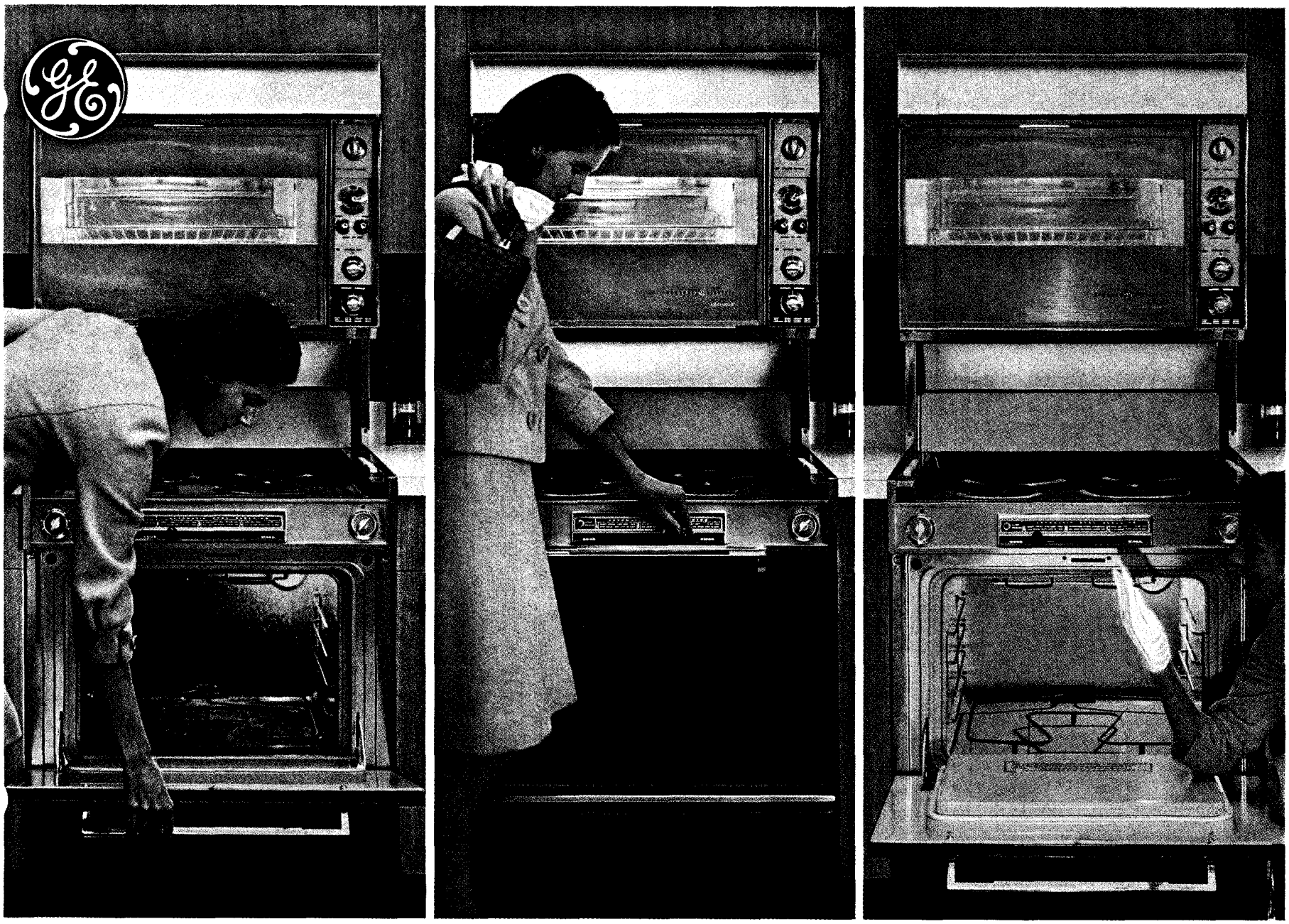


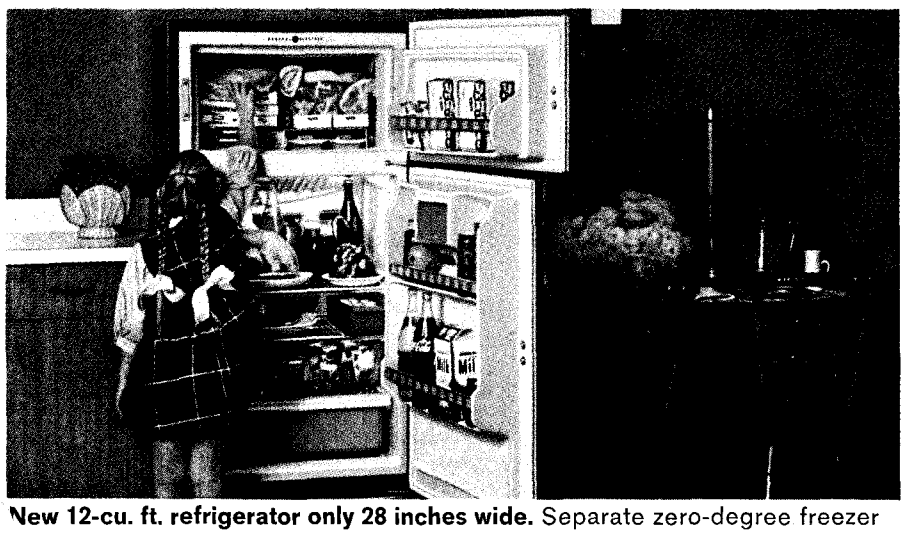
MODEL J-796.

Don't touch this dirty oven...just set dials, latch the door...it cleans itself electrically.

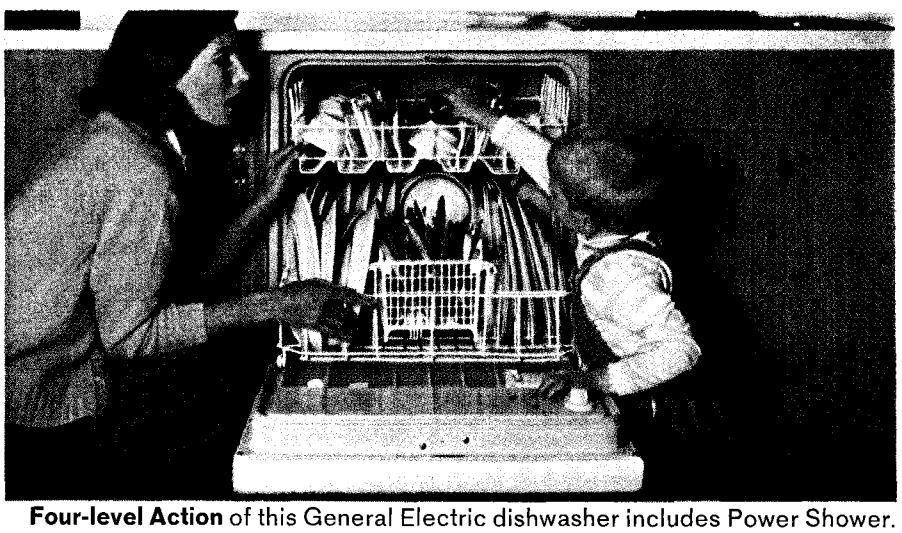
Yes, a P-7 master oven, the oven that cleans itself electrically, is yours with this beautiful new Americana® range. All you do is set 2 dials and the timer, then latch the oven door. No liquids, no pastes, no fumes, no nothing. Electricity gets the oven new-clean, even in the ridges and between the coils.

And this wonderful range gives you many other extras, all in a space only 30 inches wide. It has a built-in, 2-level exhaust system, a second full oven at eye level, with rotisserie and General Electric's Sensi-Temp* cooktop unit, which holds the temperature you select—automatically.

See this new Americana with P-7 master oven at your General Electric dealer's soon. It's also available without built-in exhaust (Model J-786).



New 12-cu. ft. refrigerator only 28 inches wide. Separate zero-degree freezer holds up to 80 pounds of frozen food. Fresh-food section has slide-out shelves, never needs defrosting. Generous door storage, butter compartment, removable egg tray. See model TB-313Y at your General Electric dealer's.



Four-level Action of this General Electric dishwasher includes Power Shower. Washes down, up, all around. Flushaway Drain liquefies soft food particles, eliminating hand-rinsing and scraping. No screens to clean, either. Washes and dries 15 table-settings (NEMA standards). Model SD 400Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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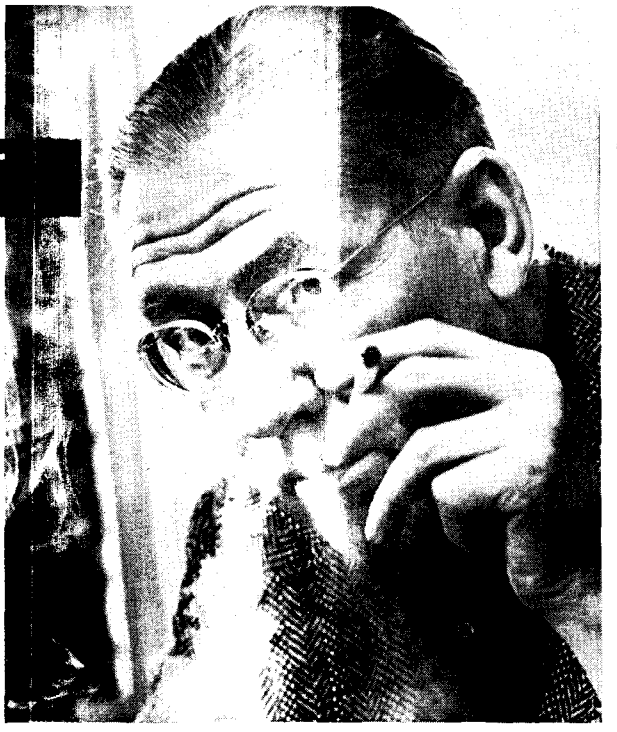
SPEAKING OUT

The Kinsey Report didn't upset me, either



For almost as long as he has been a smoker, Ogden Nash has been considered the greatest living master of light verse.

By Ogden Nash

Two great decisions were made this year which I should like to recall before the world forgets:

Billy Graham decided not to run for President, and I decided not to give up cigarettes.

I suppose that a reason for Dr. Graham's decision is not really needed,

And I suppose I reached my own decision simply because I don't like to be stampeded.

I guess I am addicted to another old American habit;

At the first hint of mass pressure I turn into a lone wolf, even though I am usually just a lone rabbit.

I am sure that Luther Terry is indeed the very model of a modern Surgeon General and I respect his opinion,

But if I disagree with him it does not mean that I am tobacco's abject slave or minion,

It's just that I am a cross between a mugwump and a maverick,

I won't allow my life to be regulated by reports, whether rosily optimistic or gloomily cadaveric.

James I of England was known as the wisest fool in Christendom, he was a crotchety James, a quaint James;

He was wise when he said, "He was a bold man who first swallowed an oyster," and when he authorized the version of the Bible which he called the King James but most people refer to as the Saint James,

And he was a fool when he wrote his *Counterblast to Tobacco*, probably because he once rode in a coach driven by a coachman smoking the kind of cigar your taxi driver smokes today,

And he was a vindictive fool when he decapitated Sir Walter Raleigh because he had discovered the pleasures of smoking while exploring what was later to become the U.S.A.

Emerson was no fool, and he wrote, "A man of no conversation should smoke,"

Sweet words to the ear of one whose social chitchat is limited to such epigrams as "That's the way the cookie crumbles" and "okey-doke."

However, I was not converted to smoking by Emerson and Sir Walter Raleigh any more than I shall be diverted from it by King James's counterblast and Dr. Luther Terry's sequel to it;

I just smoke because I like to smoke, and there is no other minor vice that gives me pleasure equal to it.

Each morning's headlines used to leave my remaining hairs by some new horror curled, But now I have accepted the fact that I am living in a perilous world.

What's one more potential peril in a totally perilous world?

I have accepted the first law of nature, of which this is the essence:

Our Creator anticipated Detroit when He created us, and we come from the factory with built-in obsolescence.

The young and the healthy die, the old and the sickly survive,

And nobody knows why anybody is still alive.

To me the question of smoking or not smoking is not even slightly controversial;

The only factor that might persuade me to renounce the habit is the repetitious theme of the TV commercial.

I am sick of those hearty young he-man smokers rounding up cattle and piloting gliders and skiing over snowy ridges,

I am sick of those ever-laughing young couples swimming and canoeing and patting horses and disappearing hand in hand for heaven knows what purpose into the seclusion of covered bridges.

This may sound stuffed-shirty,

But their advertisements would lead you to believe that the sponsors don't believe that any of their customers survive the age of thirty.

Ah well, that is mere sedentary senile quibbling, so I will conclude by answering a question from Oscar Wilde, a smoker I never met;

He said, "A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can you want?"
What more can I want, Oscar?
Another cigarette.

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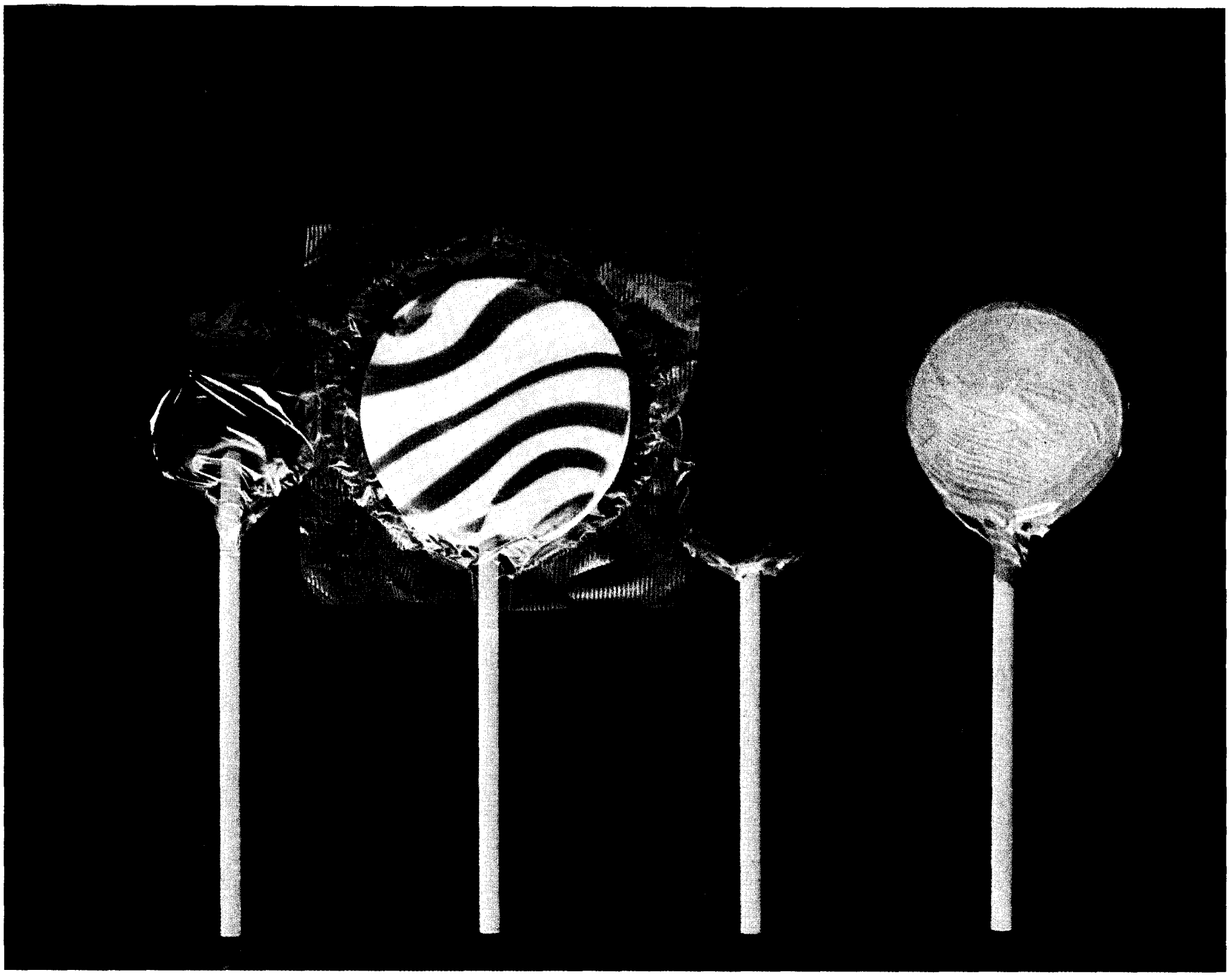

Polio **Diphtheria** **Whooping Cough** **Tetanus**

These are not new medicines—or a new way to give vaccines for the common childhood diseases. They are simply lollipops which many doctors use to reward youngsters for taking their shots.

Is your young child due for such a simple, but important, reward? When immunizations are kept up to date, the risk of polio, diphtheria and tetanus is greatly reduced.

In the case of whooping cough, however, an immunized child sometimes comes down with a mild case. Nevertheless, all babies should be given this vaccine as a safeguard against a severe attack.

Today, the protection afforded by vaccines is so well accepted and so routine that parents may overlook the need for repeated injections—or booster shots—which keep a child's resistance at its highest.

To be sure that your child will have adequate protection, see your doctor about booster doses. This should be done when your youngster is from two to four years old.

It is also wise to keep an accurate record of the dates of first injections and booster doses—for your own convenience and your child's health, too. Should you move, a record of the immunizations given by your former doctor will be a great help to the physician in your new location.

A form for this purpose is included in Metropolitan's booklet, *ABC's of Childhood Disease.* For a free copy, see your Metropolitan Man, call your local Metropolitan office or mail the coupon below.

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

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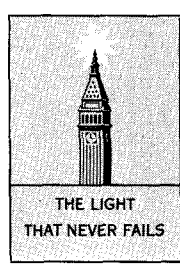
HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, SINCE 1924 · OVER 1000 LOCAL OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA



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(PLEASE PRINT)
Street
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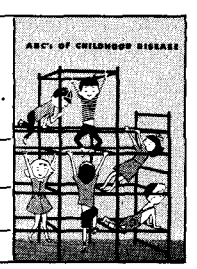

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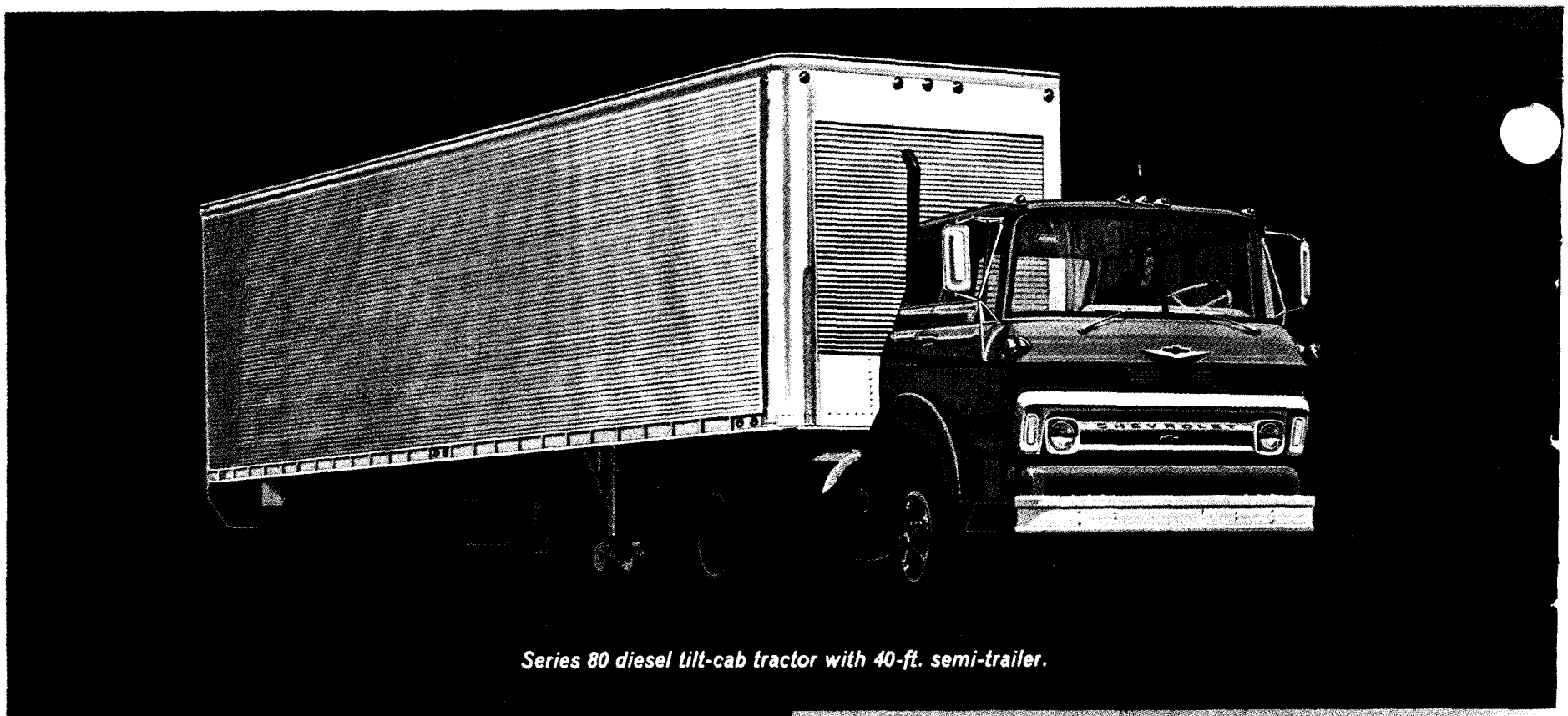
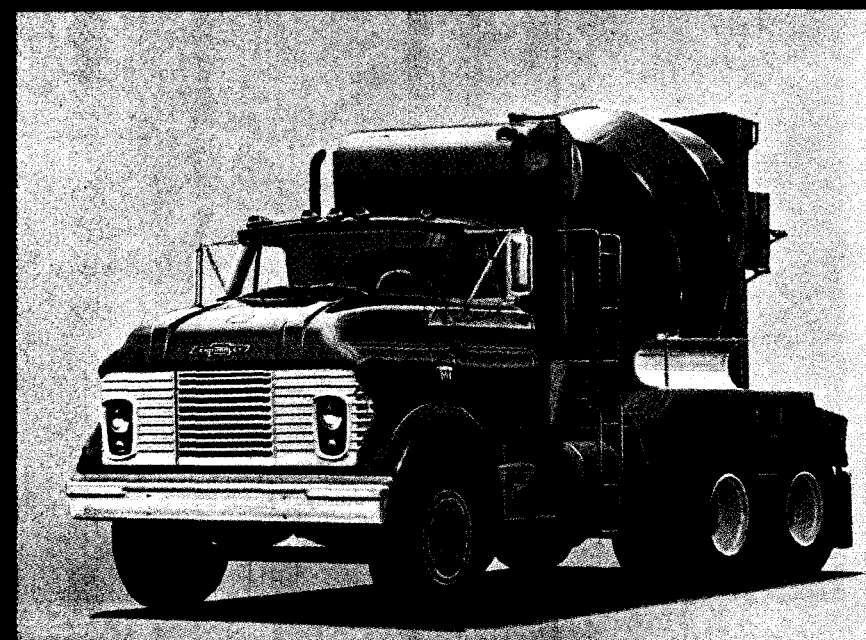
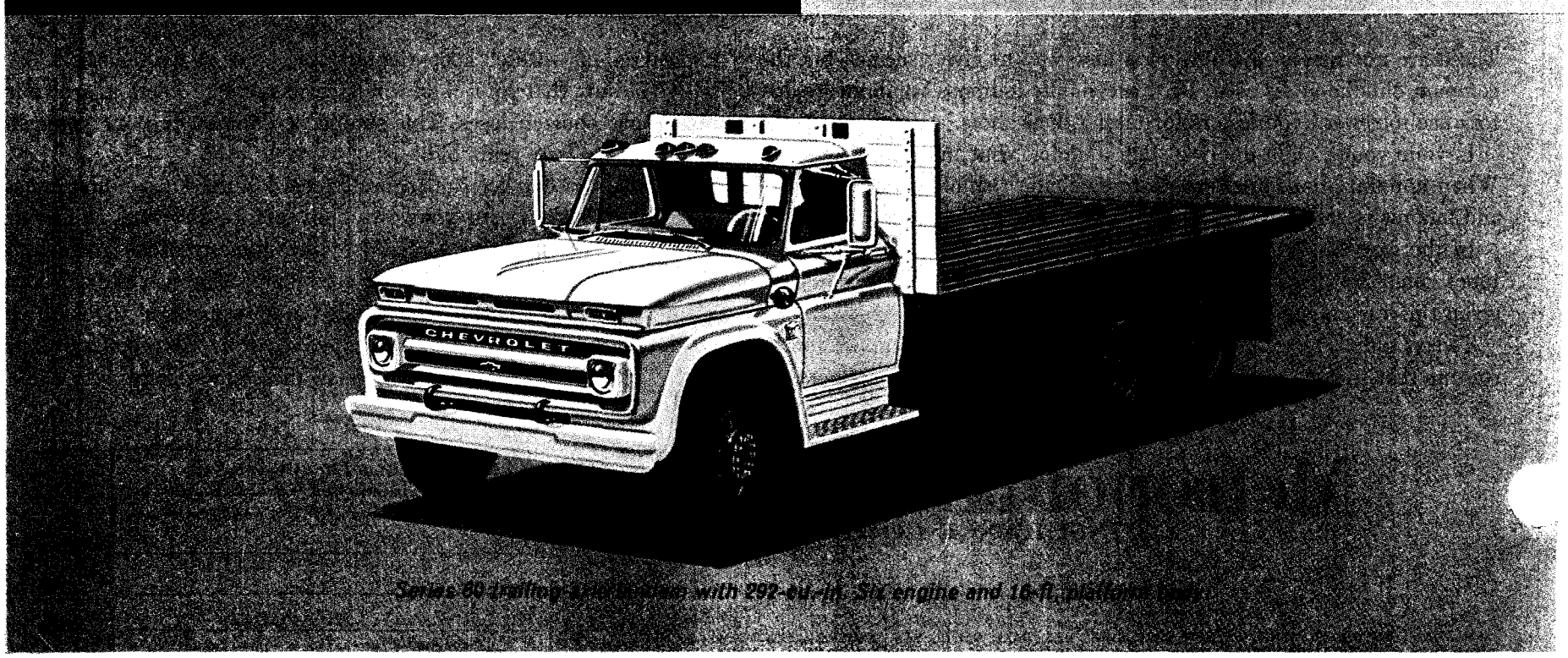


Series 80 diesel tilt-cab tractor with 40-ft. semi-trailer.

Series 80 tandem with 409 V8 engine and 10-cu.-yd. dump body.



Series 80 diesel tandem with 6-cu.-yd. concrete mixer.



Series 80 tandem with 292-cu.-in. Six engine and 16-ft. platform body.

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NOW CHEVROLETS CAN DO MORE HEAVYWEIGHT JOBS

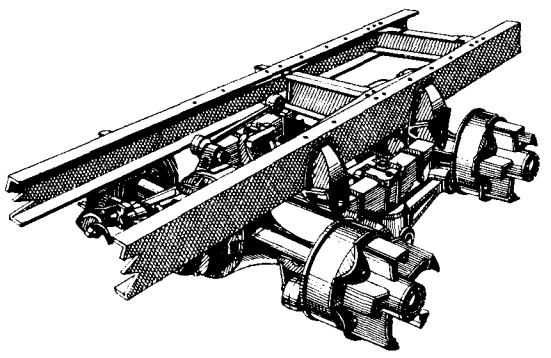
New models and heavier duty options give more operators all the capacity they need at minimum cost

Remember when Chevrolet made mostly lighter trucks?

Now look at the size of some of them.

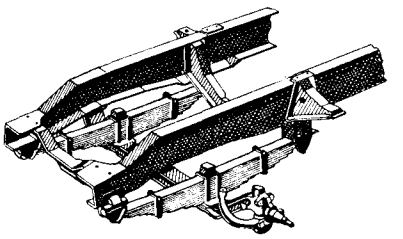
Not the world's biggest, no. But big enough to handle a lot of work that used to force you into more expensive trucks than you needed. More expensive to buy. More expensive to operate.

In recent years Chevrolet has added many new types of heavier duty models to the line and a number of significant big-payload extra-cost options. For example:



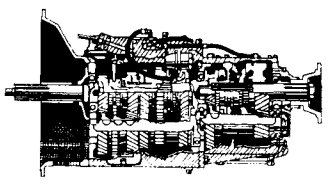
34,000-LB. AXLES

You can equip Chevrolet tandem axle models now (either gas or diesel) with the highly regarded 34,000-lb. Hendrickson bogie and Eaton axles, geared to your choice of engine. Its inter-axle differential with electric lock-out control gives you extra bite on soft ground, but allows easy running on hard. Single-axle Chevrolets are available with new 23,000-lb. rear axle—both single- and 2-speed versions.



11,000-LB. FRONT AXLES

And up front you can have big 9,000-lb. or 11,000-lb. I-beam axles—power steering included with the bigger axle. Front and rear variable-rate springs match axle capacities.

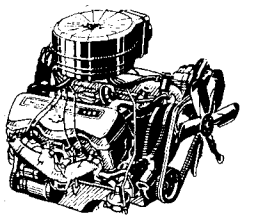


ROADRANGER TRANSMISSIONS

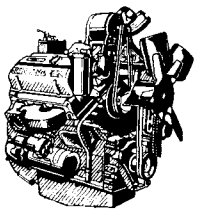
The Chevrolet line of transmissions has been extended to include extra-heavy 5-speed Spicer gearboxes and the multi-speed Fuller RoadRangers. Long haul operators should be glad to know this.

AUXILIARY TRANSMISSIONS

For very tough off-road work, tandem users can get 3- or 4-speed auxiliary transmissions to give you the extra pulling power needed, for example, to come up out of loading pits without straining.



409 V8 GAS



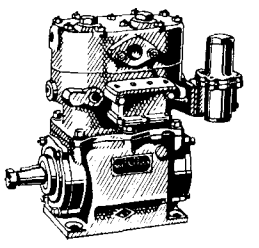
V6 DIESEL

Top sizes of Chevrolet truck engines are the 409-cu.-in. V8 gasoline and the modern 2-cycle Chevy-GM 6V-53 Diesel. Both of these engines have proved their ability, on and off the road, to handle almost any heavy-duty work.

POWER STEERING

Power steering takes a lot of the sweat out of handling a big truck and adds immeasurably to operating safety. You can have it on any Chevrolet heavyweight.

FULL-AIR BRAKES



Chevrolet factory-installs full-air brake systems, trailer brake connections, and offers compressors with capacities up to 12 cubic feet.

These are some of the things Chevrolet has done recently to let you handle more heavyweight work without having to over-buy equipment. For complete information, call your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

QUALITY TRUCKS COST LESS!

Telephone your Chevrolet dealer about any type of truck

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Not enough water? In rain-soaked Sedro Woolley?

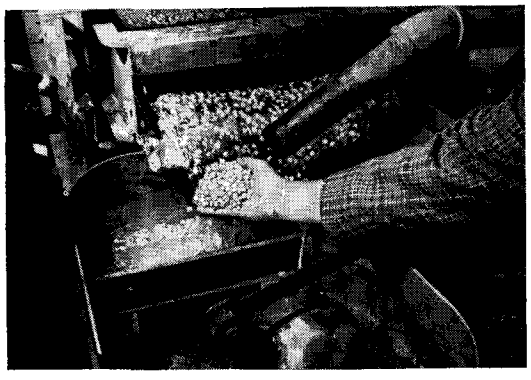
Even in the wet Pacific Northwest, where it rains, rains and then rains some more, water shortage can be a problem. It was in the tri-cities of Sedro Woolley, Mount Vernon and Burlington, Washington. With almost four feet of rain a year, there was once only eighteen inches of water in the reservoir. Industry couldn't expand. Bad water was a health hazard, even caused death. Progress was stifled. But the *people* tackled the problem and filled the reservoirs.

Puget Sound laps the coast to the west. The snow-capped Cascades dominate the horizon to the east. Lush greenery is all around. Hardly a setting for a water shortage.

And yet, with all its natural water endowment, Skagit Valley, by the mid-Forties, had outgrown its facilities. Supplies were virtually exhausted. Equipment was out of date; what was working was in wretched condition.

Frozen Foods: Big Business

This is big farm country—carrots, peas, sweet corn, squash and strawberries. And frozen food processing is big business here. But the plants need plenty of water—millions of gallons a day.



The old water system was hard put to deliver. Industry was discouraged, expansion was thwarted.

Skagit Valley is dairy country, too. But not too many years ago, a booming milk industry was hampered by brackish, bad-tasting water. You can't produce Grade A milk with poor-grade water.

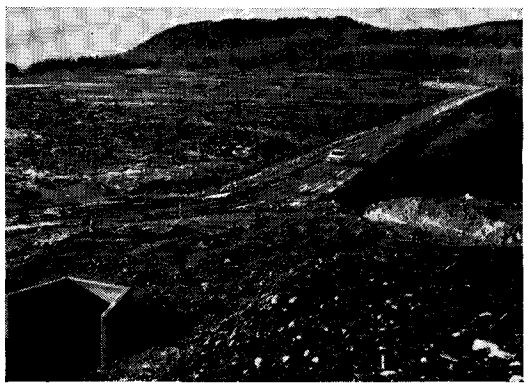
Water Pollution Causes Deaths

And so it went. New home construction was at a standstill—ground water wasn't available and when it was, it wasn't good. Water pollution menaced health. Dreaded typhoid developed, deaths occurred. Skagit Valley had a water crisis on its hands. Something had to be done—quickly.

Charlie Nelson, John Wylie and Monte King did something. They were Grangers. They knew the importance of water—good, pure and lots of it. And so the Skagit County Public Utility District was born. A state law authorized the organization of Skagit County P.U.D., and others like it, to provide water utility service to the people who form the District, on a nonprofit, cost-of-service basis. Nelson, Wylie and King were the District's first commissioners.

The Water Flows

Now water progress came swiftly and surely to the Valley. In 1946, the 450-million-gallon Judy Reservoir (named for the District's first manager) was completed. Numerous smaller service reservoirs were constructed. And in



1963 Judy Reservoir was drained and its capacity doubled. Fred Ovenell, present manager of Skagit County P.U.D., puts it this way: "We're well engineered ahead. We know where we're going and when."

A New Way of Life

Plentiful water has changed the Valley's way of life. The District serves nearly three times as many customers, many of them rural. Reservoir capacity has grown a hundredfold. Industry sees a bright future. Frozen food processors use four million gallons of water daily and have plans for expansion. Clean, pure water is available for Grade A milk. Lumber mills are installing new sprinkler systems and cutting insurance costs. Fire protection is first-rate.

Take a short drive outside Mount Vernon and you'll see the gleaming, modern 2000-student Skagit Valley College.

Not far away, the site has been cleared for the United General Hospital. Municipal buildings are on the rise. Handsome, comfortable homes line street after street. Without water, the school, hospital, buildings and homes would still be blueprints.

The Nation's Water Outlook

What is the water situation in your community? By 1980 our nation will need twice the water we're now using. Yet even now parts of our country are parched for water. Others are flood-ravaged. Even where water is plentiful it is often shamelessly polluted.

The water management problem can best be solved by informed, concerned individuals. For information on what needs to be done, and how you can help—write for "Water Crisis, U.S.A.," Department P-14, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA

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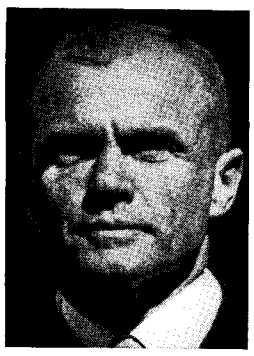
Rough ride for a hero

Robert Taft

Stephen Young



John Glenn

WASHINGTON: The most exciting and significant political race this year, aside from the presidential race, will certainly be the senatorial contest in Ohio. For one thing, the man who wins the Ohio election will almost surely become, from the very moment of victory, a much-talked-about contender for the Presidency. For another, the Ohio race vividly displays both the drama and the cruelty of American politics.

Politics is cruel because somebody always gets hurt. Of the three principal characters in the Ohio drama, two are certain to be hurt very badly. The three are Congressman Robert Taft, Republican candidate for the Senate; astronaut John Glenn; and Sen. Stephen Young, the elderly Democratic incumbent, whom Glenn has challenged in the Democratic primary on May 5.

If Glenn wins the primary—he is no shoo-in—he will still have his work cut out for him. For running against a Taft in Ohio is rather like taking on a Kennedy in Massachusetts.

"Young Bob" is very much his father's son. There are many things about him—the stubborn set of the long, sloping chin, the sudden, surprising, rather high-pitched laugh, the flat, nonsense tone of voice—which vividly evoke the memory of the senator who for more than a decade dominated American politics. And "young Bob" has a full measure of the odd charm, a peculiar mixture of shyness and damn-your-eyes combativeness, which was, contrary to myth, one of his father's greatest assets.

Ideologically, young Taft is also his father's son. Until recently there were complaints among Ohio's hard-shell Republicans that "young Bob has gone liberal." He was quoted—inaccurately, he maintains—as saying that he could not win in Ohio with Barry Goldwater at the head of the ticket. This naturally irked such Ohio Republican panjandrums as George Humphrey, former Secretary of the Treasury and now a Goldwater fund-raiser.

Taft also irked the hard-shells by his wonderfully Taftian answer when he was asked his opinion of a Republican-sponsored bill to outlaw Communists or subversives as speakers on Ohio university campuses. "I think it's just plain silly," he said.

Taft's reputation as a true-blue conservative was salvaged by Americans for Democratic Action, of all people. "A.D.A. gave me a voting score of zero," Taft says, with that high-pitched laugh. "I sent the A.D.A. report all around the state, and the complaints stopped."

Yet young Taft has somehow escaped the reputation for stuffy reaction which, quite unfairly, plagued his father. And if anyone can defeat a national hero, Taft should have a good chance to do so. After his father died in 1953, the Ohio Republicans offered young Bob the senatorial nomination on a platter. Taft turned it down, on the grounds that he was not yet qualified. He served a long apprenticeship in the Ohio state legislature before running for Congress in 1962.

He has thus come up the hard way, whereas Glenn's only now-visible political weakness is that he wants to start so near the top of the political heap. Ohio voters are likely to be reminded of the contrast rather often before November 3rd.

Glenn's opponent in the May primary, Sen. Stephen Young, will start the process of reminding them. The 74-year-old Young also came up the hard way—he first ran for office some 52 years ago. There was some hope among Glenn's supporters that old Young would quietly fade away, but Young is not the fading-away type. He is a pugnacious cock-sparrow of a man, famous for writing his constituents such tender missives as: "Dear Sir: You are a liar." When the primary ends, Glenn will certainly know that he has been in a fight.

Glenn's chief Ohio supporter is Rep. Wayne Hays, another outspoken fellow, who once remarked publicly that both Ohio Senators would be overpaid at $5,000 a year, adding modestly that he himself was fully worth $35,000. It is not surprising that Hays is cordially detested by a large segment of the Ohio Democracy, which is one reason why some local observers actually consider Glenn the underdog in the primary.

Hays is darkly suspected of trying to use the politically innocent astronaut to gain control of the party machinery. Ohio's Democratic Party is in any case a loose alliance of feuding satraps. The primary is thus more than a popularity contest between a young hero and an old politician. It is a bitter power struggle, sure to leave scars which are unlikely to heal by November.

In contrast, the Ohio Republican Party is the most unified and best organized in the country. When President Kennedy first met Richard Nixon after the 1960 election, he had one question to ask: "How on earth did you take Ohio away from me?" The answer lay in the Ohio organization and its wily chief, party chairman Ray Bliss.

Last fall, Bliss tried hard to recruit Glenn as a Republican, even enlisting the aid of former President Eisenhower to that end. Now that Glenn has gone over to the Democratic enemy, Bliss will use all his wiles to defeat him. In short, the space hero is in for a rough ride—rougher, one suspects, than he anticipated or than he has previously known, even in orbit. It is entirely possible that at the end of the ride lies a new experience—defeat, a shattering blow to the career of a brave man.

But just because the ride will be rough, Glenn will automatically become a major political figure if he makes it all the way. In a recent article in this magazine, Harold Martin reported that "his eye is still on a moon shot—the longest political moon shot of them all." If Democrat Glenn wants to shoot the political moon, a good way to start is to defeat a Republican named Robert Taft.

But the equation also works the other way round. If young Bob Taft defeats a great national hero, he will be firmly established as a giant-killer. In that case it is as certain as such things can be that he will be a hot presidential prospect for 1968. Young Taft now brushes aside talk of the White House. But there is not much doubt that he would very much like to live in the house his grandfather, President William Howard Taft, once occupied—the more so because his father twice tried to reach that house, and failed.

Stewart Alsop

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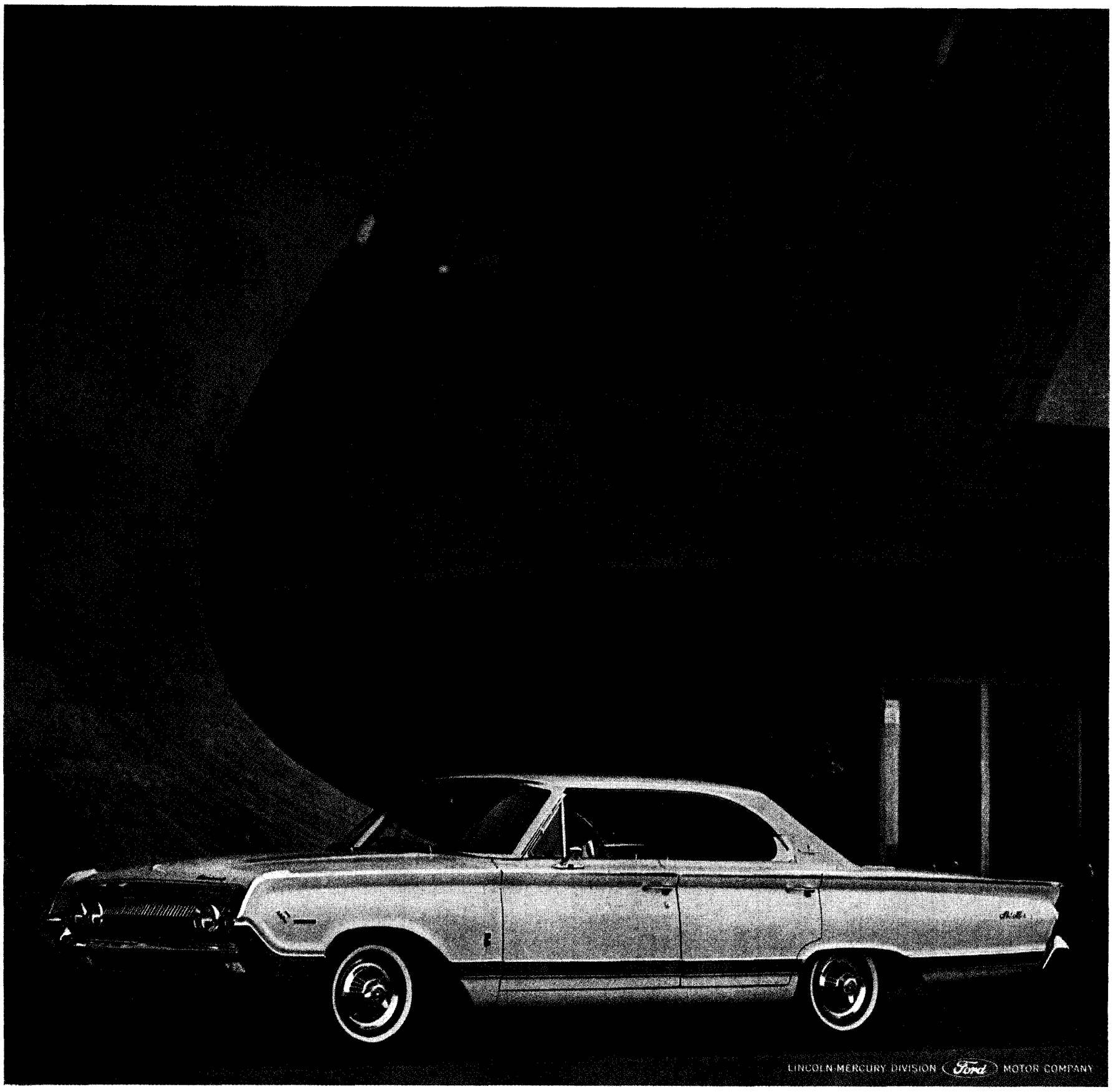

Mercury:
the look, the feel, the ride of a great road car
...and a championship record to back it up

The Mercury look: trim, elegant, road-hungry. The Mercury feel: solid, substantial. The Mercury ride: quiet, steady, easy-handling. Mercury was specially designed to be a great road car—more muscle in the right places—up to 319 more pounds of heft than other medium-price cars. Want proof? At Daytona, Pikes Peak, or wherever competition-modified big cars meet, Mercury has been the consistent winner in its class. Like a sample? Just ask your Mercury dealer.

Mercury
Great Road Car

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

SWEEPSTAKES IN THE SNOW

The New Hampshire primary started out as a duel between Goldwater and Rockefeller, but then everybody got into the act.

By JOHN SKOW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FRIED

Rockefeller, who campaigned more than any other candidate, clasps a skier at Mount Sunapee State Park.

New Hampshire villages hold their traditional town meetings this week, and to save the voters an extra trip into town the state runs off its presidential primaries at the same time. Among the local issues to be decided by the state's honest farmers—and, in increasingly large numbers, by its honest horse trainers, motel owners and souvenir-stand operators—is where tickets are to be sold in New Hampshire's new sweepstakes.

It may be worth noting that none of the declared or undeclared presidential aspirants has had a word to say about the controversial lottery, which was signed into law last April. This may be tact; New Hampshire residents are not fond of being reminded that their state has become the Monaco of New England, although they admire the Yankee efficiency of an arrangement whereby horseplayers from Boston pay much of the cost of running the New Hampshire statehouse.

On the other hand, this silence on the part of the men—and the woman—who want to be President may arise because they themselves are involved in what has become—to the front-runners at least—a thoroughly distressing sweepstakes of their own. Early last fall the New Hampshire primary shaped up as a duel between New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and Arizona's Sen. Barry Goldwater. But because New Hampshire is the first state in the nation to hold a primary, it attracts a great many people with dreams of glory, and virtually everybody who has been mentioned for the top G.O.P. spot is represented in one way or another.

New Hampshire is a particularly good place to start this year, since it is a traditionally Republican state and it is the Republicans who must decide on a candidate, the Democratic nomination already being pretty much spoken for. Normally a state which is dominated by one party has the kind of strong organization which discourages dissent, but the party structure in New Hampshire is weak and scattered and there has been no strong G.O.P. leader since the death of former Sen. Styles Bridges.

To make conditions even more ideal for a steeplechase, the primary system allows anyone who can scrape together the signatures of 100 registered party members to get himself listed on the ballot. The ballot, which is so complicated that it may take several days to tabulate all the votes, consists of two

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Goldwater led by 4-1, then began slipping.

main parts. On one side is the presidential-preference race, which lists the declared candidates and has room for write-ins. Opposite this is a list of 120 names from which will be chosen the 14 delegates and 14 alternates who will cast New Hampshire's votes at the convention. With one exception—a slate of uncommitted delegates headed by former Gov. Robert Blood—the presidential preferences of all delegates are written next to their names.

Such a wide choice of candidates undermines the sensible, orderly totalitarianism admired by party bosses, and the result is that there are no bosses in New Hampshire. This system may also explain why only 16 states still have primaries. In 29 states the delegates are chosen by state conventions, and in the other five the delegates are chosen by the party. But in New Hampshire, any candidate who has $10 and chooses to file is guaranteed a reasonably fair shake.

Among those willing to be fairly shaken is Norman Lepage, a Nashua accountant who filed for the Republican presidential nomination on January 31 and then went right back to doing tax returns. Other Republican candidates on the ballot, aside from Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater, are Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine and Harold Stassen. No one even bothered to file for the Democratic presidential nomination.

One question raised by the primary is whether it is easier to be elected as a declared or undeclared candidate. Goldwater and Rockefeller, of course, are the leading declared candidates, with Stassen and Mrs. Smith realistically expecting to lose but hoping to do so stylishly.

But this is only superficially a four-horse race, or a five-horse race if you count Norman Lepage. The ghastly vision that haunts the supporters of both Rockefeller and Goldwater is that the man who reaches the finish line first will find Richard Nixon or Henry Cabot Lodge already there, posing for photographers. Neither Nixon nor Lodge would need an outright win to look very good, but Goldwater or Rockefeller would not be helped much by a narrow plurality.

Nixon and Lodge head a long list of political aspirants who, for one reason or another, don't appear on the ballot. They include Pennsylvania's Gov. William Scranton, Michigan's Gov. George Romney, *Monocle* magazine's Marvin Kitman (see page 24), Chicago's Lar (America First) Daly, and Mrs. Fifi Carpenter-Swain. Mrs. Carpenter-Swain, a young Cincinnati housewife, is a noncandidate for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. She hitchhiked to New Hampshire and collected signatures on a platform of, "Honey, I'm for or against just about anything you could name," but state officials said that her petition was not in order, so she didn't go on the ballot. Lar Daly never got around to filing in New Hampshire, which is a shame, since he campaigns in a dandy Uncle Sam suit.

Delicate distinctions must be made among the rest of the noncandidates. Romney is easy; he is clearly a non running noncandidate. Scranton may eventually run but he is not running in New Hampshire; early in the campaign he turned off a couple of prospective delegates who had declared in his behalf. This is not quite the same as the action taken by Richard Nixon, who called off one overeager delegate, but, in the admirable euphemism of his trade, "did nothing to discourage" an energetic write-in campaign being conducted for him by former New Hampshire Gov. Wesley Powell. (Powell, a maverick with a strong personal following, may be using Nixon to announce to the voters of his state that he has resumed the paths of righteousness: In 1962 he broke tradition by trying for a third term as governor, was defeated in the primary, and took revenge by supporting the successful campaign of Democrat John King.)

Lodge, of course, is the United States ambassador to South Vietnam. This would be a serious disadvantage if he were campaigning, but in a noncampaign Saigon is a plus. Nixon, less favorably based in New York, is in the news a lot, making nonpolitical attacks on President Johnson and avoiding any skiing trips to New Hampshire.

At the Draft Lodge Headquarters in Concord, a cheerfully shabby storefront filled with high hopes and pretty girls, a Lodge man explained the paradox. "I know Cabot," he says, "and I know why he would make a good President. Bu these people don't know him, eve though he's a neighbor" (Lodge is from Massachusetts). "I hear him praised for views he just does not hold, and I have to keep my mouth shut. But it's all to the good, as long as they like him." Lodge fans will have to write in their man's name on the presidential-preference side of the ballot, but, unlike Nixon, he has a full slate of delegates running for him. Lodge workers, who were hoping a month ago for 10 percent of the vote and four delegates, now say semiprivately that they expect to do better. A response of 6,000 replies to a "Help Draft Lodge" mailing has encouraged them, and so has the peculiar statement of a Portsmouth businessman and former state representative named Raimond Bowles.

Bowles declared his choice for the nomination a few weeks ago with these words: "I am not enthusiastic about Rockefeller. Although I appreciate his excellent record of government service and his warm personality, I can't conjure up any image of hero worship for him for important personal reasons." Up to this point, the statement was merely another dig at Rockefeller's divorce. But then Bowles went on to say that, although he would file as a Rockefeller delegate, his "personal choice is American Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge."

Bowles was merely stating his mind with New England directness, but his announcement suggests a fascinating possibility. Since a delegate does not have to get the candidate's permission to file i his name, why couldn't a rival candida flood his opponent's list with 40 or 50 surplus delegates, thus spreading his vote so thin that he might not elect any delegates at all. There is no reason why this couldn't happen, according to one politician, but it just isn't done. "Although,"

At times Goldwater was an enthusiastic campaigner; on other occasions his mood turned sour and he even refused to shake hands.

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he said wistfully, "we *have* thought of it."

Nixon's noncampaign has no delegates, no pretty girls and no headquarters, and may not need them to embarrass the field. Powell, who needs a winner badly, said bluntly, "Look, you know Goldwater isn't doing well. Neither is Rockefeller. If this were an ordinary election, it wouldn't make much difference. A write-in wouldn't have a chance, because most of the people would just stay home. But they're not going to stay home this time. They're going to go to the town meeting to vote on the town officers and the sweepstakes, and if they don't like Rockefeller or Goldwater, they're going to vote for someone else."

That says it for the noncandidates, except for one thing. Former Governor Blood, a Concord surgeon who has attended five national conventions, hopes to be sent to his sixth as head of a slate of uncommitted delegates. Doctor Blood filed early in the campaign, taking no trouble to hide his dissatisfaction with both Rockefeller and Goldwater. The Lodge and Nixon movements were not yet afloat, and the feeling is widespread that Blood jumped too soon; no uncommitted delegate has been elected in years, and his delegates just might wind up in somebody else's pocket.

If Doctor Blood has outguessed himself, he may have company. With more than half a dozen candidates and noncandidates in the field, there is a tendency to overlook the fact that front-runners sometimes stay out in front. How do the announced candidates look?

Sen. Smith is willing

Norman Lepage looks 40, round-faced and jolly. Counting the present campaign, he has run for office 10 times, winning once in an unopposed election for the office of Nashua selectman. He wants to debate the other candidates, and Margaret Chase Smith has said she is willing if all the rest are.

As an accountant, he favors a balanced budget. He says we should land a large force of diplomats in Cuba. He has received one campaign contribution, of $10.

Harold Stassen is governor-shaped—tall and heavy—and has a governor's healthy tea-rose color, although he has not been elected to any office since his third term as governor of Minnesota expired in 1945. He knots his tie faultlessly, speaks clearly and in well-organized sentences, and lives his life amid a constant but barely audible hum which consists of the single muttered sentence, "What is wrong with Stassen?"

The answer to the question may lie in an incident which took place at the outset of his campaign. Stassen was in Laconia about to make the first speech of what will presumably be his last try at a political comeback. The television cameras that he needed so desperately were set up, the Chamber of Commerce was fed and attentive, and Stassen began to speak. He began immediately to describe the "Eisenhower middle way," and the jetport he would build in New Hampshire if elected. Then a fuse blew and the room went black. The beautifully trained voice went on without a miss, and probably would have done so if the room had slowly filled with water. But it was clear what is wrong with Harold Stassen; he is a man for whom the lights go out.

Midway through the campaign a middle-aged Ford containing a gray-haired attractive woman of 66 began meandering about the state. Margaret Chase Smith would be up at six each morning, drawing what crowds there were to draw in, say, Ellsworth, N.H., which has a population of 12. If a farmer or a logger stirred outside, Senator Smith would stop, greet him with, "Good morning, I'm Margaret Smith," and then, if the man wanted to talk, exchange a few words about farming, logging or the weather. In town she would trot into a dress shop or diner, making no particular effort to pick one that was full of voters, and chat pleasantly with clerk or owner. At Plymouth State College she talked briefly on the Bay of Pigs (she would have provided air cover), the test-ban treaty (she is against it), Southeast Asia ("I am confused. I think we should go in all the way and clean it up or get out"), and the names Khrushchev has called her ("Cannibalistic little woman, Amazon warmonger"). In one hard day of such campaigning she saw no more than 100 to 150 voters. But Maggie Smith has been winning elections in Maine this way for a long time and up to now has never lost one.

She says she wants the nomination and expects to get it. New Hampshire politicians refuse to take her seriously, which suggests that they have not consulted Maine politicians. She will not win the primary, of course, but her vote could be surprisingly large if enough women do not like Goldwater and are offended by Rockefeller's divorce. If she does well, Senator Smith will have proved that women must be considered more seriously for high office, and this is the motive that most observers suggest for her barnstorming. But politicians are subtle far less often than is generally supposed. What makes Maggie run may be no more than the realization that a loss cannot hurt her, while a good showing will greatly increase her leverage in Washington and in Maine—where Republican victories are no longer automatic, even for Margaret Chase Smith.

When Barry Goldwater was invited to open his campaign with a nonpolitical speech at a New England College dinner early last fall, he did a terrible thing. He made a nonpolitical speech. What was almost as bad, from his standpoint, he let Mrs. Styles Bridges, who has political ambitions of her own, dominate the evening by using the occasion to donate a chair in government to the college in the name of her late husband. Goldwater backers, who had been luxuriating in straw-poll leads over Rockefeller that ran as high as four to one, left the dinner in dismay.

After that nothing went right. A recent operation for a bone spur on his heel forced him to make his first two trips to the state on crutches. This might have won him sympathy, but Goldwater is a man who violates all political rules by acting and saying exactly what he feels at the moment. It is part of his considerable charm, when he is being charming. But on the second trip, particularly, his mood was sour—at times so sour that he refused to shake hands.

A reporter who picked up Goldwater midway through the campaign found his aides busy making long, exasperated apologies for his performance. It was a surprise, therefore, to find things going well at a Goldwater dinner at upstate Littleton (population 3,355). He signed autographs and shook hands in a quiet, friendly way—a tall, tanned man who looked thinner and less rugged than his photographs. He spoke easily, without

Rocky shook every available hand. Here he greets worker at a Dover shoe company.

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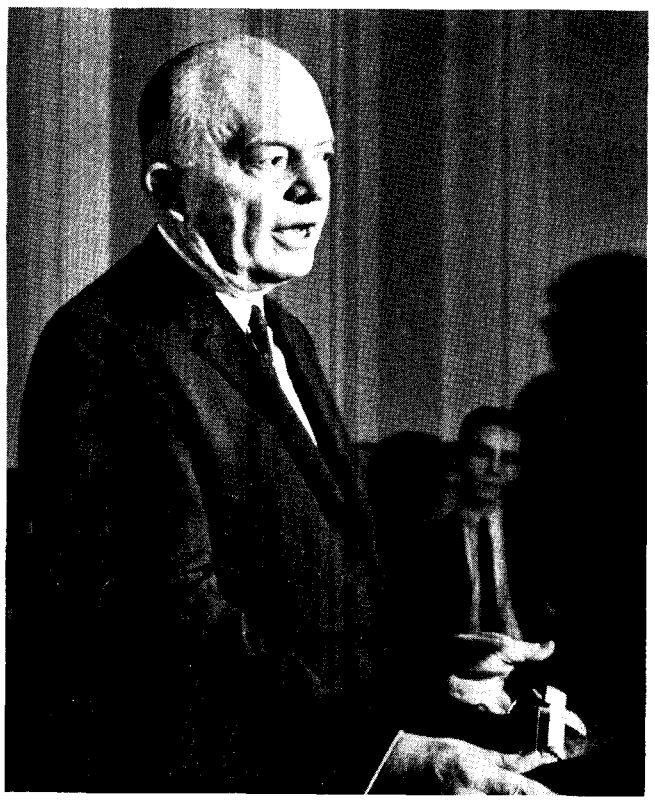
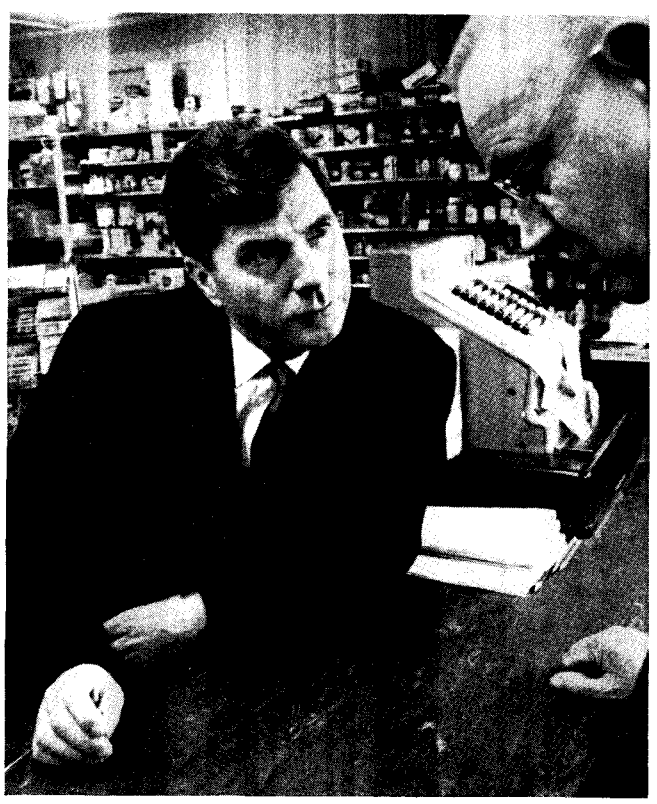
Margaret Chase Smith, up each morning at six a.m., brandishes smile at early-morning coffee drinkers in Plymouth.

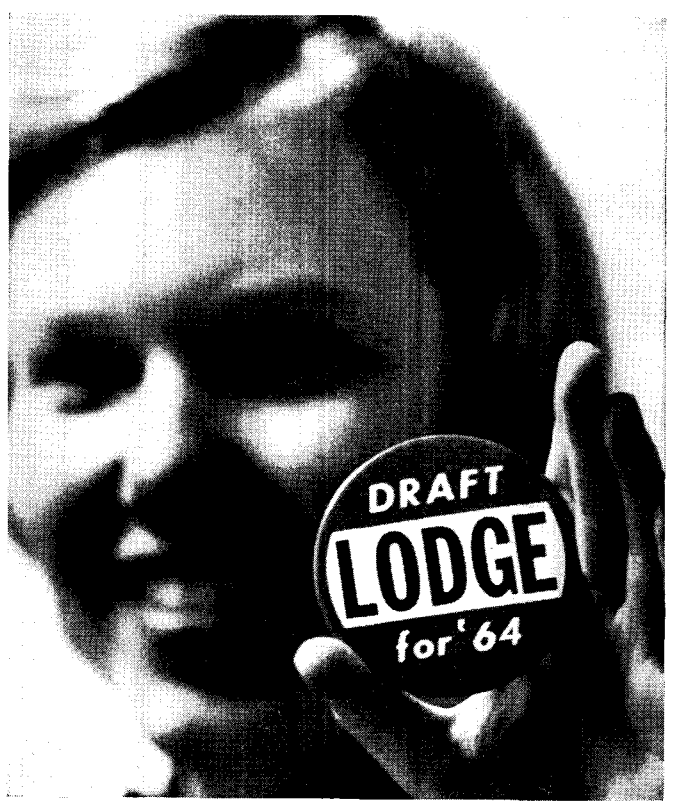


Stassen has office and campaign manager, but little support.

Accountant Norman Lepage campaigns only on door-to-door basis.



Ex-Governor Powell heads unofficial Nixon write-in campaign.



Sen. Saltonstall's niece, Sally, works at Draft Lodge Headquarters.

Organized noise.

notes, apologizing for the absence of his wife Peggy, who was home arranging for the wedding of their daughter.

Maybe no one of normal mind would want to be President, he said, but "I want to pay rent on earth for the wonderful things I and my family have been given." He went on to give what was, for him, a mild speech; the United States lacked "fiscal sanity" and its foreign policy was "weak-kneed." Applause at the end was warm, although not wild. There were no cheers, and there had been no breaks for applause during Goldwater's talk.

Afterward there were rallies at Littleton Town Hall, and at a motel in nearby Lancaster. Goldwater arrived at the motel in a midget cart drawn by a Shetland pony. He looked embarrassed; he clearly does not enjoy this sort of thing. The crowds were anything but crowded, and most of the noise was organized. The Sokokie Chiefs, Inc., a drum-and-bugle corps in Indian suits, blared for 20 minutes at each stop while Goldwater tried to look pleasant and Stewart Lamprey, his state campaign manager, clasped and unclasped his hands. Things improved when the Chiefs stopped, but the questioning, while not hostile, was not very friendly either.

Goldwater had said some time before that Social Security should be voluntary, and the old people in the audience did not like the sound of this at all. New Hampshire is one of the few places in the country where it is almost possible to live on Social Security, and they were clearly afraid that the young folks might volunteer not to pay and they would have no choice about not collecting. When this objection was put forward, Goldwater hedged. "Social Security should be improved," he said. Did Goldwater really want to invade Cuba? Not with U.S. troops, he said, but we should equip another rebel force and do it right this time. (A few days later he said we should send in the Marines to turn on the water at Guantánamo.)

Was Goldwater doing badly or well in what was supposed to be New Hampshire's Goldwater country? "You can't tell about these people," one veteran convention delegate said. "They'll listen and grunt and walk out the door, but you haven't any idea in the world of how they're going to vote."

Polls don't help much either. New Hampshire voters have a way of saying "undecided" with very decided expressions on their faces. But for what they are worth, the polls since the first of the year have had Goldwater losing ground.

Rockefeller clearly is moving up, but he may have too far to go. In any event, he is obviously having a good time. He went through Dover (Pop. 19,131) like a small boy set free from school. His sound truck was already at work in Dover's Main Street when the press bus pulled up to the curb. Rocky leaped out, pulled the rip cord on his famous smile, and floated gently to earth. He began to shake hands. "How are ya, glad to see ya, really glad you could come." A pat on the back for the man he had just shaken hands with, a quick cuddly grin for the next one. A card was thrust forward for an autograph and Rocky signed with evident delight. He noticed a small boy in a snowsuit,

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squatted down, mugged, jumped up, shouted, "He's my friend," and was on his way again.

Swinging along the street, he noticed a luncheonette. Rockefeller is unsurpassed as a political eater, having chewed and swallowed more blintzes, hot dogs, stuffed vine leaves, tortillas, pizza and sweet-and-sour caribou during his campaigns than any other statesman since William Howard Taft. He peered through the front window like a hungry urchin. The fry cook was wearing a Beatle wig. Rocky popped inside, shook the man's hand, held it for photographers, boomed out, "A real pleasure." He didn't eat this time, but when he left, the cook with the Beatle wig was following in rapt admiration. Several times during the next 45 minutes his frazzled skull caught Rocky's attention, and each time Rocky waved and flashed the laser-beam grin: "Hey, there's my Beatle friend."

When women cheered him from a factory window, Rocky noticed a ladder leaning nearby—this sort of thing never happens to Stassen—and climbed up to shake their hands. Later he found another factory, this one an electronics plant. The guard would not let Rockefeller in, so he asked to see the personnel manager. "I'm not here to ask for a job," he said, grinning, "although in a way I am." The personnel manager would not let him in either. He stepped back, calling and waving to workers in third- and fourth-floor windows. "Hi, there. . . ." Not needing an answer, he burbled, "I love it, I really love it."

Obviously he does. But do they love him? Hand to hand, and man to man, they do. Rockefeller, at the distance of three feet, is the most effective Republican politician now active. But in a Town Hall rally or a Chamber of Commerce banquet the magic rays do not quite reach the customers. He becomes Rockefeller, not Rocky. His listeners are respectful and interested, but they rarely break in with cheers or applause. No passion reaches his listeners, not even when he swallows his internationalism, in obvious deference to New Hampshire conservatives, and says that "I don't believe in coexistence," and that the free world will be safe "only when the last vestige of Communism is wiped off the face of the earth."

Rockefeller's hastily assumed hard line and the frequent tempering of Goldwater's more extreme positions have muddled up what started out to be a clear choice between unmistakable liberals and unashamed conservatives. As usual, the middle of the road is jammed with bandwagons.

In the closing weeks of the sweepstakes, New Hampshire politicians were betting that Goldwater and Rockefeller would finish in a virtual tie with about a third of the expected 100,000 votes each. Nixon was expected to get about 15,000 write-ins, Lodge a few less, and Mrs. Smith the better part of what was left.

Barry Goldwater began saying, midway through the campaign, that there were so many candidates that the result would be "meaningless." It won't be meaningless, but it could mean that neither Goldwater nor Rockefeller would go much further than New Hampshire. (*For another candidate's story, turn page.*)

While worker hands out buttons, Rockefeller pauses in tour of slopes to shout "Hi! He's my friend!" at unimpressed young skier.

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Kitman in office, with campaign poster.

MY FIRST POLITICAL CRISIS

Courageously refusing to discuss the issues, the only Lincoln Republican in the race reveals the bold strategy with which he plans to capture the 1964 G.O.P. nomination.

By MARVIN KITMAN

Of all the 71 registered Republicans running for election as delegates in the New Hampshire primary, the only one I personally endorse is Fritz Wetherbee of Jaffrey, N.H. His election means something to the average person in my house in Leonia, N.J., because he is the only delegate pledged to vote for me at the Republican National Convention in San Francisco next summer.

It took courage for Fritz Wetherbee to become the Kitman Delegate because of what I stand for in the broad spectrum of Republican politics. I am the most reactionary candidate in the race.

I decided to come to the aid of my party this year to give Republican voters a real choice. Rockefeller, Stassen, Lodge and Mrs. Smith, it seemed to me, were all Franklin Roosevelt-type Republicans. Senator Goldwater was a moderate McKinley-type Republican. As a Lincoln-type Republican, I was the only truly reactionary candidate in the race.

Personal reasons also motivated my decision to run for public office. Now that I am approaching 35 and constitutionally eligible to start at the top, I can admit that I no longer find my work as a magazine writer enough of a challenge. I would rather be President than write.

When I first announced on television that I was a candidate in the New Hampshire primary, I made only one promise. "I will go to New Hampshire," I pledged, "as soon as ski conditions improve." I began immediately preparing for the trip by recruiting a staff from the ranks of elder statesmen in the party.

"Does your continuing silence about your preference in the primary mean you are still uncommitted?" I wrote to former Governor Sherman Adams. "If that is the case, I would like you to know that I have long been an admirer of yours. Will you be available to serve as my campaign manager?"

I also invited Emmet Hughes to be my chief speech writer, Lou Harris to be my director of research, and Prof. James Shenton, a Lincoln scholar in Columbia University's History Department, to be my Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Like most Republican politicians, I was a little hazy on my basic Lincoln, and I needed somebody to tell me when I was standing on Lincoln's platform of 1864 and when I was off it.

To prove that I was really a regular Republican, I even offered a job to Richard Nixon, a new lawyer who had just arrived in New York. Whatever others said about Mr. Nixon, I believed him when he said he wasn't a candidate in 1964, and I felt it was my duty to help out Mr. Republican in the twilight of his great career. An assistant at Mr. Nixon's new Wall Street law office said his boss was out of town on a nonpolitical speaking tour, but he would tell him that I needed a lawyer to study the contracts for a book I was writing about my campaign: *The Making of a Republican President*, or *My First Political Crisis*.

I next turned my attention to strategy, and went right to the top for advice. "I regret that I cannot give you any inside tips on how to succeed in politics at this juncture," answered the public-information director of the Republican National Committee, "since this might be interpreted by others as a departure from our impartial stance in the primaries. After you are nominated, you will get more advice than you can use."

Hundreds of decisions had to be made in preparing the New Hampshire itinerary. Should I visit East Berlin (N.H.) *and* West Berlin (N.H.)? Should I agree to a summit meeting with the other candidates on top of Mt. Washington? Should I do anything about Mrs. Bridges, the widow of the late Senator Styles Bridges and a leading conservative in the state? I decided to cross Mrs. Bridges when I came to her.

On January 17 I was finally ready to hit the campaign trail. I loaded my organization into my Land-Rover; a family, a dog, a baby-sitter, a speech writer, a press secretary, an appointments secretary, a corresponding secretary, and an apologies secretary. He is an innovation in political campaignings: the man who stands up after my speeches and apologizes for all the mistakes I've just made.

We all waved good-bye at the TV cameras of a major network, which had come to film my departure, and left for New Hampshire. My official car slowly moved around the block and returned to do the same thing for another major TV network. All told, there were three exclusives. I didn't want the press to hate me like they hated Nixon.

The first place I went to round up delegate support was the Hotel Somerset in Boston where the New England Weekly Press Association convention was in session. My press secretary slipped into the main ballroom where Massachusetts Attorney General Edward W. Brooke was delivering an address and handed the master of ceremonies a slip of paper which he promptly read to the audience.

"A presidential candidate has just checked into the hotel, en route to New Hampshire. It is not Rockefeller or Goldwater. A press conference is scheduled for 10:30 P.M. in Room 228. New Hampshire publishers are urged to attend."

Within minutes 30 publishers, editors and political writers filed into the presidential suite, which I had just occupied. A lot of them looked disappointed because I didn't turn out to be the beautiful Mrs. Smith of Maine.

"Are you qualified to run as a Republican?" one publisher asked angrily.

"My wife Carol has a cloth coat, and she is pregnant," I said. "By March, we'll have 2.7 children like the average American family."

"Then why don't you have any whiskey in here like the other candidates?"

I explained that I was running on five dollars a day to prove that I would be economy-minded in Washington. Several publishers immediately walked out.

"I see that you're planning to introduce the family issue by bringing your wife along," the publisher of the Newport (N.H.) *Argus-Champion* said. "What other issues are you planning to raise?"

"I'm not planning to drag any of today's issues into the campaign," I said firmly. "That only encourages hypocrisy in primaries. I will be running solely on the basis of my personality. You don't know me yet, but those who do say I have a winning personality."

"What do you think of the welfare state?" asked the Milford (N.H.) *Cabinet* and the Wilton (N.H.) *Journal*.

"The question is not what I think of it, but what Lincoln thought of it. Check me on this, if I'm wrong, Vic"—I called to my apologies secretary—"but I think it was Lincoln who first said, 'Malice for none, charity for all.' As a Lincoln Republican, I have to be in favor of the welfare state."

Seeing that I had done my homework, they fired other significant questions at me. "As a Lincoln Republican," one publisher asked, "have you learned any lessons about the war from past history?"

"One of the first acts of my administration," I assured him, "will be to have the Secretary of Defense immediately reinforce the garrison at Fort Sumter."

The next morning I crossed the Massachusetts-New Hampshire state line, officially becoming the first candidate in the 1964 race for the Republican presidential nomination to fulfill all his promises to the voters.

My itinerary called for a stop at Thorntons Ferry, N.H. The strategy here was to fill the automobile with gas, visit a comfort station and ask the gas-station attendant to serve as a delegate. A staff assistant handed him one of my campaign posters.

All my campaign literature featured Lincoln's picture instead of mine, proving that I'm no cheap publicity-seeker like the other candidates.

The gas-station attendant read my poster for a long time. "VOTE FOR A REAL LINCOLN REPUBLICAN IN 1964," it says. "HE WILL (1) ABOLISH SLAVERY, (2) BRING THE SOUTH BACK INTO THE UNION. GET A LINCOLN REPUBLICAN AND BE SURE."

He did not want to be my delegate, but he seemed interested enough to ask if I was a Communist.

In downtown Manchester, N.H., while I went on a walking tour handing out dimes to little children, like a rich Republican candidate's grandfather used to do, my press secretary visited the

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Candidate Kitman, just back from whirlwind tour of New Hampshire, admits, "I no longer find magazine work enough of a challenge. I would rather be President than write."

Manchester *Union Leader*, the most 19th-century daily in the state, to pick up delegate support. William Loeb, the editor, had already denounced Senator Goldwater for being too moderate, which is what I had been saying all along.

"The editor read all your literature," my press secretary reported back, "and he said, 'The man is a dope.'"

Undaunted by calumny and slander, I drove on to Keene, N.H., for a visit to another influential journalist, the editor of the Keene *Evening Sentinel*. He wanted to know what I would do if I was elected.

"I plan to blame the Democrats for losing Cuba," I said. "The Franklin Pierce Administration had the opportunity to buy Cuba for six million dollars in 1854, but they didn't because of an economy wave. I will urge Congress to conduct a full-scale investigation. I want them to name 'names' and everything."

Professor Shenton had advised me to go to Dartmouth, where surely somebody on the faculty would have the courage to stand up for Lincoln as a delegate in the primary. On the way to Hanover, I made notes on the front of an envelope for a brief address.

With the carefully arranged spontaneous demonstrations, it took almost an hour for me to finish my address. Then I had to answer questions.

"As a reactionary," one student asked, "what do you think about free love?"

For the first time in New Hampshire, I was at a loss for words. I didn't want to say "no comment," because I knew this was the most important issue in the minds of American college youth. "In the words of that great American President, General Eisenhower," I finally said, "Well, I wouldn't know about that."

After a last supper of Yankee pot roast in the New Hampshire border town of Smithtown, I headed back for Leonia, N.J., thinking of all the things I had accomplished. I had traveled 1,600 miles. I had waved to 12,000 people on the ski slopes. I had delivered 17 speeches. I had evoked the good old days. I had spoken tough generalities. The only thing I hadn't accomplished was getting a single registered Republican to stand in the primary for Abraham Lincoln and me.

It was only after I had left that my campaign manager renewed the search for a delegate and finally found Fritz Wetherbee. I don't think Fritz has a chance to win. My latest polls indicate the Republican Party is too widely split. Here are the actual figures:

For Kitman	1%
Against Kitman	1%
Don't know	98%

As all the other candidates have already pointed out, New Hampshire isn't a clear test of anybody's strength because of the great number of candidates in the race.

I plan to enter the other state primaries, and should there be a deadlock at the convention in San Francisco, I hope to be considered for the nomination. As a matter of fact, my staff is already hard at work rounding up old Stevenson demonstrators from the 1960 convention so that the only Lincoln Republican in the race will have the kind of spontaneous demonstrations he deserves. THE END

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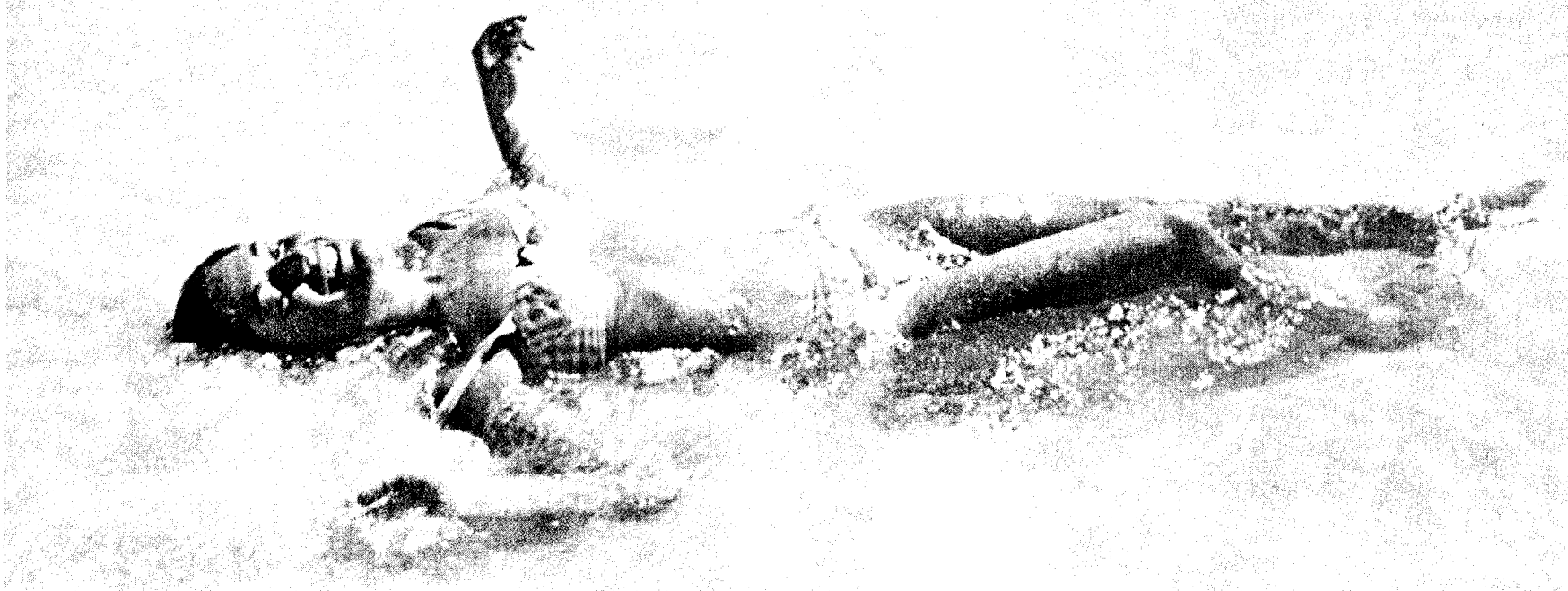

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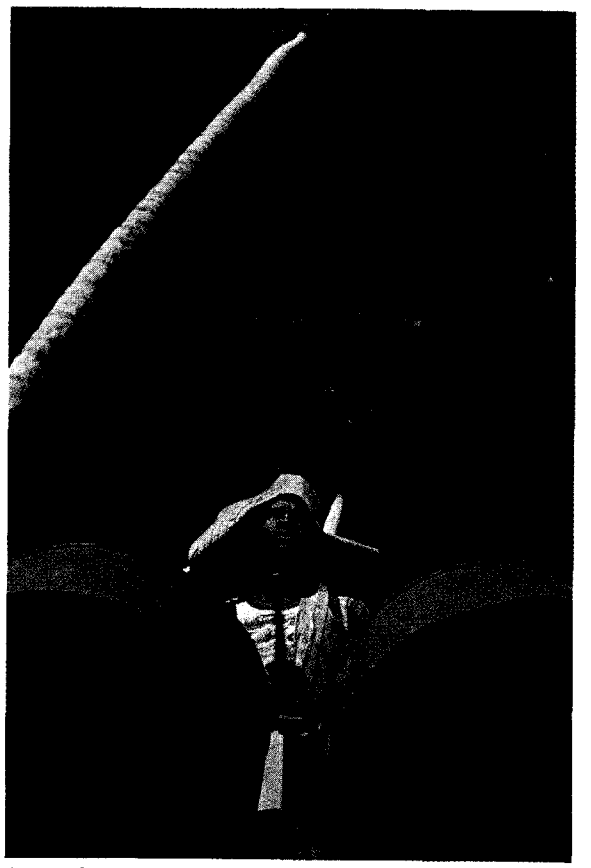
◀ *Island visitor Helen Schwarz of New York frolics in the sparkling water of Buck Island, a cay off St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands.*



A steel bandsman in Trinidad plays beneath the palms.

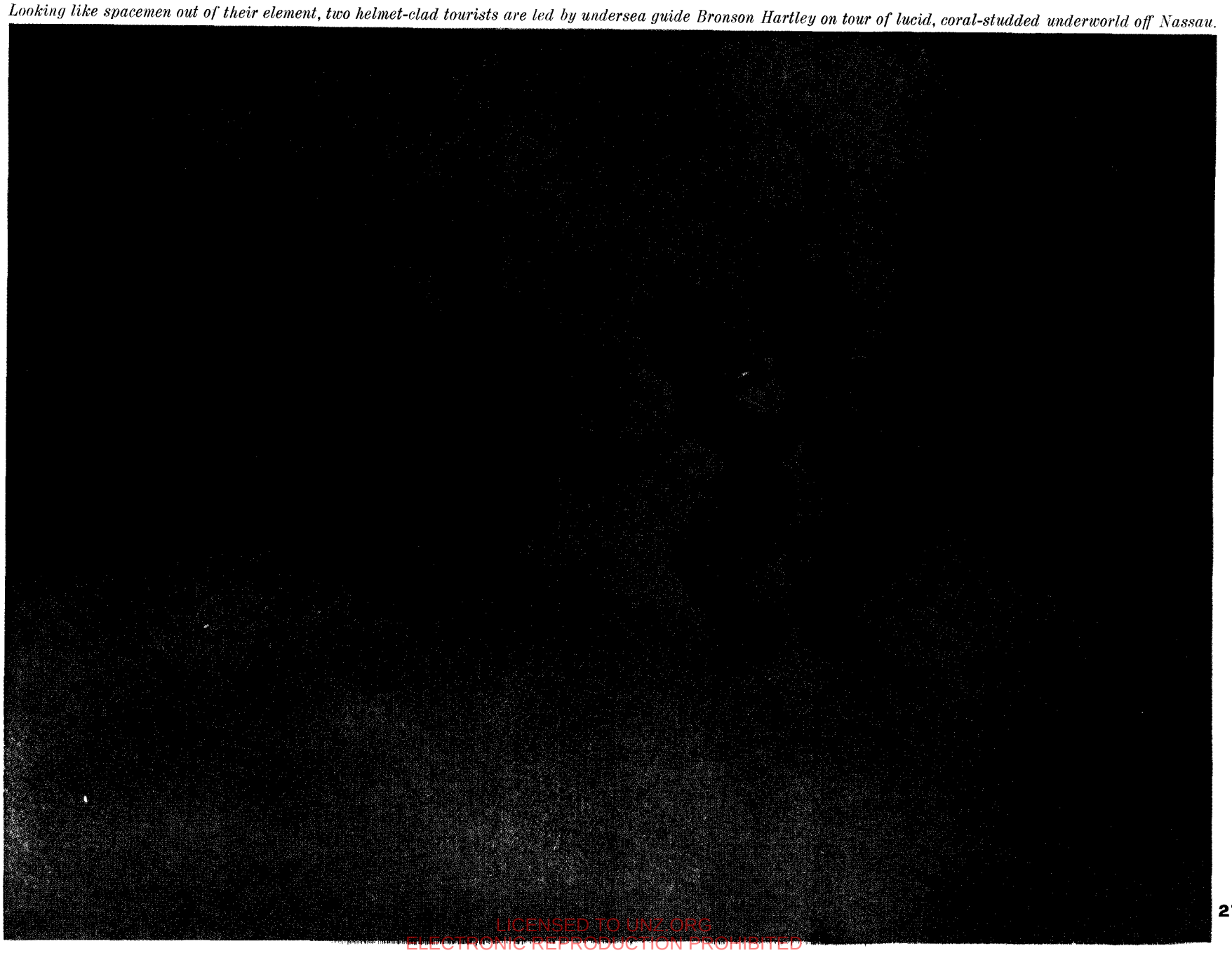
CARIBBEAN RETREATS

The south seas close to home

Easy to reach, warmed by the trades, the Caribbean is a body of water surrounded by tourists.

Photographs by JOHN LAUNOIS

Looking like spacemen out of their element, two helmet-clad tourists are led by undersea guide Bronson Hartley on tour of lucid, coral-studded underworld off Nassau.



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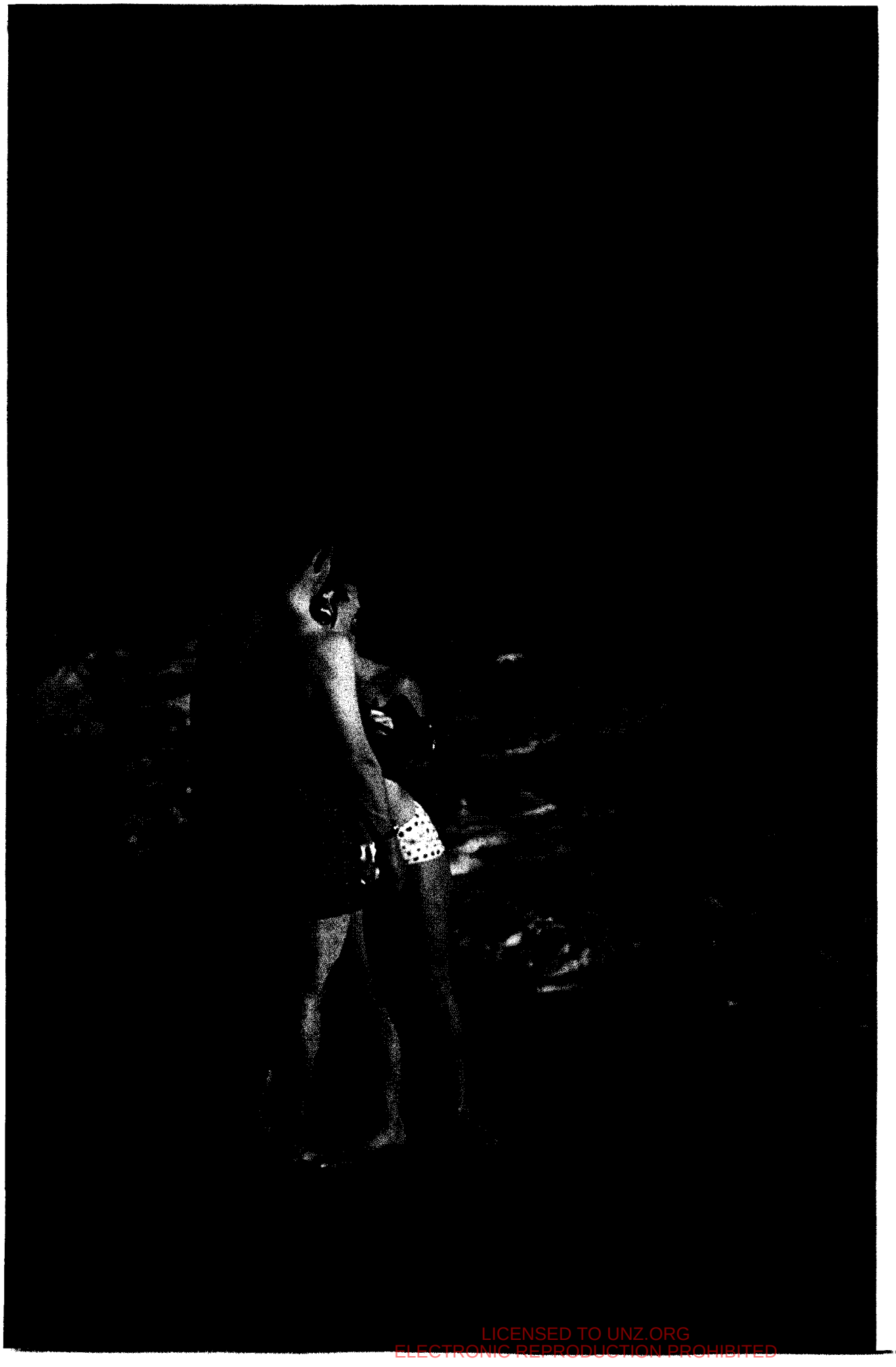
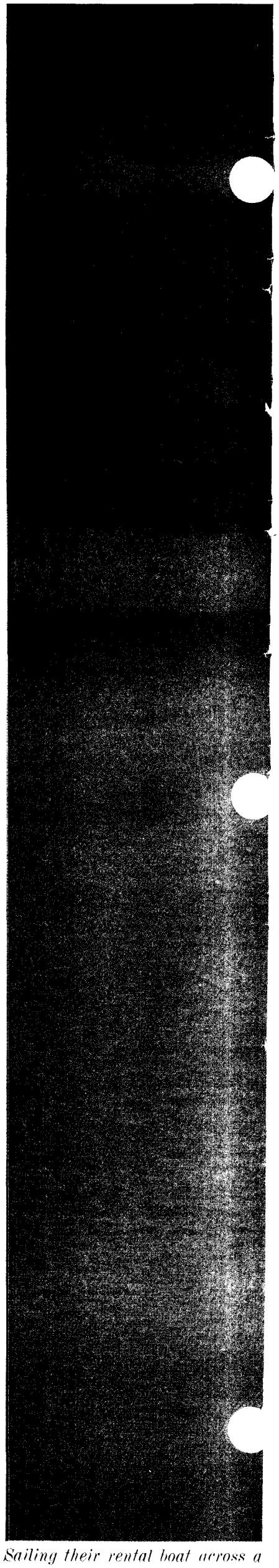
Caribbean Retreats

By a sea of peacock blues and greens, romantic illusions of escape from time.

Absorbed in each other, a couple share a moment in the late-afternoon sun on the beach front at San Juan, Puerto Rico.





Sailing their rental boat across a

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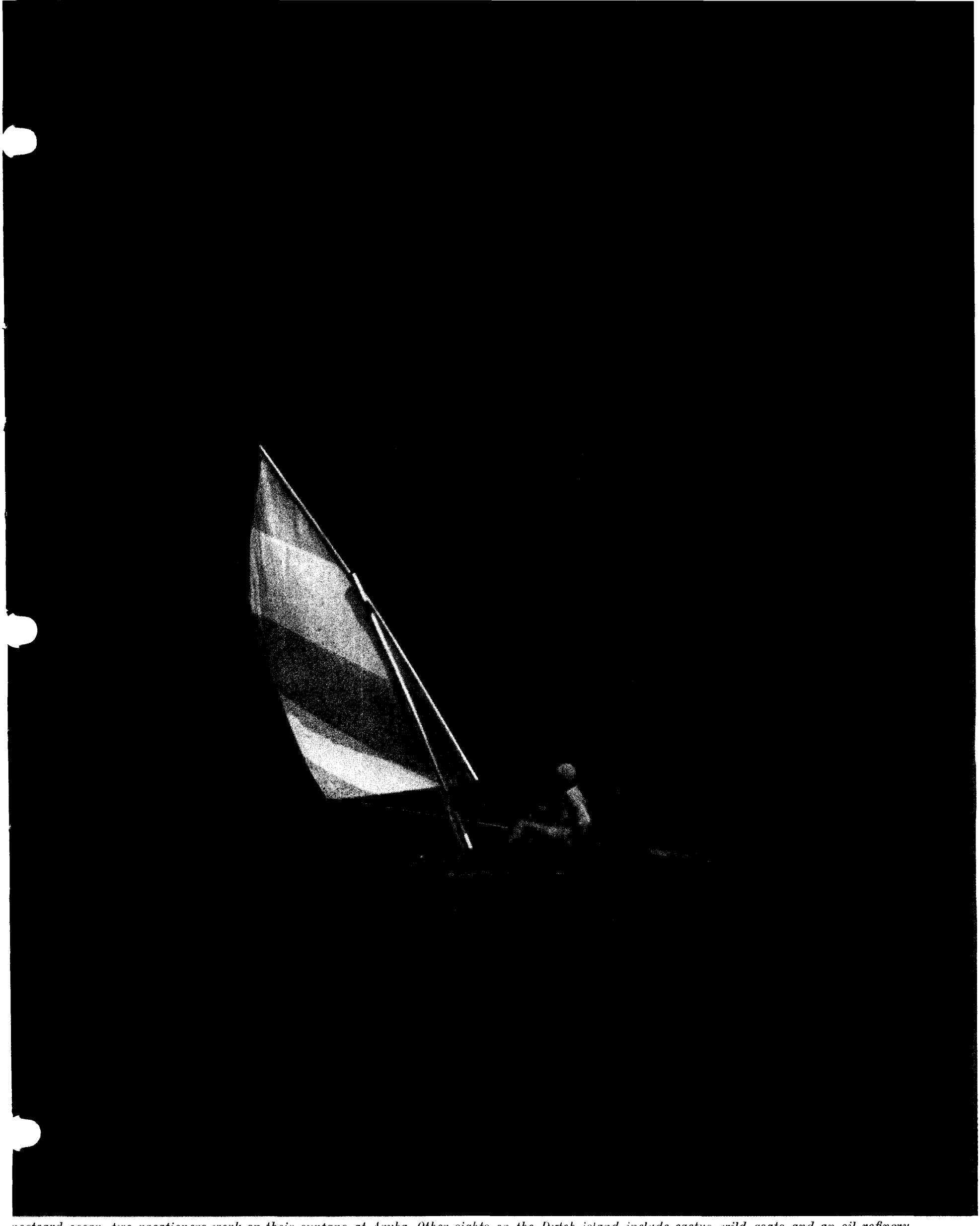

postcard ocean, two vacationers work on their suntans at Aruba. Other sights on the Dutch island include cactus, wild goats and an oil refinery.

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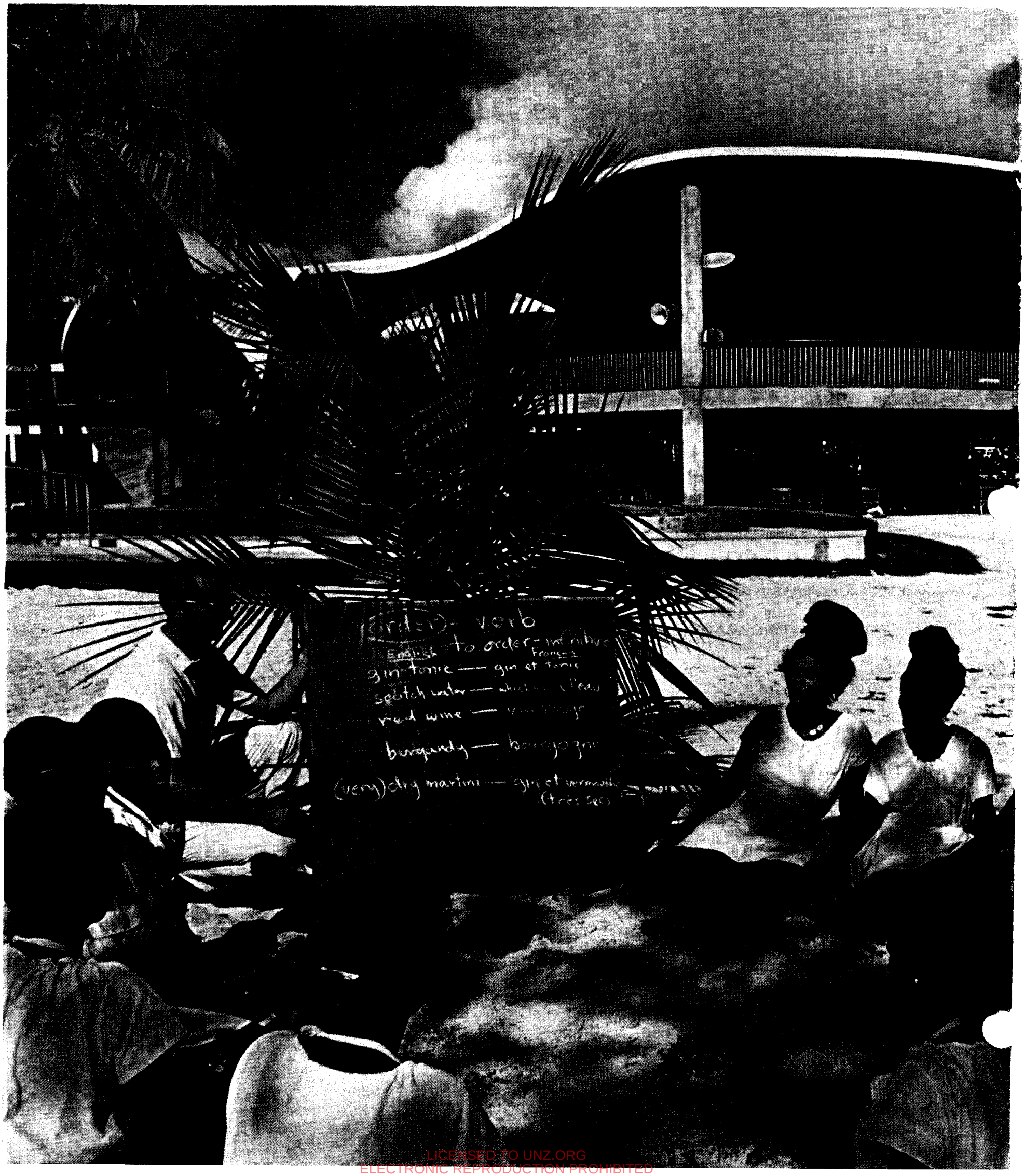
Caribbean Retreats

The old, slow ways change as vacation business booms with a beat of builders'



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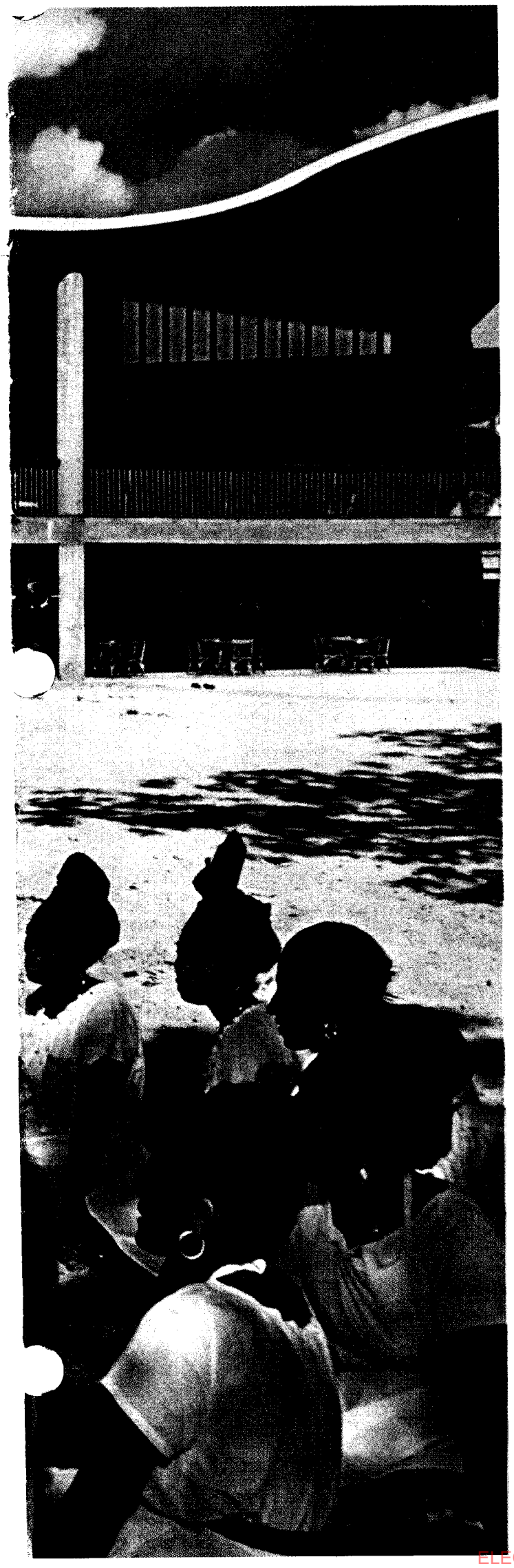
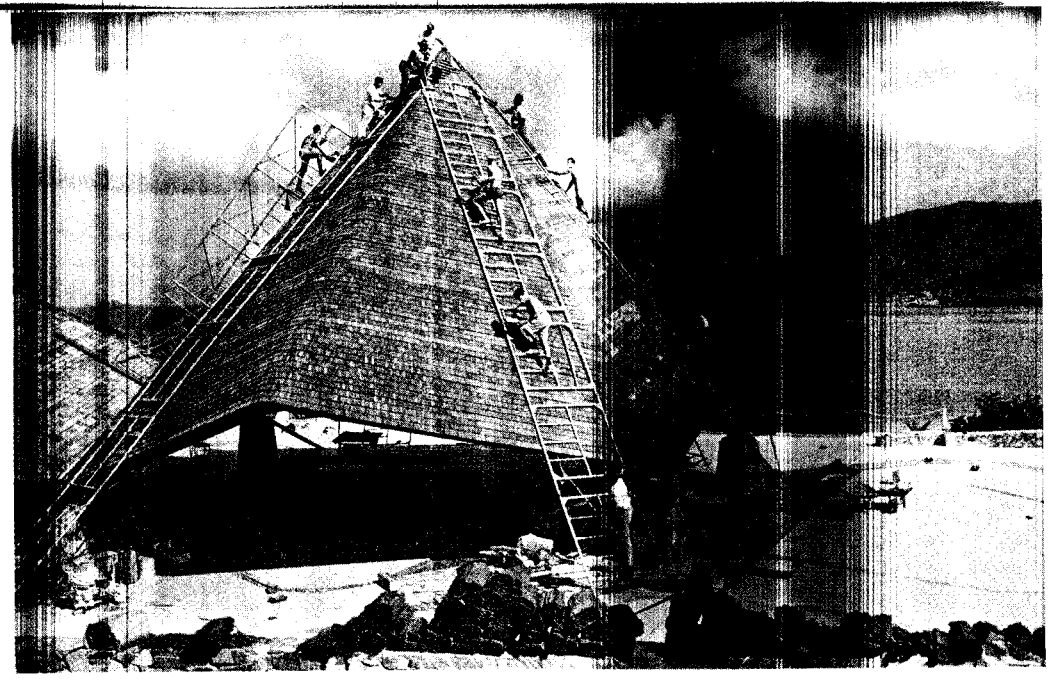
hammers and bongo drums.





On Virgin Gorda, workmen finish dining room of Laurance Rockefeller's newest hotel.

Native fruit vendor on Barbados earns more money posing than by selling her wares.

◀ *Waitresses at La Caravelle Hotel, Guadeloupe, attend class in "basic"—or "tourist"—English.*

Swinging Club La Concha offers sophisticated night life typical of San Juan.

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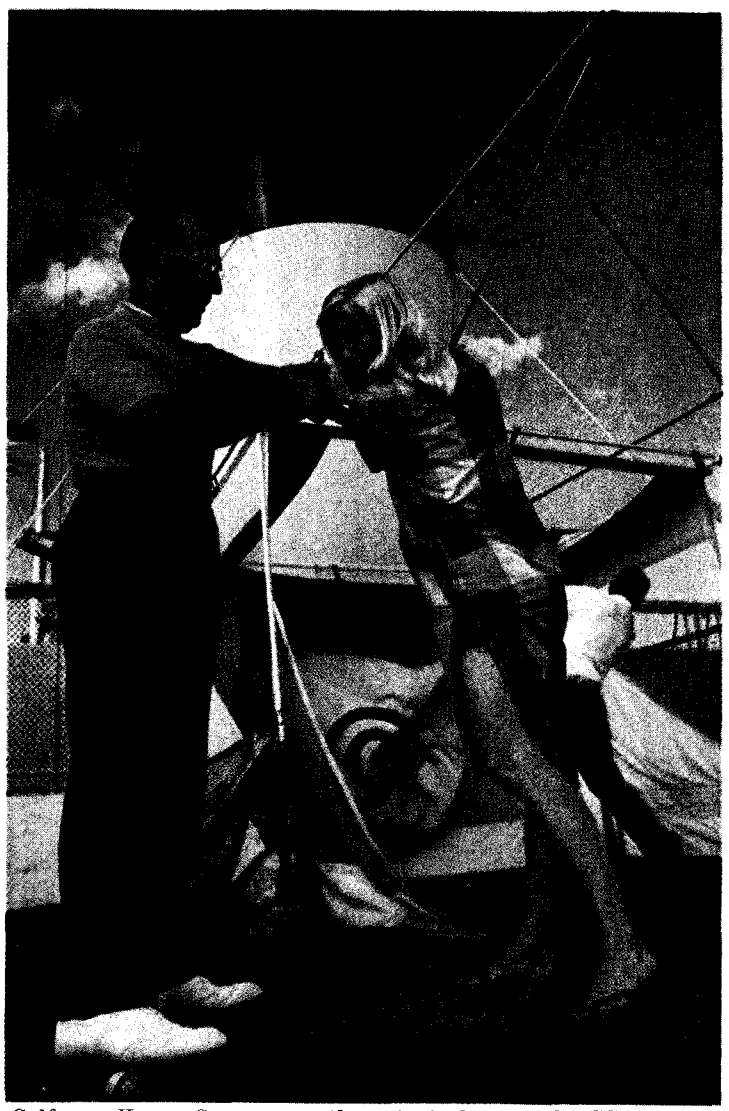
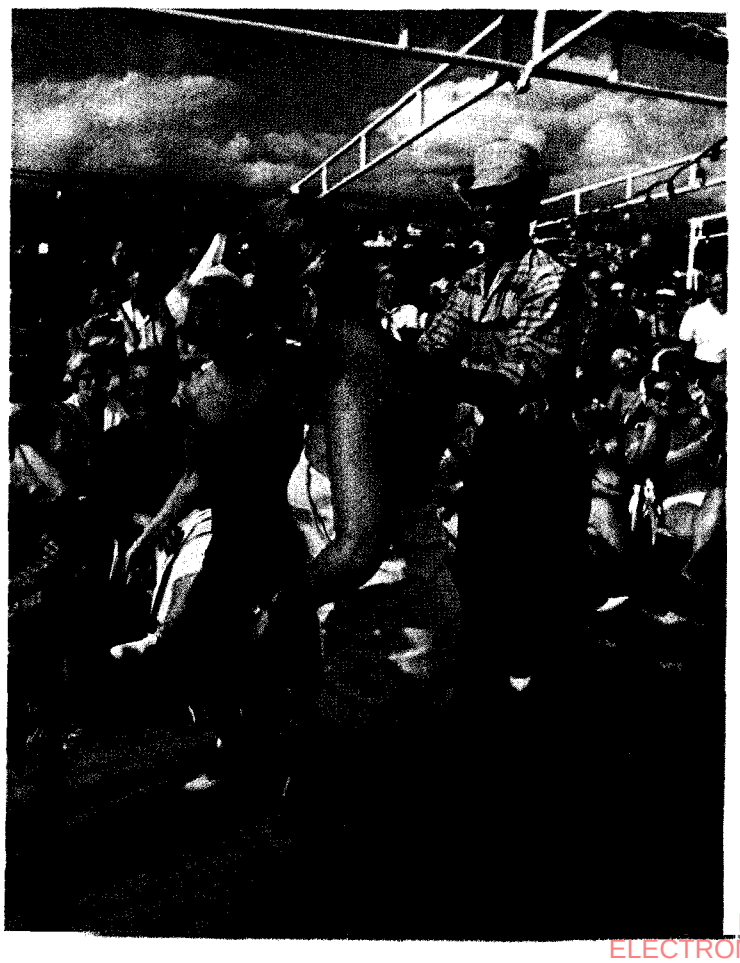
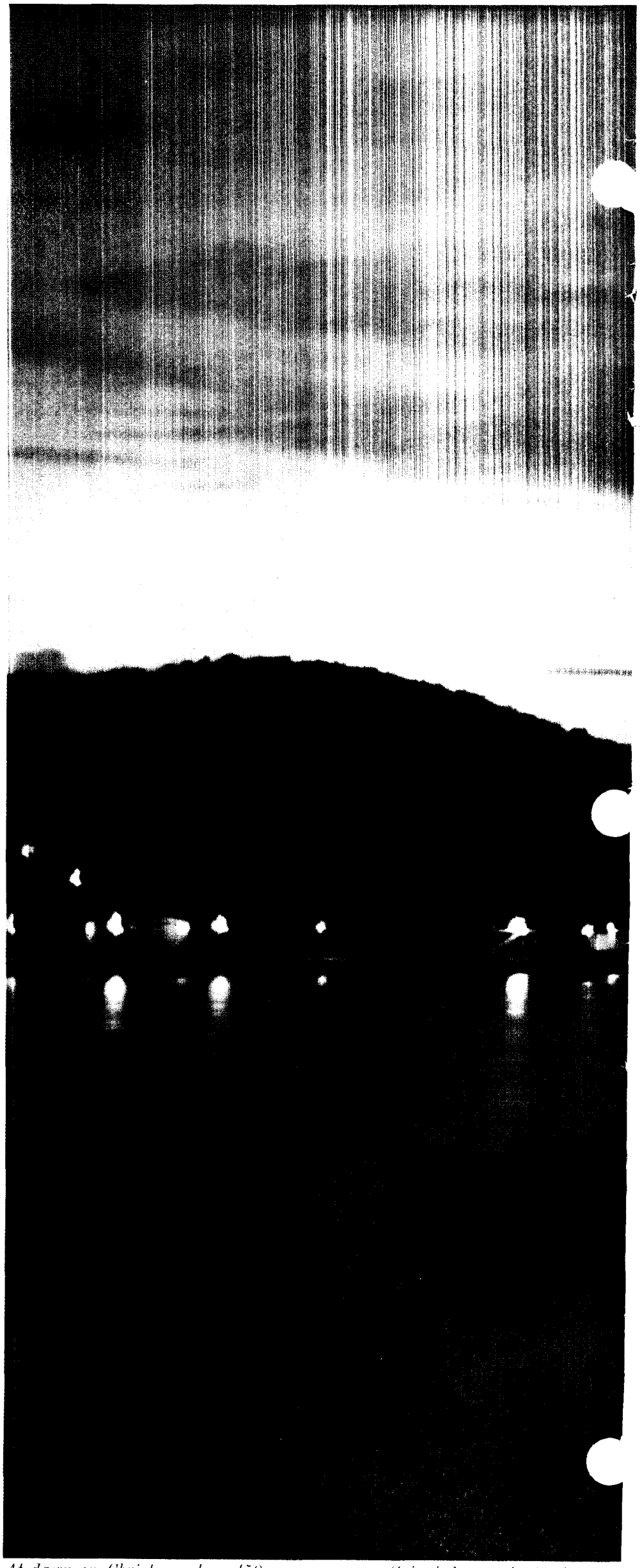
Glittering liners cruise all winter, briefly sampling the life of many ports.



Golf pro Harry Cooper smooths out strokes on the SS Homeric.

In Martinique, native folk dancers come aboard ship to entertain.





At dawn on Christmas day, 450 passengers on Gripsholm awoke to the warn

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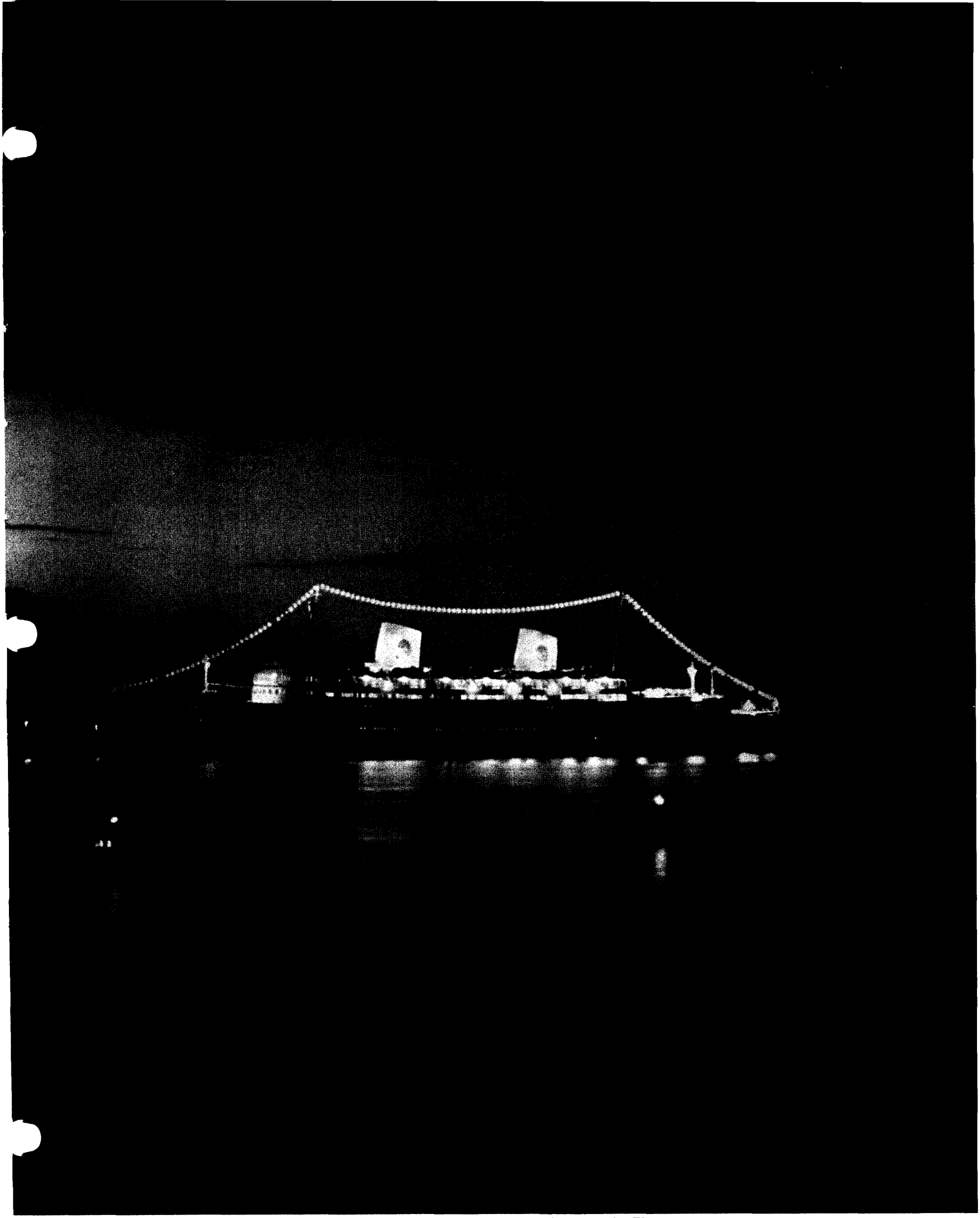

calm of the yacht-filled harbor at Charlotte Amalie in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. A free port, St. Thomas is a mecca for bargain-hunting tourists.

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TO GET LOST, HURRY UP

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

Escapists in the islands are one step ahead of the bulldozer and the Instant Resort.

I can remember when you could go to the Caribbean and get lost. There used to be a dozen places where an American citizen could drop out of sight, especially if he had a yacht—not one of those motorized floating hotels with tiled bathrooms and radar, but the slender expensive contraptions with teak decks and sails. Cuba was under different management; the two nations on Hispaniola were speaking to each other and to us; Puerto Rico was around somewhere, presumably friendly; and the Virgin Islands were sleepy little enclaves which some people vaguely remembered we'd bought from Denmark. People who ventured farther into the Antilles found a lovely green tangle of islands with delightfully inadequate hotels, and beaches where you could swim without your suit. Just as the pirates found secure hiding places along the rim of the West Indies, a fugitive from the pressures of modern life was as safe from an office phone call as when Columbus first found the islands.

Now, hardly a week goes by without some new secret retreat being exposed by the travel editors. Another island has been "discovered." Not discovered the way Columbus did it, retreating hastily to his boats under a hail of poison-tipped arrows. "Discovered" now usually means they're building a new million-dollar hotel with "Sanitized" drinking glasses wrapped in paper for "your protection"—and another gallant little band of escapists is having to scuttle for cover like startled June bugs. The number of island paradises that have given way to sanitation in the past decade has undermined morale in the whole escapist community.

At the root of the problem is the legend loose in the Antilles that there is no place an American tourist will not go in droves if the hotel reminds him of Miami Beach, the food is a safe blend of airline fare and Schrafft's, and he can fry slowly in the sun. Americans can be seen at this work, lying in neat, greased rows on bright-colored mattresses in the "broilers" that surround the free-form swimming pools, perfuming the tropic air with essence of suntan oil and fresh green money.

These travelers' travelers' checks can shore up an entire island economy. A report from Washington recently revealed that tourism had outstripped wheat as a world commodity, and while no one has yet suggested we start selling U.S. tourists to Russia, this news could account for a new school of hotel architecture which strongly resembles storage bins. In any case, a new philosophy is developing in the Caribbean, tentatively called Never Mind the Banana Crop, Man, Just Import Enough of Those Crazy Fellows in the Funny Shirts. "The man who promises to build the airfield that will bring in tourists is the one who gets elected," one hotel keeper shouted to me this winter over the sound of a bulldozer. It was knocking down another graceful palm tree to widen the road so bigger cars could carry more tourists to the souvenir shops selling colorful local products like Hong Kong silks, Royal Copenhagen china, and French perfumes.

One by one, the remote and secret enclaves are sprouting instant pleasure domes—the standardized, bleached, artificially chilled carapace the American Tourist is felt to require. It will soon be possible—indeed it is nearly possible now—to travel from one end of the Antilles to the other, sleeping every night in an exact replica of the hotel you slept in on . . . "Myrtle, what was the name of that island we were at yesterday?"

Except for a few air pockets like downtown Port of Spain, the trade winds give the West Indies one of the world's rare natural air-cooling systems. Classic West Indian houses were built to capitalize on this, with high ceilings, open partitions, louvers, windows on all sides, wide verandas and wide overhanging roofs to keep out the heat of the sun and catch the rain. Yet today it is rare to encounter an island architect like Beresford Willcox, who has dared to omit window glass from the houses in his attractive development at Westerhall Point in Grenada. "Once or twice a year some rain comes in," Mr. Willcox says cheerfully, "and it doesn't hurt anybody." In most of the sealed-in palaces, the sound of air conditioners and piped-in music has replaced the song of treefrogs as the dinner music of the tropics.

It is possible, in the New Caribbean, to be on an island known for its oranges in the height of the orange season and be served canned orange juice for breakfast. It is possible to have the sea around you teem with every fish known to Rachel Carson and be fed a lunch of navy-bean soup, "mutton (goat) stew," Brussels sprouts and boiled potatoes.

Things aren't all bad down in *mare nostrum*. Those who yearn to find some refuge from the creeping homogeneity of modern times can still do so. But one has to work at it, and it's later than you think. The following is a random report on this year's chances for escape. (It is not intended to be comprehensive. There are a number of islands I missed, and a couple of places I am keeping to myself.)

Puerto Rico:

The airline maps put Puerto Rico straight across the main Caribbean escape route. Its shoreline paved wall to wall with skyscraper hotels, free-form swimming pools and rows of broiling bodies, it has become an island suburb of Miami Beach. Connected to the mainland by telephone, telex, credit card and newspaper, Puerto Rico has lost status as a place to get lost in.

On the other hand, Puerto Rico is useful as a test of moral and physical fiber. Unless you arrive in a two-passenger plane or at an unfrequented hour like three in the morning, San Juan airport is a challenging obstacle course that could show you that you aren't in *shape* to get lost.

To spell out the ground rules, you should know that about 500,000 people a year fly in and out of San Juan, trailing a landslide of luggage. As far as I have been able to discover in five trips through the place this winter, the airport provides two porters. Anyone who can disentangle his possessions, find a taxi and get to a hotel in Puerto Rico without permanent psychic damage doesn't need to lie around a swimming pool; he's ready for the Olympics.

Going through U.S. Immigration in Puerto Rico is an effective training ground for mountain climbing. Up a long stairway to get stamped in and down a matching slope to plunge into the Baggage Battle. It is an amusing side trip, made more so for those carrying squirming babies, heavy coats or slippery packages. For the less *sportif*, there are escalators—if you are lucky enough to be immigrating on the days they are functioning.

Only two taxis at a time are allowed at the loading platform for arriving passengers in San Juan, making for a pileup that resembles rush hour at Pennsylvania Station during a blizzard. Many San Juan taxi drivers—assuming you have outmaneuvered 50 competitors to get one—have plied the same trade in New York City. Those unfamiliar with this charm school should be braced for the easy camaraderie of greetings like: "Two hours I wait in line and I have to get somebody who wants to go to the El San Juan," followed by the heartwarming acceptance of your tip. Try not to lose your right arm; you'll be needing it for the rest of the trip.

St. Thomas and all that:

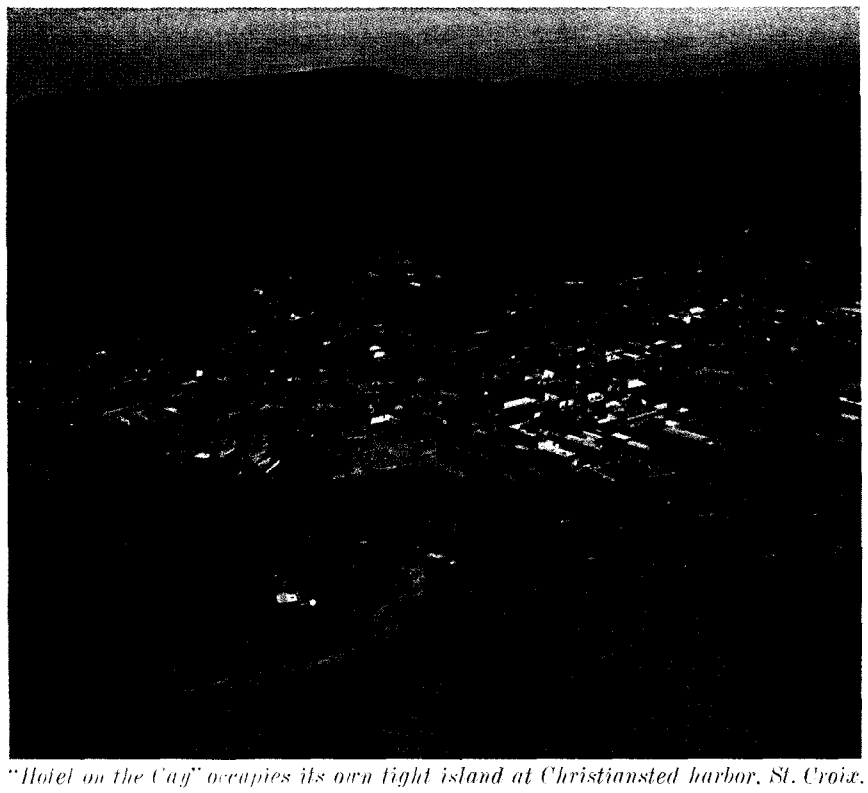
Only an expert could get lost in the American Virgin Islands. St. Thomas, in particular, has become the Big PX of the Caribbean. As many as seven cruise ships at a time have landed their cargo of sun-burned bargain-hunters in downtown Charlotte Amalie, once a picturesque little port but now a massive island discount house, a sort of Korvette's-*sur-mer*. Some people think that if St. Thomas had a jet runway, so many people would come there at once that it might sink. "We'd all like to see another big hotel here," said one travel agent, "but what would we do with another thousand people?" The people who live in St. Thomas have to race downtown in the morning to get a parking place, and land that once sold for $50 an acre now sells for $15,000 an acre. So many new houses keep hooking up to the power plant that when everybody turns his lights on at once it frequently collapses, plunging everyone back into the dark.

For real escapists, St. Thomas is most useful as a place from which to press on to St. John or St. Croix, or better still:

The British Virgin Islands:

Even if people at home know you're at the new hotel that just opened on Virgin Gorda they'll have a tough time getting to you. The nearest airport is in a grass field a 45-minute boat ride away, on Beef Island. Most airports are getting so they look like an interchange on the New Jersey Turnpike, but you know this is an airport because there are two rows of old automobile tires. If you bring enough baggage, three bearers and a wheelbarrow set off across the island to the boat dock, and you follow them through the weeds feeling like Spencer Tracy looking for Doctor Livingstone in Darkest Hollywood. At the dock on Virgin Gorda you are collected by a jeep and driven over a dirt road to the hotel.

Insiders have been sneaking away to Tortola and Marina Cay for years. This



"Hotel on the Cay" occupies its own tight island at Christiansted harbor, St. Croix.

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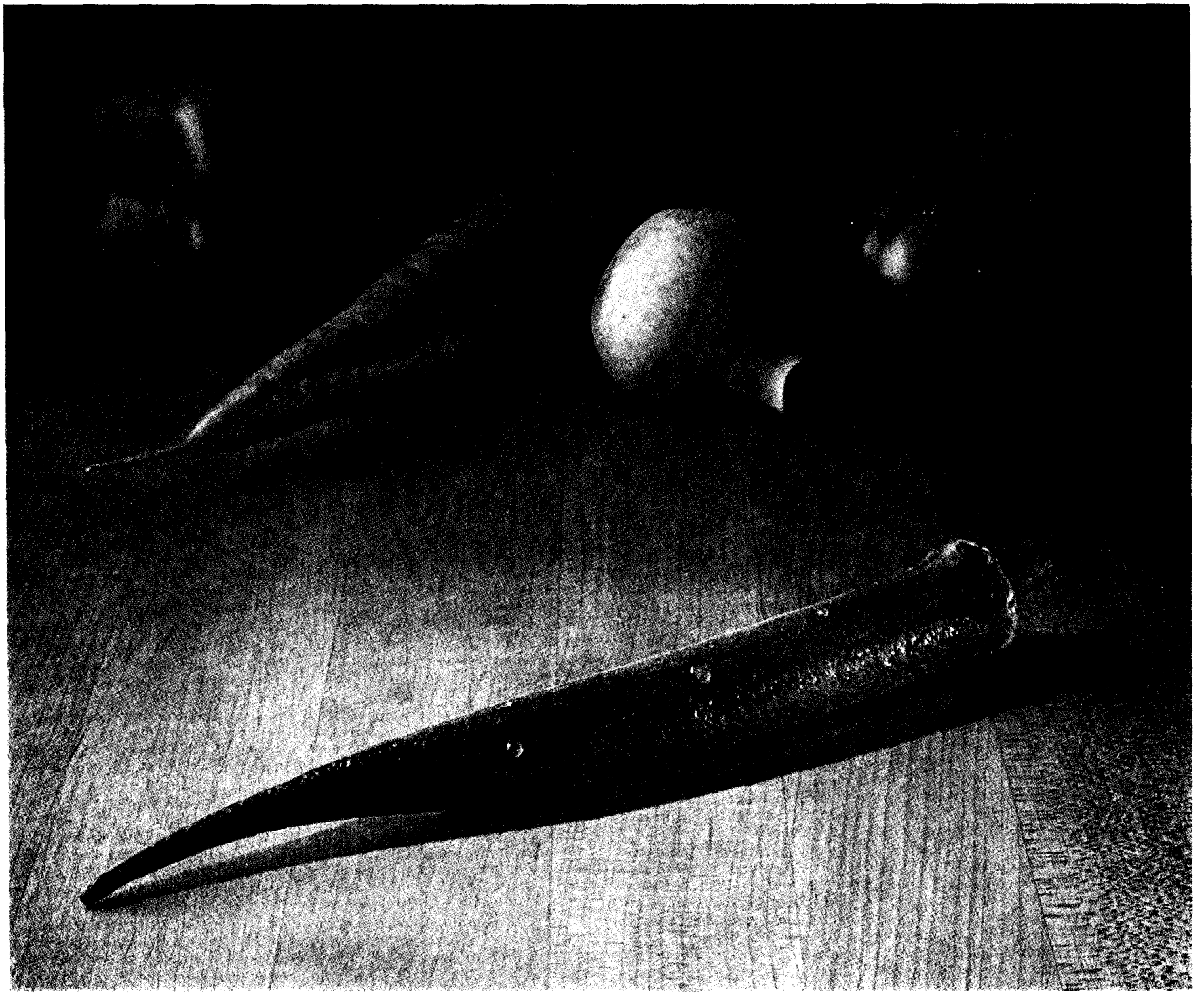
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



What is this odd little vegetable in Campbell's "Hall of Fame"?

It's so great in soup-making that Campbell spent 22 years making it greater

Everybody knows a tomato when he sees it. And carrots. And peppers. And even mushrooms. But it wouldn't be so strange if some folks didn't recognize that slim, green vegetable in the spotlight because it's rather uncommon in many parts of the country. Its name is Okra.

Actually, it's a very important vegetable that adds a delicate, rare flavor and body to some soups, such as our Chicken Gumbo, Vegetable, and Vegetarian Vegetable.

Okra has its place in Campbell's little "hall of fame" because, like all the other good ingredients you see above, it was improved quite drastically by Campbell's scientists.

In fact, they practically remodeled it. They did everything from changing the shape of the pod, so it would be less likely to break up in cooking, to changing the shape of the plant's big leaves so they don't hide the pods when they're at their tender best for picking.

Much the same kind of story could be told about tomatoes, carrots, mushrooms, and sweet peppers, as well as other ingredients Campbell scientists have changed for the better. And each and every one of these stories is part and parcel of the philosophy Campbell operates by:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

... all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

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"Thanks to Mr. Rocky Fellow, people have their own dynamos. All because of

year Laurance S. Rockefeller, who enjoys making a success of a hotel everyone else says can't succeed (Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico, Caneel Bay on St. John, Estate Good Hope on St. Croix) has triumphed again at Little Dix Bay on Virgin Gorda, an island of magnificent beaches. Little Dix Bay makes a clean break with the tourist-bin school of architecture. The dining pavilion is sheltered from the elements only by tilted cone-shaped roofs supported by huge beams. It is one of the few places left in the Caribbean where you can still be hit by a raindrop during dinner. The rooms are in separate units, some of them up on stilts, and the cooling is done by louvers, high ceilings and the fresh air the islands were famous for before they got "discovered."

What Mr. Rocky Fellow, as he is known with awe on Virgin Gorda, had to do to achieve this simplicity demonstrates that discovering an island is not for the faint-hearted. His water problems alone would make most people stop brushing their teeth, but Mr. Rockefeller's team installed a salt-water distilling apparatus that looks like the combined boiler rooms of the *Queen Mary* and the *S.S. United States*, plus eight miles of pipes. The 40-foot, two-ton beams of purple heart timber for the pavilions had to be cut to 16th-of-an-inch specifications in the jungles of British Guiana, floated down a river to the sea, where they were crated and shipped in a charter boat as far as the reef off Little Dix Bay, to be shifted to landing craft and hauled up the sand by bulldozers and people. Two island schooners with cargoes for Mr. Rocky Fellow's dream house hit reefs and sank. All those things and more have been surmounted.

Already Virgin Gorda and the surrounding islands are savoring the first joys of a travelers'-check economy. The island of Jost Van Dyke, for example, has lost its only schoolteacher. He's the hotel's new headwaiter. One Virgin Gordian voiced the hopeful note heard up and down the islands: "Thanks to Mr. Rocky Fellow, people have their own dynamos. All because of money. People get bright in every way. At this particular time we consider him a blessing."

When the first Rockefeller representatives went to Virgin Gorda in 1960 to build a road from Spanish Town to the hotel site, there were two jeeps on the entire island. The other day, at a sharp bend in the Rockefeller Road, Virgin Gorda had its first traffic accident. Bent fenders, no casualties. But progress looms ahead.

Aruba, Curaçao and Bonaire:

These islands, which, as every schoolboy knows, belong to the Dutch, are the strangest-looking islands in the Caribbean. Their bleak and arid terrain, tufted with cactus, sets them totally apart—they look like lumps of Arizona cast loose in the sea. Aruba, with the world's biggest oil refinery at one end, was known for years as the place where the men from the greener but less prosperous Antilles would go to find the jobs they couldn't find at home. Aruba, as a man from a greener island put it, "is a prison without bars."

Curaçao, with the world's second-biggest oil refinery, was more of the same, and if travelers paused there in the past, it was mostly to stock up on bargains in the shops of Willemstad and ogle the quaint drawbridge across the mouth of the harbor. If outsiders went to Bonaire, it was only to watch the pink flamingos, which nest there, growing pinker with each passing season. Now, caught between a population explosion and automation in the refineries, all three islands would like to lure more travelers' checks into the economy.

One American entrepreneur considered half a dozen locations all over the world and reports that he found Curaçao the only place that met specifications of what Americans need. "It had to be an area friendly to Americans," Chester Brandon says, which narrows the field considerably, and it needed "a good jet airstrip served by more than one airline, good water, electricity, good hospitals and it should still be somewhat quaint to American tourists." So convinced is this gentleman of Curaçao's ability to fill the bill that with a 60-year lease and a 10-year tax holiday he is building a 35-room air-conditioned hotel of his own, the Coral Cliff, overlooking the sea, with a marina and an Olympic-size swimming pool, where, he says, "we can hold invitation meets."

Curaçao's other major hostelry is the air-conditioned Intercontinental, built into the old ramparts that guard the harbor entrance. It is possible to swim in the Intercontinental pool and be eyeball to eyeball with guests on the floor below, through big portholes cut into the pool's walls. It is the only hotel I know where a leak in the pool could flood the downstairs taxi stand.

Curaçao has one spectacular restaurant, the Fort Nassau, with a view at night over the flaming refinery chimneys, like staring into the hinges of hell. Travel agents are discreet about the refineries on the Dutch islands, and no one who can avoid it would want to be downwind from them. But at least you know they weren't put there for the benefit of the tourists.

Aruba, whose main natural tourist asset is an uninterrupted and potent sun beating on a tremendous long white curve of beach called—yes—Palm Beach, has gone the Instant Resort route. The eight-story Aruba Caribbean offers 120 hotel rooms, with 80 more planned, swimming pool, broiler, foot baths, tennis courts, a casino, a plush night spot called the Klompen Klub which features that magic formula called "name entertainers" and a shop where you can buy anything you covet, including a jazzy sashed printed shirt exactly like the ones worn by the waiters. Those who stay in Executive House hotels in Chicago, Washington, or Scottsdale, Ariz., will feel at home. The Aruba Caribbean is under the same management. Instant Resorts are traditionally well set up to cater to packaged guests and next fall Fedders Corp. and Chrysler Airtemp air conditioning men will hold their conventions there. "Jets will help," the manager said. "We were supposed to get Sealy Mattress, but they wanted direct jet connections." By fall the jets will be coming in on a lengthened runway, and Aruba will have its 200 mattress men.

On many of the islands the Instant Resort is like a compound, where guests are walled away from the rest of the island; their only contact with its natives is through hotel chambermaids and waiters. Some have argued that on Aruba there is hardly anyplace else to go outside the hotel compound, unless it is to the floating Indonesian restaurant in the port. Actually, beyond the resort cocoon, the island itself has a rather savage beauty, its harsh arid ground punctuated by tall cactus, a raging sea pounding its windward coast and the divi-divi trees blown nearly horizontal by unremitting wind. At the end of Palm Beach the lighthouse occupies a promontory offering a marvelous sense of desolation in all its dimensions. A wrecked German warship lies offshore, and goats wander across the knife-sharp coral, silhouetted black against the sky.

Bonaire, one of the last places on earth with a mimeographed telephone book, is still for the bird watchers. Hotel Bonaire, located on a fine beach, opened last August to encourage more of them, and possibly a few fish watchers, to come there. It is now possible on Bonaire to observe the *Phoenicopterus ruber* (pink flamingo) in its natural surroundings, to say nothing of parrots, parakeets and other natural wonders, and return to a sanitary cubicle with a console-controlled air conditioner. Also you can bounce across the island in a jeep and see Indian inscriptions carved on a rock. For those who feel that to see one Indian inscription is to have seen them all, there are more recent carvings that say "Alice and Hipolite" and "Luis and Nicolas, 1-11-60."

Trinidad:

Port of Spain, the main city of Trinidad and the place where most travelers stay because it is where the hotels are, is modernizing as fast as it can, with all the hazards progress throws in the path of escape. The streets used to be narrow, colorful and chaotic and overhung with scrolled balconies. Now they are narrow and choked with cars and buttressed by blockhouse-style buildings, about as exotic as Scarsdale. But shopping specialists still find Port of Spain to be the Hong Kong of the Caribbean, a place where you can have instant clothes run up to your measure by Indian and Chinese tailors. (The In thing to bring home from Trinidad this year is a big stuffed alligator. Since these have not yet caught on widely, it's still possible to be the only one on your block with a stuffed alligator.)

In 1962 Trinidad opened its Hilton hotel—the Upside Down one, where you take an elevator down to your room, and up to the swimming pool, and an electronic voice from inside the machinery announces which is which. Escapists should handle Trinidad like Paris. Either move there for good and let its mixture of nationalities, steel bands and high crime rate give you the feeling you've disappeared in a Humphrey Bogart movie—or use it as a staging area to disappear on some other island like Tobago.

Tobago:

Tobago has excellent escape possibilities this year, because a lot of travel agents think it sank in Hurricane Flora. Hundreds of its graceful coconut palms lie like fallen warriors, some of them athwart the telephone lines, but the hotels stand firm. There are threats of creeping homogeneity in Tobago, but so far none has materialized. The hotels have a comforting dog-eared look, and you don't have to shop in the lobby. The hotel library shelves are likely to be full of old rumpled bound volumes of the *National Geographic* and books about the last days of the British Raj in India with passages like: "The tide of small sallow Mongolian humanity flowed down the inner slopes on to the plains of Assam, Bengal and Bihar."

Furthermore, most of the "regulars" who hide out in Tobago don't want things modernized on their account. The woman manager of the hotel where I stayed put a TV set in the lobby—and the day I left I heard two of the guests plotting in the hall to throw the thing over a cliff.

As everywhere in the Caribbean, a good way to dodge the crowds these days in Tobago is to do some of the things suggested in the guidebooks. This calls for an immediate trip to Little Tobago island, which is stocked with birds of paradise, brought there from New Guinea, followed by fish watching at Buccoo Reef, said to be the most spectacular snorkeling in the world. If you don't go at low tide, the currents take you to Venezuela. Tobagonians rely on the newspapers for the tide schedule, and since the papers aren't published on holidays, he who snorkels on Boxing Day plans ahead.

Tobago is one of the rare places where travelers still have actual conversations with the people who live there, and Tobagonians' phrases are filled with a sense of the presence of dark things in the night. "We must be on our way back before night catches us on the seas," was how we knew it was time to leave Little Tobago island. "She is for the time being the princess of my return," introduced a young lady at a dance.

Grenada:

Grenada is one of the islands marked for destruction as a hiding place, but certain natural advantages keep it safe for a year or so. On the danger side is the fact that Grand Anse, Grenada's most glorious beach, has three hotels on it with a fourth one going up. Something happens to a beach when it gets that many hotels on it. On the other hand, at least two of the hotels make a real effort to serve West Indian food. One is air conditioned, designed by Miami architects and has an exact replica on two other islands. Not located on quite such a good beach is Ross Point Inn, which gets good marks for putting one local dish on every menu so a traveler has a rare chance to learn about such esoterica as flying-fish pie, calalu soup, breadfruit soup, crab backs, christophine, or zapodillo delight.

St. George's in Grenada is where you catch the mail schooner for Carriacou in the Grenadines, another of the places the office couldn't trail you to if they tried.

Carriacou:

J. Linton Rigg, who runs the Mermaid Tavern, Carriacou's only hotel, explains that the Grenadines, of which there are more than 100, mostly uninhabited, are safe for a while because "the difficulties of transportation and accommodation have so far discouraged the kind of people who spoil places from spoiling these islands."

Indeed, unless you have your own yacht, you still have to depend on the mail schooner *Starlight* to make the five-and-

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money. People get bright in every way."

a-half-hour journey from St. George's to Carriacou. These island boats are built with infinite care out of woods from all over the world, and they are as big a status symbol as a Rolls-Royce. A man will work in Aruba for 20 years, eating only one meal a day, to save the money to build one. At the launching they sacrifice a goat, sheep and chickens and it is the biggest social event of the island. But once in service they become a cheerful shambles, and on a standard trip aboard the *Starlight* one is surrounded by a great many other people, a goat, a small thin cat, countless green bananas and crates of some green, orange and red liquid bottled by Red Spot Beverages. If it is rough you can count on 75 percent of your fellow passengers being sick from beginning to end. Some of the men string fishing lines from the stern and are likely to catch one or more huge fishes, which flop around and bleed on your shoes. You may arrive in Carriacou feeling as though you had relived most of the novels of Joseph Conrad, but it is one of the great travel bargains of today's Caribbean. The whole marvelous journey costs only $1.32.

St. Vincent:

Kingstown, the main port, is not as picturesque as St. George's, but it still hangs on to an 18th-century quality, with a lot of low-arched arcades, not unlike Place des Vosges in Paris. Local planners are destroying the charm as fast as they can, and within a few months the entire harbor view will be blocked by gas stations, a banana warehouse and a fertilizer plant.

However, the Botanical Garden claims to have one of Captain Bligh's own breadfruit trees. He was on his way to St. Vincent with a load of breadfruit trees when all the trouble started on the Bounty.

St. Vincent has no beach susceptible to the Miami-Puerto Rico treatment. It does have the most attractive downtown hotels in the islands. The Sugar Mill Inn, built in an old plantation house, is the way West Indian hotels ought to be.

Bequia:

This island in the Grenadines has been a serious escapist headquarters for some years, and the news for 1964 is that it's still safe. Even though it is little more than an hour away from St. Vincent by island boat, it still keeps its sense of isolation. Princess Margaret swam off a Bequia beach on her honeymoon, but except for being rechristened Princess Margaret Beach it remains pristine. Sir Anthony Eden (Lord Avon) has a house on the far side of the island, but he has no guest rooms, so escapists heading for Bequia mostly stay at the Sunny Caribbee. There is still no electricity on Bequia and when I met the manager of the hotel he was rolling a kerosene drum down the dock at Kingstown, fetching kerosene for the hotel's lamps and collecting cakes of ice in big damp brown gunny sacks for the hotel's ice box. No taxis in Bequia either. The people who turn up at the Sunny Caribbee take their quiet vacationing seriously. You sleep under mosquito nets, have haircuts out under the trees when the local barber happens to stroll by. (Also strolling: mules, donkeys, chickens.) It's nice to know that Lord Avon is just over the hill doing the same thing.

A man from St. Vincent is building a Miami-type hotel on a spectacular site near Lord Avon's hideaway, but it isn't finished yet, and right now you have to walk by a huge black bull on a very thin tether to get to it.

Barbados:

What with its jet airport and a shoreline solidly lined with hotels and the villas of the rich, Barbados has long since been discovered and rediscovered. It has new and luxurious hotels with chaste stores selling high-priced objects of continental origin. It's an island where you could run into someone you know, although a few determined people have successfully hidden out there for years.

Dominica:

Dominica is a great brooding presence among the islands, the kind of place where people come ashore from a cruise ship and somehow decide not to go home again. The travel folders call it "an emerald set in a sea of stained glass." I claim it's a place where the mountains are hung with mist, plunging in ominous dark green folds to a gnarled coastline where a foaming sea grinds black rocks into egg-shaped boulders that roil around in the night. In addition to its 366 rivers, its unexplored rain forests, its lush tangle of bamboo, ferns, vines, mangoes, mahogany trees, grapefruits and flowers, the bowels of Dominica are a dark and mysterious caldron of boiling sulfur. Hot sulfur springs trickle out of the underbrush to leak into the rivers. Even more unsettling, there is a place where you can see into the side of a mountain, a gap in the vast boiling vat of the earth where a thick sulfurous soup bubbles with dull thuds against the steaming roof of a cavern. As one Guadeloupian said to me darkly: "Who's down there under Dominica, stoking the boilers?"

Dominica is not a swimming and basking island, although there is swimming to be done in the pools formed by a pause in its rivers. One morning in Dominica I found a centipede in the sink as big as the one Dr. No sent to kill James Bond, so if you don't watch where you put your feet, Dominica could be the Big Escape.

Martinique:

Martinique is turning into a bit of a French Puerto Rico. Fort de France has Parisian traffic jams that just take longer to come unsnarled. The hotels downtown have been renovated but remain deeply suspicious of all plumbing: "*Ne jetez aucun corps étranger dans le WC.*"

The great value of Martinique is to restore your appetite for food and, if you read French, to spend the afternoon in the Bibliothèque Schoelcher, reading the gossipy memoirs of Reverend Père Labat. "What made me hasten my departure," he notes of his own island travels, "was that I was being eaten by ants." For his own eating, Père Labat was game to try anything, including roast dog. Travelers today have lost a lot of their old zip.

Guadeloupe:

Guadeloupe has a jet airfield and is strung around with two-lane roads which are the wildest communications channels in the world. It is possible to whistle along at Mach 2 in a Mercedes—the radio at full blast with a man singing, "Do anything, but don't step on mah blue suede shoes"—while you shoot past oxcarts and ladies with buckets on their heads.

Guadeloupe has a new Instant Resort, La Caravelle, with architecture like Kennedy Airport, and when you pay the bill you feel that you've just launched your own Marshall Plan. But the real reason for going to Guadeloupe is to escape to Marie-Galante or the Iles des Saintes.

Marie-Galante is a round squat blob lying off Pointe-à-Pitre in the path of the planes that never land there. Columbus found it, naturally, and thought so well of it he named it after his boat.

You know you're on the track of a good thing when you start asking around in Guadeloupe how to get there "Marie-Galante? Madame, are you out of your head?" It turns out that Air Antilles flies little six-seater planes there from Guadeloupe's jet airport. But the escapist way to Marie-Galante is aboard the *Delgres*, along with an amazing number of people, parcels, oranges, furniture, sugar cane and possibly—against the rules—a small pig in a burlap sack. The arrivals and departures of the *Delgres* are the major social events of downtown Pointe-à-Pitre.

To find the only hotel in Grand Bourg, the main town, go to the nearest street corner and ask for Madame Toto. A room costs $4.85, and you pay in advance. All electricity on the island goes off promptly at 11 P.M. and you know, as you grope around your hotel room in the dark, that you've slipped out of sight again. They'll never find you on Marie-Galante.

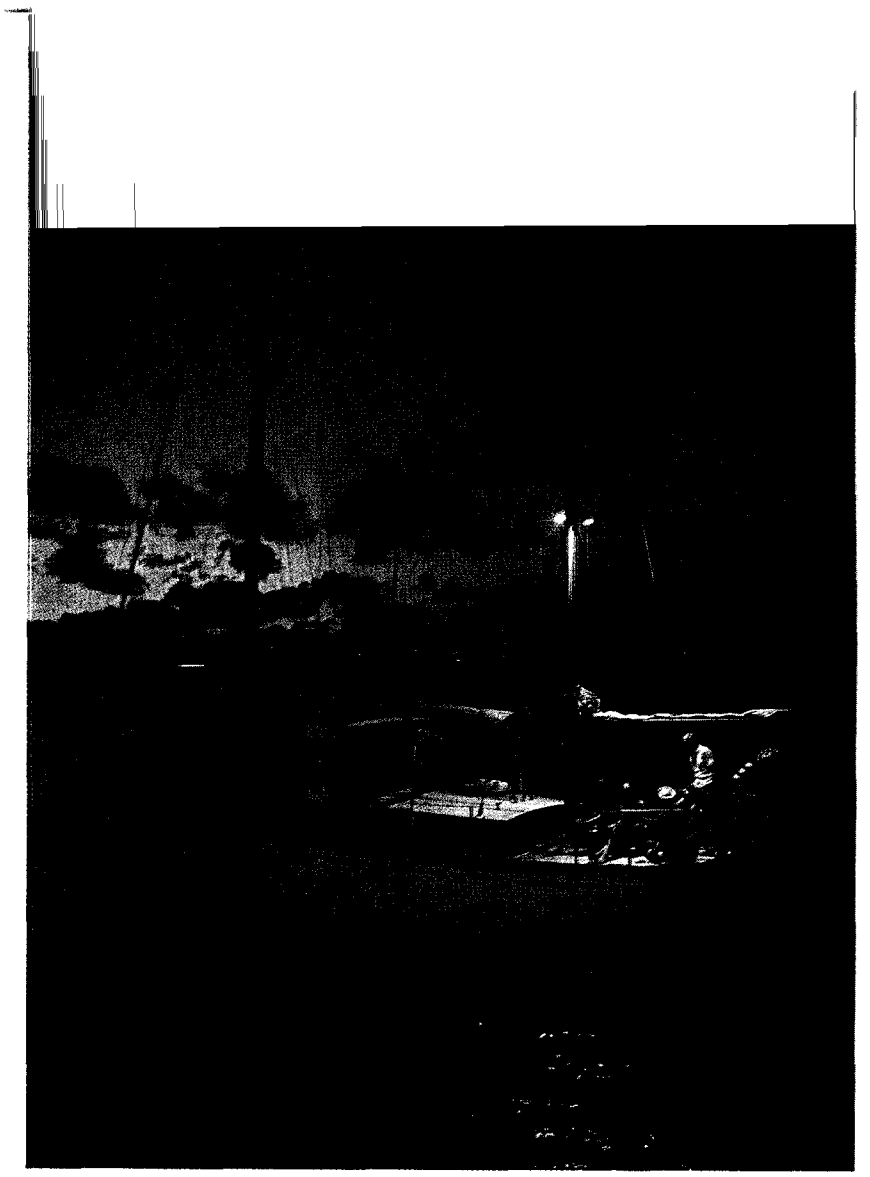
The Iles des Saintes are reached by outboard-motorboat from Trois Rivières in Guadeloupe—a ride reminiscent of your last trip over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The *Saintois* boatmen, descended from Bretons, just haven't learned the meaning of terror.

Mario Petrelluzzi, who has a cage full of monkeys below the porch of his hotel, La Pergola, on Guadeloupe, has recently installed an isolated establishment on Ilet-à-Cabrit, called Hotel du Fort Josephine. It is so isolated that the only guests in the whole establishment, when I struggled up the hill to it, were an American couple from Newton, Mass.

Airline to Shangri-La:

No one could get lost in the islands without the help of B.W.I.A. (British West Indian Airways—or "La British," as they call it in the French islands). Its pilots all look a little like Ronald Colman, and its schedules are among the biggest intellectual and physical challenges of the Antilles. I've known island-hoppers to carry a timetable around to puzzle over in odd moments as you might last Sunday's Double Crostic. Eventually, and it is a mark of island expertise, you begin to grasp the principle: At the first light of dawn, the entire B.W.I.A. flock of tin birds in all shapes and sizes rise up from whatever island they have perched on the night before, and every afternoon at sunset they nest again until sunrise the following day. Since Caribbean airports tend to be located in the most remote corners of their respective islands, there is no flab on a B.W.I.A. passenger. He is the fellow who has arisen at 4:30 A.M., driven across many miles of rutted roads to catch a 7 A.M. plane, and finally strapped himself into his seat to breakfast on an orange candy drop.

But then, as we mentioned in Puerto Rico, there's no use trying to get lost if you're not in *shape* for it. THE END



Pretty as a travel-folder picture, U. S. yacht bobs at anchor in Nassau sunset.

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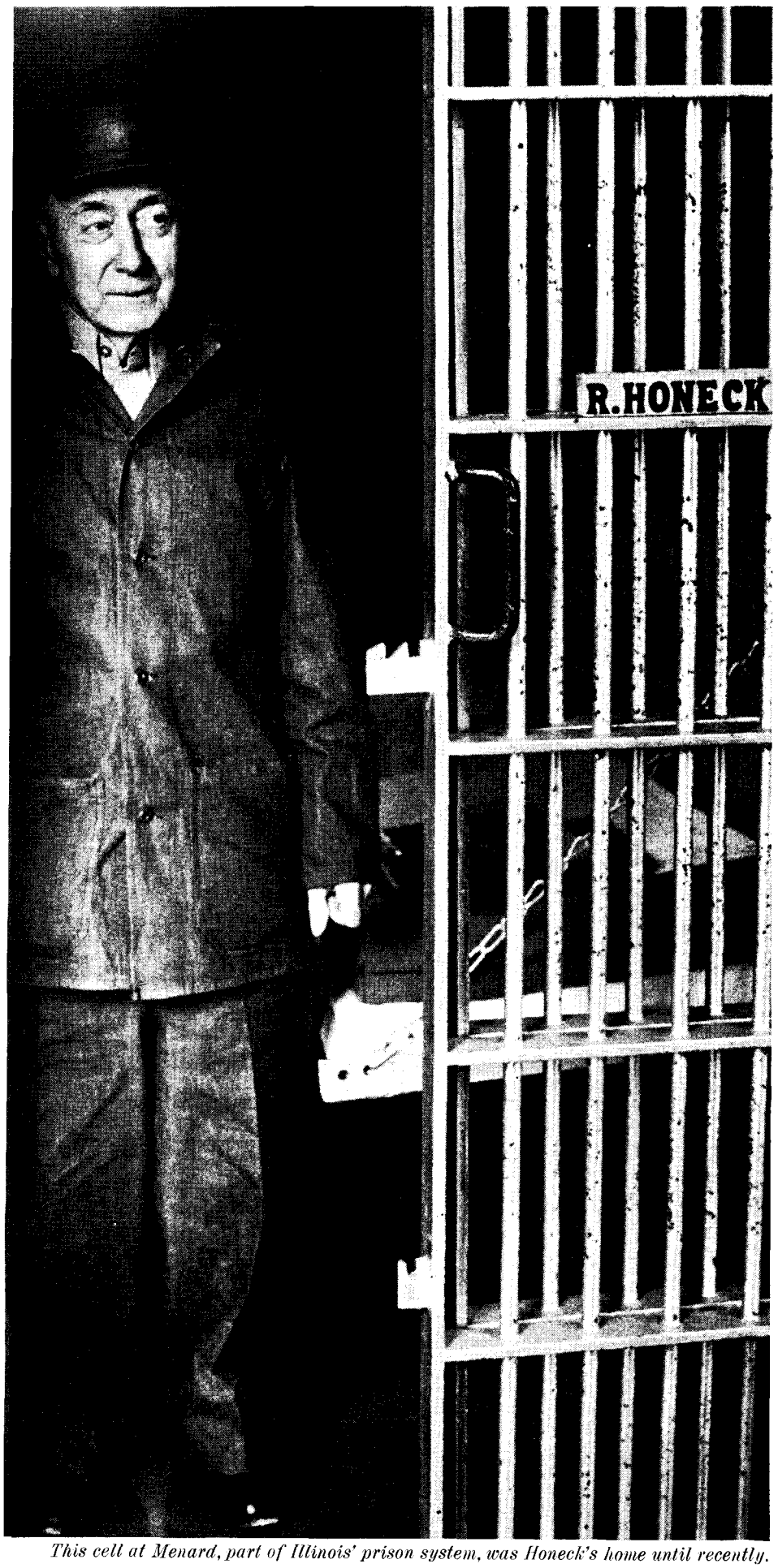
By ROBERT GANNON

After 64 years, the prisoner comes home

Richard Honeck entered a world full of surprises last December, when he became a free man for the first time this century.



This cell at Menard, part of Illinois' prison system, was Honeck's home until recently.

On the morning of December 20, 1963, Richard Honeck woke early. By 6:25, when the bell announced that the day had officially begun, he was sitting on his bunk tying his black prison shoes. This was Honeck's 23,418th day in prison. It was also his last. He had spent his whole adult life behind bars—64 years—more continuous time than any other living American. But on this day he was to leave the Menard branch of the Illinois State Penitentiary and join the unfamiliar world of the 20th century.

"Sleep well, Mr. Honeck?" I asked him.

"I did indeed," he answered in his curiously stilted away. "But I seem for some reason to have awakened early."

In the cell next to Honeck's, Gerald McMeins was arranging Christmas cards on his freshly made cot. "Let me tell you what kind of a guy old Honeck is," he volunteered. "Last week he got a package of nuts, and I found him cracking them out in the yard, in the cold. I asked him why he didn't do that in his cell. You know what he said? 'I wouldn't want to disturb my neighbors.' Can you imagine?"

At 6:35 the cell doors opened, allowing prisoners with early morning jobs to leave. In groups of a dozen or so the men filed down the narrow corridor, solid with cells on the right, barred windows on the left. The clanging of steel gates echoed along the passageway.

Chill December winds blew across the exercise yard as we walked toward the kitchen. Honeck strode ahead briskly but mechanically, his arms swinging stiffly at his sides.

By 6:40, as usual, he stood at his post in the kitchen breadroom. As he had every morning for years past, he spread a three-day-old newspaper on the counter to read during breakfast, arranged his cup, utensils and plate, then uncovered the bread-slicing machine and began pushing loaves through it. He had just passed his two-millionth loaf.

"Why don't you take it easy today?" asked Roland Stone, 22, one of the two other men assigned to the breadroom.

"A person never knows if a thing truly will happen," answered the old prisoner.

Richard Honeck is a frail man. He weighs 132 pounds, stands only five feet, four inches. His hands, exceedingly clean, are wrinkled and netted with blue veins. They show his 85 years. His large, pale blue eyes do not; they are still clear and alert. He looks kind, like an ancient violinist, or maybe a bookkeeper in a novel by Dickens.

His voice is pleasant, his speech precise. The phraseology is that of an educated man, though he went no further than the eighth grade. He never uses prison jargon. He never swears. He neither talks nor looks like a murderer. Yet murder was his crime.

By 7:25 Honeck had sliced the morning bread, 57 loaves. Standing up at his counter as always, he ate his last prison breakfast—two eggs, oatmeal, toast, gravy. Then he set to work cleaning up. As he polished a flour canister, he seemed oblivious to the conversation centered on him. "That can is going to look pretty dingy a month from now," said Francis Haines, 61, third man in the breadroom.

Haines, a big man with kind, sad eyes, has spent two dozen years at Menard, half of them in the breadroom. He waited until Honeck was out of hearing distance. "He sure has changed since all this happened to him," Haines whispered. "It seems a little thing, but for the very first time he had something all his own—candy that people sent him. He passed it all out. I don't think he had any himself."

At 8:20 it was time for Honeck to get shaved, then dressed in civvies. "Well, good-bye," he said to his old buddies, and he turned and left the breadroom. "That's the way it is with leave-taking in a prison," a guard said.

His last prison shave completed, the old man was led to the tailor shop, where inmate Woodrow Temple was altering a size 38 regular suit to 36 short. Honeck took off his prison denim and slipped into the new gray pants. "Where are the buttons?" he asked. "What's *this?*" A zipper. Temple showed him how to use it, then tied Honeck's tie; the old prisoner didn't recall ever having worn one before.

Honeck signed the clothing slip with his fingerprint, as is customary, then went to the cafeteria for his last prison meal—deep-fried, very bony codfish, bologna sausage, watery beans. After a last prison photo, a final fingerprinting and a last shakedown, he was given the first money he had touched in this century: release pay of $50, travel allowance, $10.90, and some cash sent in from well-wishers, $129.38—a total of $190.28. Honeck folded the bills neatly and put them in his breast pocket. Prisons supply no billfolds.

At 1:11 P.M., with warden Ross V. Randolph, he walked through the big double gate, stepped into the warden's 1963 Ford, and drove off to rejoin the world he had left so long ago.

It was a far different world from the one he had left 64 years before. In 1899 the Boer War began, the Chinese Boxers began to rebel, and the peace treaty ending the Spanish-American War had just been signed by President McKinley. James J. Jeffries defeated Robert Fitzsimmons that year to become the new heavyweight boxing champion. And on September 2, 1899, Richard Honeck and a friend, Herman Hundhausen, went to Chicago to visit a man named Walter Koeller.

Honeck had grown up in Hermann, a Missouri River town about 75 miles west of St. Louis. His parents were German, his father a blacksmith. The youngest of 10 children, he had left home at 17 to attend a railroad school in Dixon, Ill., then gone to work for the Illinois Central.

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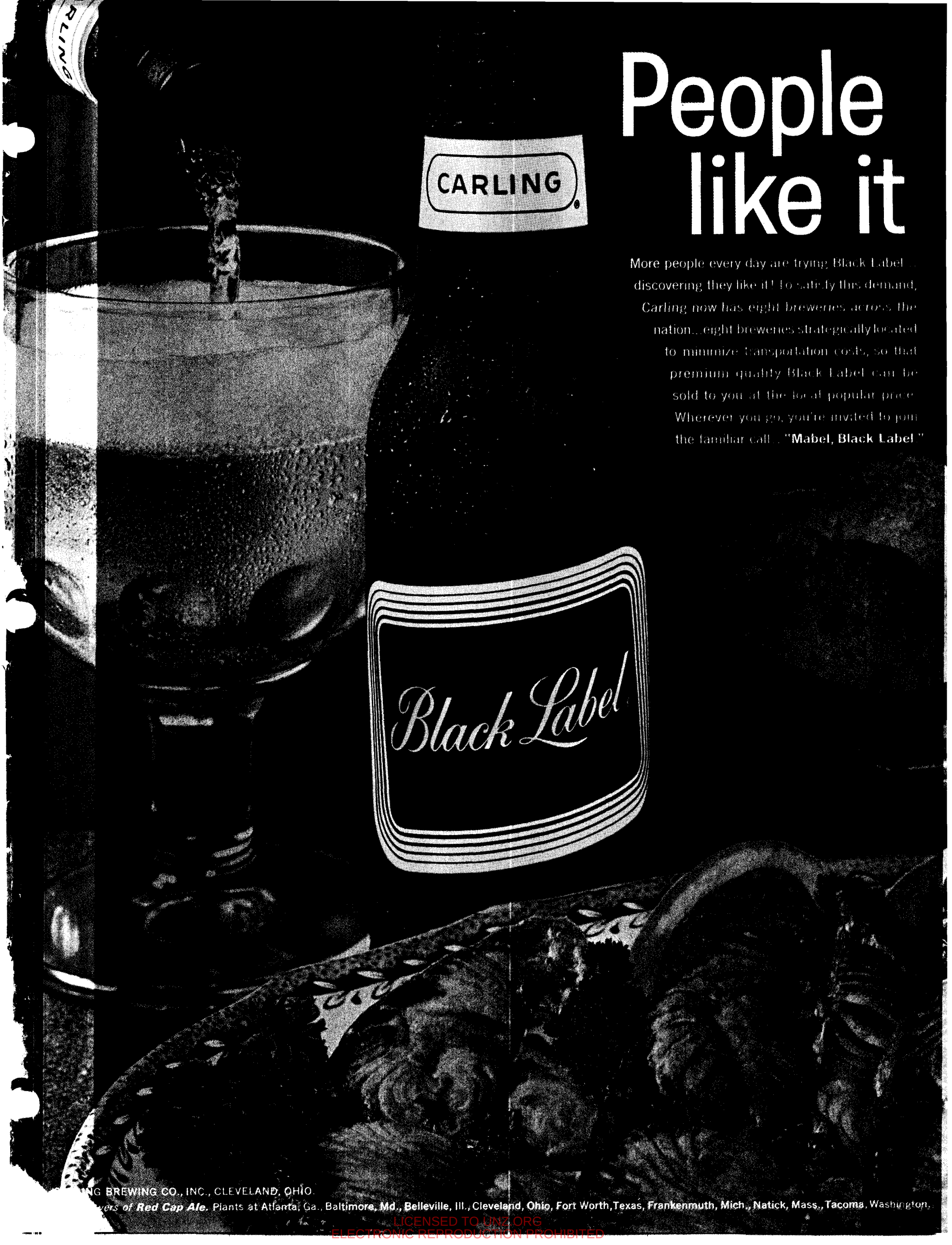

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"MANY PEOPLE SHAVE THEMSELVES, I UNDERSTAND."

Prisoner comes home

When thinking about that long-ago trip to Chicago, Honeck becomes troubled and confused—exhibiting the mental block so many prisoners have concerning their crimes—but he recalls that Hundhausen "had a continuing quarrel" with Koeller. Somehow a fight broke out. Honeck stabbed Koeller twice in the chest, killing him almost instantly.

Two months and two days afterward the young railroad worker pleaded guilty and was sentenced to "confinement at hard labor . . . for the term of his natural life." Originally confined in Joliet, he was transferred in 1918 to the State Hospital at Chester, for psychiatric treatment, and thence to the Menard penitentiary, where he received the number he would carry from then on: 12742.

By 1929 the state of Illinois began to consider lifers eligible for parole after 20 years. But the law was not retroactive. Honeck had to serve until 1949—a half century—before he became eligible. And by then, at 70, he knew nobody on the outside who could sponsor him.

In Menard's general division, prisoners have considerable freedom. But Honeck became increasingly reserved, spending his time in either his cell or his work place, the breadroom. He no longer went to chapel. He rarely entered the exercise yard. He almost never watched television. His only diversion was an occasional Friday-night movie in the dining room.

Then, just over a year ago, something happened that changed Honeck's life. "I was looking for the standard prison story of the oldest inmate," recalls James R. Fox, editor of *The Menard Time*, the prison newspaper, "when I came upon Mr. Honeck out in the yard. I asked him, 'How long you been here, old-timer?' And he answered, 'Sixty-four years.' I didn't believe it, of course, but I checked the old records anyway. And he was telling the truth."

Fox wrote two articles. The first, published in February, 1963, quoted Honeck as saying, "No, I don't want to leave prison—not today, tomorrow or ever. I like prison; it's my home . . . my world; the other is as unreal as a fairytale." The old man had convinced himself. "I made up my mind a long time ago," he said later, "that there was one thing I was going to do, and that was to do time. I live from day to day."

The second article, printed in the June issue, was spotted by Associated Press correspondent Bob Poos, who came to see Honeck, the first outsider to do so since a fellow railroader had visited him 59 years earlier. The A.P. wire carried Poos's article "Long-Forgotten Prisoner" in August, and suddenly Richard Honeck, the forgotten man, began getting mail by the bushel. His last letter before then had been a four-line note from his brother. It was dated June 21, 1904.

Candy arrived from Switzerland and Australia—Warden Randolph excepted Honeck from the no-gift rule—and some people sent money. (A few prison jobs pay a small salary, but Honeck's bread slicing was not one of these. He had never had a nickel to buy a magazine or candy bar from the prison commissary.)

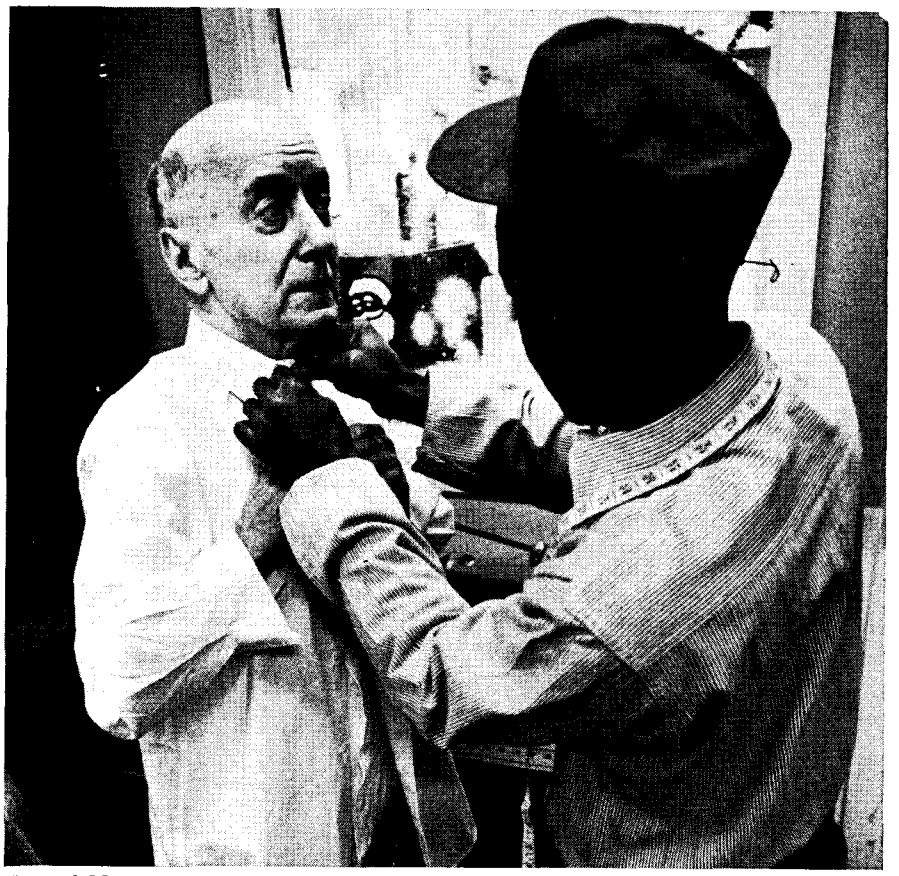
Then last August 29 a double letter came to the penitentiary, one inside the other. "Dear Sir," wrote a woman named Clara Orth, "Please see that my long lost Uncle Richard gets the enclosed letter. I will appreciate it more than words can tell. Thanks a million." It was signed, "A grateful niece of Richard Honeck." The inside letter began:

Dear Uncle Richard, You can't imagine how surprised and thrilled I was to learn that you were still alive. As a child I remember hearing the folks speak of you, but I naturally assumed that since so many years have passed that you had also died. . . .

Richard Honeck was no longer alone.

Clara Orth was born in 1900, a year after Honeck began his long term. Widowed, she lives in a house trailer in San Leandro, a suburb of Oakland, Calif. She began to write to the prisoner regularly. Then she came east to visit him and appeared before the parole board, offering him a home if he were released.

Honeck was overwhelmed. "I just can't believe that anyone would care," he said at the time.



One of Menard's inmate tailors helps Honeck into his unfamiliar civilian clothes.

"I couldn't believe it."

Three weeks later I sat talking to old Honeck in his cell. I reminded him that he had said he didn't want to leave prison. "Oh, no, no, no," he said quickly. "Things are of a different nature now. I would very much like to go to California to live. My niece really wants me there, you know."

He frowned, remembering. "Before, I thought many times about going outside. But I never could believe it possible. This was my world. I'd been in so long. I tried not to think of myself outside."

I looked around the austere five-by-eleven-foot cell, its bare, shiny-green walls reflecting the harsh light in ripples, and thought of Honeck sitting here year after long year memorizing the cracks.

Side by side on the chain-supported bunk, we talked of many things: ordering a meal, making appointments, counting change—simple things he hadn't done in 64 years. "Many people shave themselves, I understand. I'll just have to learn to use one of those self-shavers." He excused himself for a drink of water. "I don't ordinarily speak this much at a time, you see.

"I can be ready to go at any time," he said suddenly, almost defensively. "I have no fear of the future—not at all. I know something about what's out there." By leaning against his door and turning my head, I could see a tall, barred window across the corridor. The slice of view showed a bit of road, the Missouri Pacific Railroad on a high embankment and, farther away, behind a strand of trees, the Mississippi.

On the 80-mile ride to the St. Louis airport after his release, Richard Honeck was alert and interested; he noticed everything. As the car started, he was neither frightened, tense nor ill, contrary to Warden Randolph's prophecy ("We may have to stop a few times when he gets carsick"), but just chuckled, and said, "How smooth it starts—and no bumping or rumbling. Not at all as I thought. And it's padded all over. What a comfort."

The only other time Honeck had been in a car was in 1918. He rode part way from the railroad station after transfer from Joliet. The car broke down and the men had to walk.

"How fast do you think we're going, Mr. Honeck?" the warden asked.

"I would guess we are traveling, ol I should say thirty-five miles per hour.

"We're hitting sixty-five right now."

"Indeed? That fast!"

When I asked him if he were enjoying himself, he answered with the kind of stark understatement that I had learned to expect. "Yes, it's rather entertaining."

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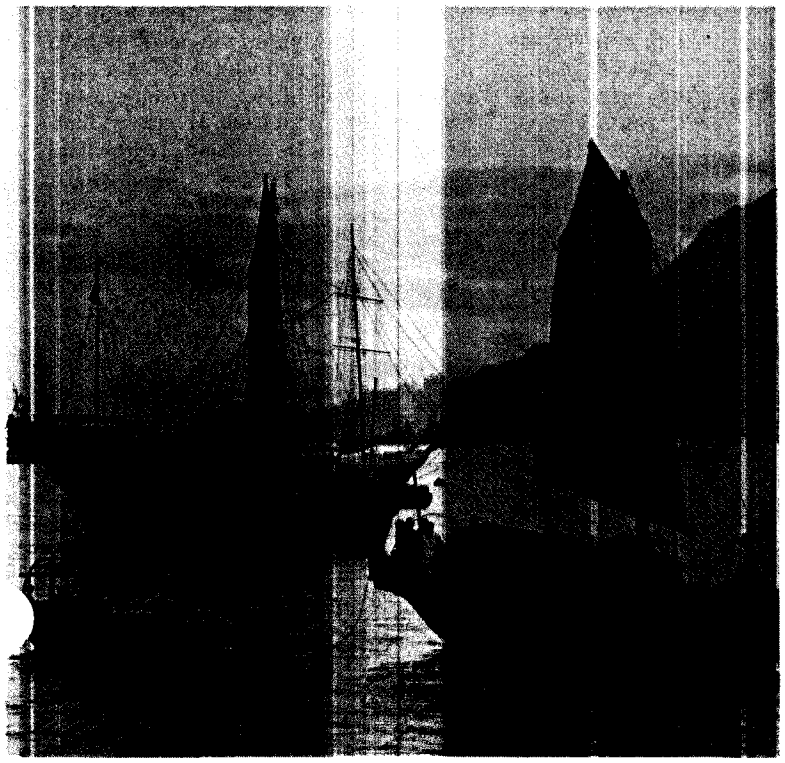

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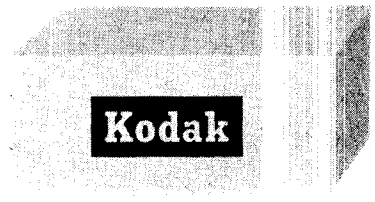

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"I JUST WISH PEOPLE EVERYWHERE COULD BE AS HAPPY THIS DAY AS I AM."

Prisoner comes home

The car topped a hill. "That's the longest distance I've seen in a long time," he said. He saw suburban homes spread out in a valley. "What small farms they have nowadays! You used to be able to travel from St. Louis to Kansas City almost without seeing a house."

During that drive a subtle change came over the old man. In prison he had attempted to be expert in all subjects. When asked his thoughts on airplanes, for example, he had said, "Dangerous things. They are falling all the time. Something should be done to govern the kind of men they have as pilots." But in the car he no longer offered solutions to real or imagined problems. Instead he asked questions, compared scenes with those of his childhood, reacted to what he saw. Now, "outside" was no longer imaginary.

After an evening meal of fried chicken and gravy at the home of A.P. reporter Bob Poos ("We never had anything like that in prison," he told Mrs. Poos), the old man rode to Lambert Municipal Airport for his flight west. "One might think he was in another world," he said as we entered the terminal building.

I was guiding him through the crowd toward a lower level. "Would you like to go down the stairway or the escalator?"

"What is an escalator?"

"A moving stairway."

"Oh, I would like to try that." He hesitated at the top, then stepping forward suddenly, stumbled a bit, regained his balance and stood rigid as he rode to the bottom. Then he stumbled forward again. "Very efficient," he observed.

"What a marvelous aircraft," he said admiringly as we boarded the gleaming jet. "It looks like a first-class piece of construction. It's just like pictures I've seen, and just the way I wanted it to be."

The giant plane taxied to the runway, sped forward, lifted into the air. Honeck stared out the window, rigid. His hands gripped the armrests, the knuckles white. Aloft, and finally sure there would be no crash, the old man relaxed and happily smiled at his fellow passengers. "I traveled faster in a car today than I ever have in my life," he said to the man next to him. "And now we're going almost ten times as fast."

A little less than four hours later the jet touched down in San Francisco, and Honeck disembarked—with a stewardess on each arm—into the midst of a dozen reporters. "Just like the moving pictures," he remarked.

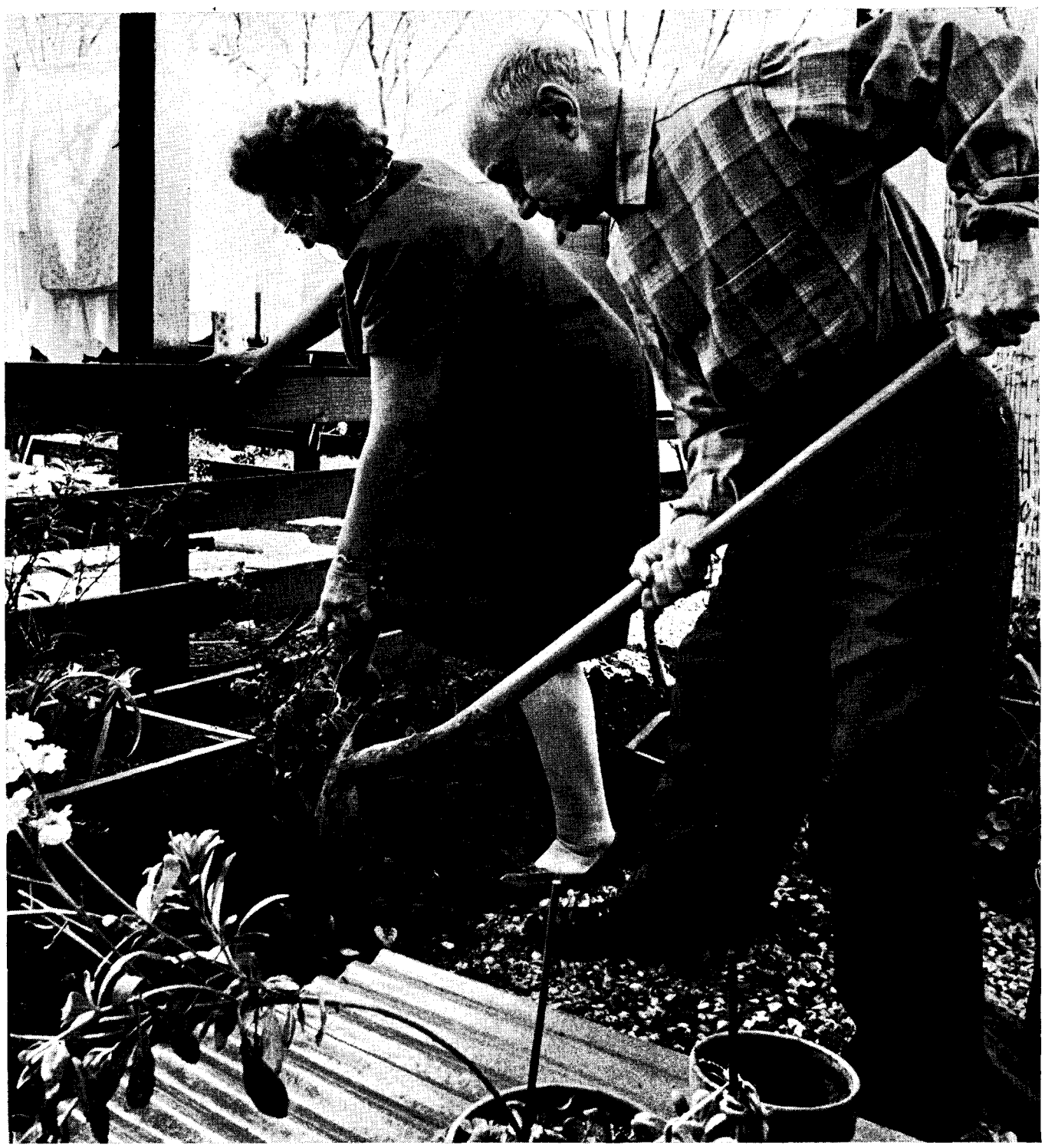
And standing there to greet him was his niece, looking proud. Clara Orth—"Aunt" Clara—is a large, jolly, extroverted soul with a laugh so full it makes her green eyes crinkle almost shut. Her ample arms enveloped her uncle. A reporter asked him how he felt. "I just wish people everywhere could be as happy this day as I am," he answered.

Now he is settling down to life in a 40-foot, pink-and-white house trailer surrounded by potted plants. The trailer is cozy but small. For a man used to a cell, however, it is palatial.

In Trailer Haven, Uncle Richard ("That's what they call me now, and I like it") is treated more like a returned relative than a celebrity. On January 5, when he turned 85, neighbors dropped by in a steady stream, the newsboy gave him a tie clasp, and waitresses in a local restaurant sang *Happy Birthday*. Aunt Clara baked him a cake. It was his first. The single candle, she said, represented "the first year of your new life."

The new life is agreeing with Richard Honeck. Some prison practices carry over. For example, the habit of cleaning up his plate at meals is still strongly with him—convicts who leave food are liable to disciplinary action. And when he's finished eating, he stacks the dishes—whether he's in Aunt Clara's kitchen or a restaurant.

Other prison habits are already gone. He no longer follows a strict routine, for instance—no set time for rising, no specific hour for meals. It seems surprising until you realize that an important element is missing: prison bells.



Honeck enjoys gardening with his widowed niece, Clara Orth, who has given him a home in her house trailer in San Leandro, Calif.

No room for bitterness

A few amenities of civilization remain beyond him. Tie tying, for one. He hasn't learned how, and probably never will. "One needn't wear a tie with this kind of shirt," he explains knowingly. And he's right; he wears mostly sport shirts. For use with dress shirts, Aunt Clara has found some ready-tied four-in-hands that snap onto his collar.

Small things which everyone else takes for granted continue to engross Honeck. A parking meter. A phonograph. A windshield wiper. A vacuum cleaner. "Everything is so new—all those conveniences I never knew existed. Astonishing things."

There is one phrase Uncle Richard uses a great deal these days: ". . . and there it is." It's what he's likely to say when he sees something that until now he has only heard about. Passing a drive-in movie, for example, he'll say, "Yes, I've read about that, and there it is."

Looking back now, he feels no bitterness about his years in prison. "I have no place for that," he said recently, sitting in the corner of the living-room sofa, his light blue eyes becoming opaque as he remembered. "I was resentful the first few years, but I learned to put away anger or animosity. I reconciled myself, for I learned that the only person I could truly fight was myself."

The high point in Honeck's daily routine now is mail time. He still receives up to a dozen letters a day from well-wishers. The mail has brought everything from a Hong Kong suit to a German marriage proposal. "I like to read the letters very much," he says.

But ask him what he likes best about his new life, and he will say, "The nicest thing of all is simply to be able to take a walk whenever I want to." THE END

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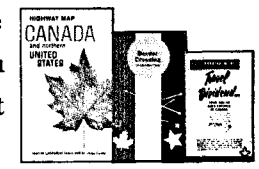

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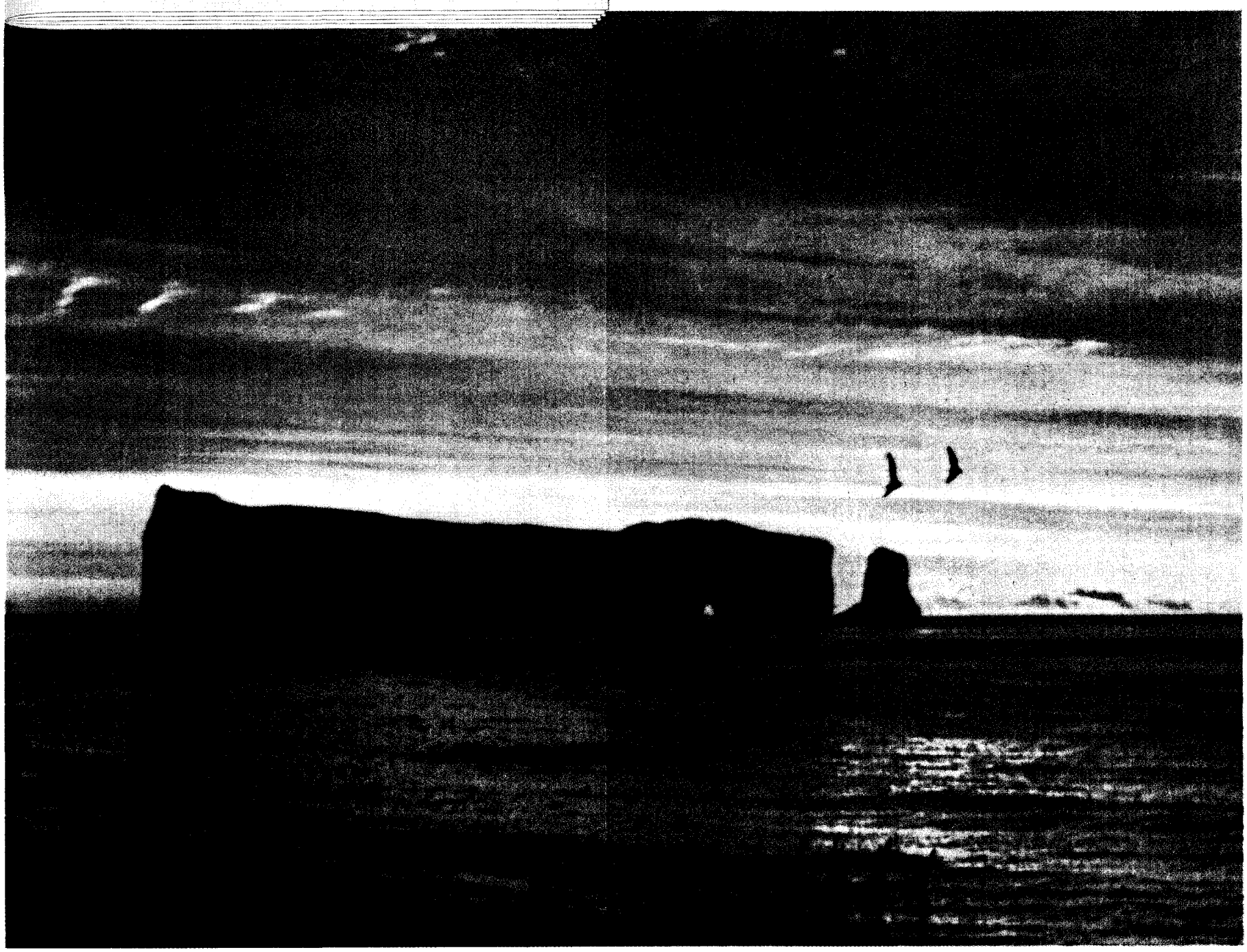

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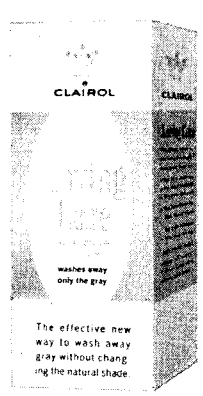

NEW NATURAL BLACK SHADE

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The young gunman was clever and smart, they all thought, until they heard what happened to him.

THE VICTIM

BY JOHN O'HARA

One night Leonard J. Kanzler was on his way home from work—he was a pharmacist at Smith's drugstore and it was his turn to close up on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—and a man stepped out from behind a chestnut tree and blocked his path. "Put up your hands," the man said.

"Put up my hands? What for? You robbing me?" said Kanzler.

"You're damn right I am. Back up against the tree, and don't try anything. This is loaded."

"You won't get much from me. A couple dollars at the most. My watch and chain."

"Come on, Kanzler. The money from the cash register."

"Oh," said Kanzler.

"Yes, oh. Your inside coat pocket. Put it all on the ground and then start walking as soon as I tell you."

"I think I know who you are," said Kanzler.

"You don't, though. So just put the money on the ground, and your diamond ring. You can forget about your watch."

"Yes, I think I know who you are. Are you J.M.?"

"No, I ain't J.M., and quit stalling. You don't know me, but I know you."

"Yes, I guess you do. All right. There's the wallet, and on top of it my ring. That's a Masonic ring, you know. Won't do *you* any good to wear it, because *you're* not a Mason."

"Who said I was gonna wear it?" The man, who had a handkerchief over the lower half of his face, reached down and picked up the wallet and ring.

"Now what do I do?" said Kanzler.

"Wait till I have a look inside of the wallet."

"The money's there. Two hundred and eighty-six dollars. Is that enough to go to jail for? If you're who I think you are, you wouldn't shoot me."

"You better not count on that, mister."

"Mister? I guess you're *not* who I thought you were."

"You wouldn't know me from Adam, bud. So don't take any chances. Now you can start going, but walk slow. If you start running I'll give you a bullet in the back. Just take it easy."

"Now?"

"Now."

"How did you know I ——"

© 1964 by John O'Hara

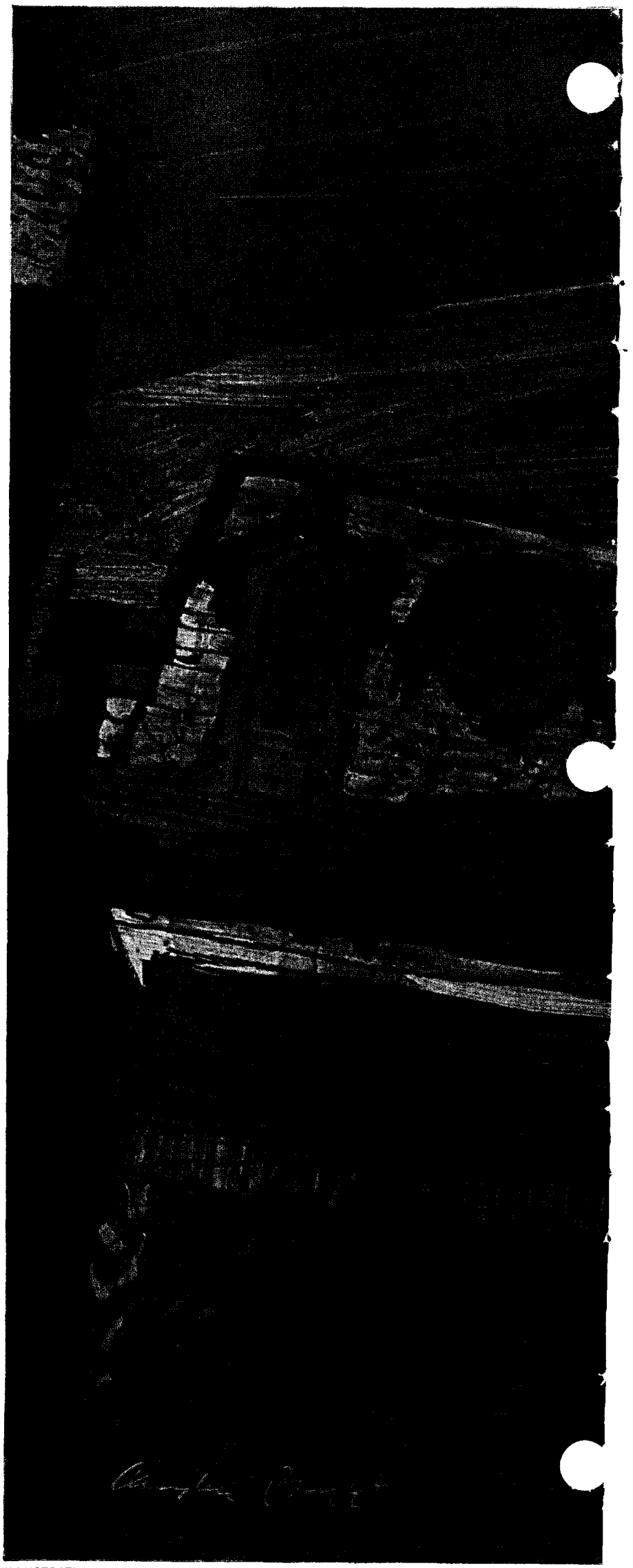

ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

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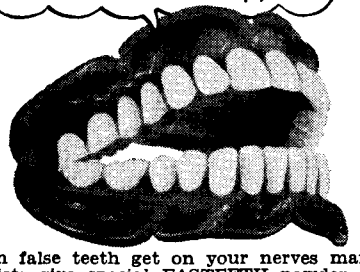
UNTIL MY DENTIST GAVE ME
FASTEETH I NEVER DREAMED
FALSE TEETH COULD FEEL SO NATURAL
WHEN EATING, TALKING, LAUGHING
K.McM Rye, N.Y.



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place — helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

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THE VICTIM

"Saturday night, you always take the money out of the cash register, and Smith comes and gets it from you Sunday morning. See, I know."

"As soon as I get home I intend to call the police."

"Sure. And tell them to go looking for J. M."

"No, I don't think you're J. M. anymore. I'm glad you're not. He's in enough trouble as it is."

"Get going, Kanzler."

"No, you're not J. M. You're not from around here. You don't pronounce my name right."

"Do I have to root you in the tail to get you started?"

"I'm going," said Kanzler. "It's Conslur, not Canz-lur."

He walked slowly to his house, which was up the hill in back of the Court House. His wife was in nightgown and bathrobe, her hair in curlers, and she was sitting at the kitchen table with a *Delineator* spread out before her. "Len? Will I put the coffee on?"

"Be with you in a minute."

"You going to the toilet?"

"Making a phone call."

"Who to at this hour of the night?"

"Come and listen," he said. He picked up the receiver. "Get me two-two-oh-jay, please."

"Who's that?" said Leora Kanzler.

"Hello, police headquarters? This is Leonard Kanzler speaking. Oh, hello, Jack. You sound like you had a cold. Well, there's a lot of it around. Come in tomorrow and I'll give you something for it. Or no, I won't. I'm off tomorrow. No, every other Sunday. Well, to tell you the truth, I got held up and robbed. Five minutes ago. On the way home. I'm all right, but the store is minus $286 and I'm minus my diamond ring. Young fellow with a pistol. A revolver. Came out from behind a tree on North Second, the 400-block. You know where that row of trees are. I had the night's receipts in my wallet. We never leave them there over Saturday night. I bring them home for safekeeping and —— No, I thought I recognized him at first, but it was somebody else. This fellow was a stranger, an out-of-town fellow. Say about thirty maybe, medium height and build, wore a handkerchief for a mask. No, I'm all right. I wasn't even scared at the time, but now since I'm home I think he would have used the gun."

"Good heavens!" said Leora Kanzler.

"I'm home. No, the wife and I usually have a little lunch on Saturdays that I'm not opening up the next morning. If you send anybody tell them not to make any noise, will you, Jack? We don't want to wake up the whole neighborhood. No, they're both away visiting their grandmother in Shamokin. They won't be back till Tuesday."

"Wednesday," said Leora Kanzler.

"Wednesday, my wife says. OK, Jack. I'll be waiting for them. No, I don't keep a gun in the house. We have one in the store, but I don't even think it's loaded. It's not mine. Right." He replaced the receiver.

"Good heavens. Right here on Second Street? Are you all right? Are you sure?"

"That was Jack Riegler. Sounds asthmatic to me. No, I'm all right. But I wouldn't like to repeat the experience. As long as I was talking to him I wasn't worried, but all the rest of the way home I began thinking if he put a bullet in my back, I could lie there and bleed to death by the time somebody found me."

"Two squares from home."

"Or even less."

"I'll get you a drink of whiskey."

"No, some coffee'll be all right. I don't want any whiskey on my breath when the police come."

"They're coming here? The police coming here?"

"I'd rather they came here than I go there," said Kanzler.

"Yes," she said. "You sure you're all right, Len? I'd die if anything happened to you."

"We're safe and sound. The last place the holdup man wants to be is this neighborhood. I told him I was sending for the police."

"What kind of a man was he? A thug?"

"Well, I guess he is a thug. He had a gun, and he would have used it. A professional criminal, I'd say. Studied our habits at the store. Knew I brought the receipts home Saturday night. Got close enough to me to see my ring. Very little he didn't take in. Probably in and out of the store a half a dozen times, studying every move. One thing, it should teach Harry Smith a lesson. I told Harry three years ago, I said leave the money in the cash register and hang a light over it, an ordinary six-watt bulb, that you can see it from the street. He said that would be a temptation, an invitation, but what he was thinking was the waste of electricity."

"Instead of the waste of maybe a man's life."

"Well, I did that for the last time."

"I'll say. Don't you ever risk your life for Harry Smith. I'd die if ——"

"Gives me a good chance to get some other things off my chest."

"A raise," she said.

"No, I never had to ask him for a raise. That much I'll say for Harry. In another year and a half I'll be getting sixty, and that's as much as any other man in town gets, unless he graduated from P.C.P. But they start higher, the P.C.P. graduates."

"But you have your license, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy or no Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. More doctors depend on you than the college men."

"That's because I'm used to their writing. I have to admit, the college men got training I never got. When it comes to the U.S.P. I don't have to take a back seat to anybody, but —— Uh-oh. That'll only be the police." He went to the front door. "Oh, it's Tom Kyler."

"Evening, Len. Understand you had a little trouble."

"Come on in, Tom. You all by yourself?"

"Norm is down waiting in the car. Norm Ziegler."

"You got here quick."

"Well, you know we have the blinker on the pole down at Main and Scandinavia. Soon as we see a certain signal we call headquarters. Jack said you had an armed robbery. You all right?"

"Fine and dandy. Not saying he wouldn't have used his gun on me. At first I didn't think so, but he was a cool customer. Have a cup of coffee with the missus and I. Tell Ziegler."

"Thanks, we just finished a little lunch at the Greek's. But all right, I'll have a cup of coffee while you describe the suspect. Evening, Mizz Kanzler."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I appreciate your coming by, Watts, and properly asking me for my daughter's hand in marriage. However, I don't have a daughter."

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"Oh, they have you a detective now, Tom," she said.

"On night duty I don't wear the uniform. It gives you away. Well, Len, tell us all about it. You's on your way home with the night's receipts. That was two-eight-six, Jack said. Then somewheres in the 400-block on North Second, about how far from the corner of Pine would you say?"

"I'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end," said Kanzler.

"First can I use your phone? Have to tell Jack we're here, then you can tell me your story," said Kyler.

"Under the hall light," said Kanzler.

"Tommy Kyler," said his wife. "I had him in seventh grade. More than one time I whacked his little behind, I'll tell you."

"Shush," said Kanzler.

Kyler returned from his telephone call and sat stiffly in the kitchen of his seventh-grade teacher. As Kanzler told his story, Kyler would interrupt with pertinent questions, and whenever he did he could not keep from glancing at Leora Kanzler. She would nod and smile approvingly at her old pupil, but Kanzler was irritated. "Tom, you better let me tell it my own way or I'll lose the thread," he said. "Let me tell it through; then you come back with your questions later."

"Tom's an expert at this, Len. Don't tell him how to run his business," said Leora.

"Listen, the two of you act as if I couldn't tell it without your help. I'm the one this happened to, not you or Tom. Let me tell it my own way, while it's fresh in my mind."

"I just want to get a few details before you forget them." said Kyler. "You say the fellow sounded like he didn't come from around here. What do you mean by that? Did he talk southern, or something on that order?"

"Didn't talk southern, didn't talk northern, eastern or western. He didn't talk like a New York salesman, and he didn't talk like an Irishman from up the mountain."

"Was he disguising the way he talked?"

"Now, Tom, what kind of a question is that? Was he disguising. If I knew that I'd have to know what he was disguising, wouldn't I? There was the one thing gave him away, and that was how he pronounced my name. My *last* name, before you go asking me questions about it. He said Canz-lur. Now how does everybody pronounce our name around here? How do you pronounce it?"

"Like everybody else, I guess," said Kyler.

"Say it," said Kanzler. "What's my last name?"

"Con-slur," said Kyler. "Oh, *I* see. Canz-lur. Con-slur. Therefore you figured out he was from out of town." He wrote in his notebook and accompanied the writing with the spoken words: "Out . . . of . . . town."

"See how careful he is? Puts everything down. That's why he has to ask you those questions," said Leora Kanzler.

"He puts it down, but it's a lucky thing I noticed it or what would he have to *put* down? I've been doing a little detective work of my own, don't forget."

"How's that, Len?" said Kyler.

"Well, now, you take here's a fellow knows my name and my habits. But doesn't know how to pronounce my name. So he doesn't know me. Personally. All the same, he's been in town long enough to study my habits and find out that Saturday nights I always bring home the receipts."

"You told him all that before," said Leora.

"Will you please, Leora? Please? So therefore this fellow must of been in town a couple or three weeks at least."

"More than likely," said Kyler. "More than likely."

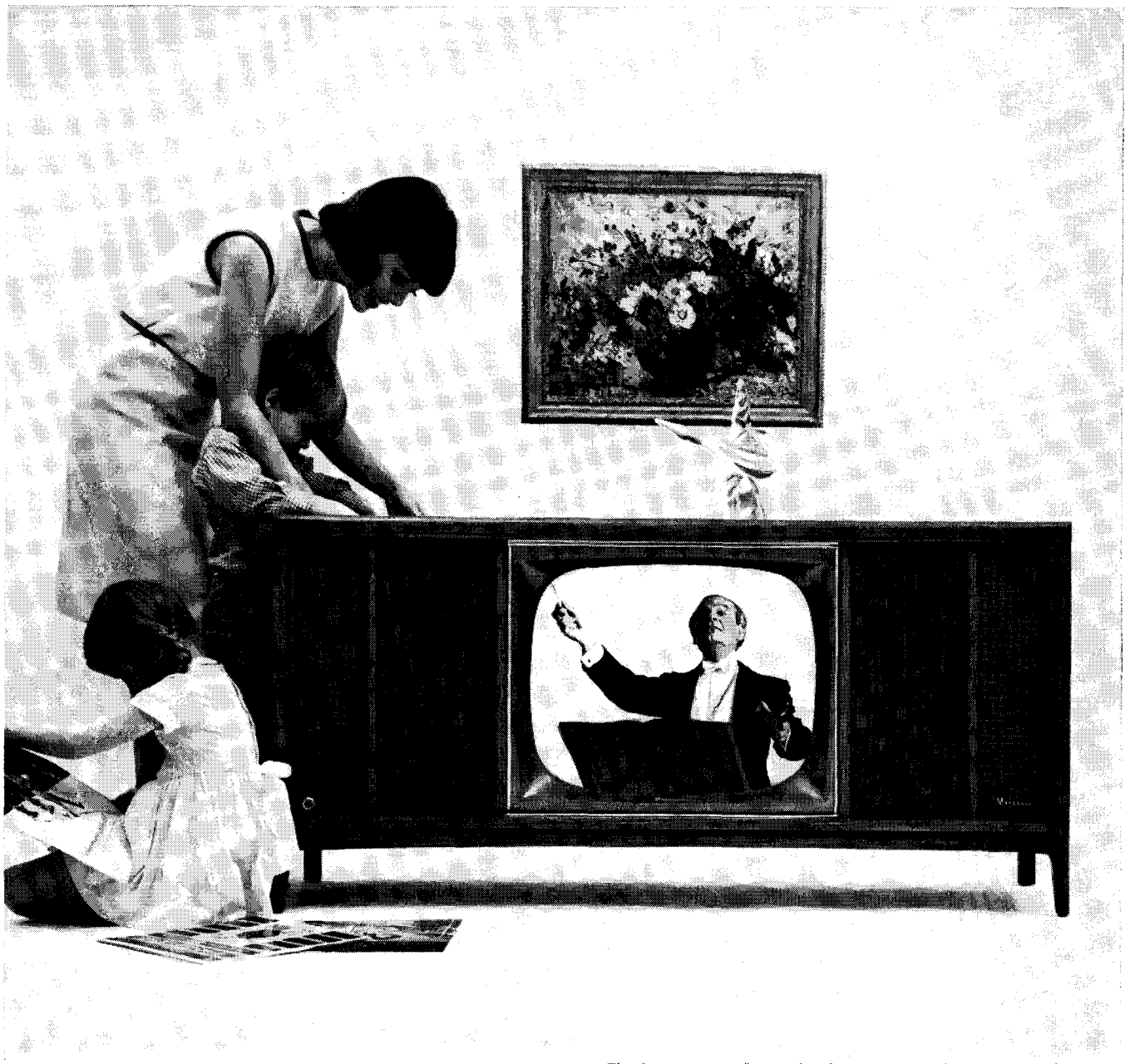
"Well, if I was in your place," said Kanzler. "What I'd do, I'd go around to all the hotels and rooming houses and find out if they had a fellow answered that description. Medium heightth, medium build, and somewhere around thirty years of age. If such a man took a room in the last two or three weeks you could get a complete description from the landlady or the hotel manager. His name. Fingerprints. Everything. He most likely told them he was some kind of a salesman."

"There's a lot of men answers that description," said Kyler.

"Yeah, but there's a lot more that don't. All tall men, all short men, all fat men, all skinny men. All Italians. All colored. All men that were raised here in Gibbsville. All one-legged men. All every kind of man except medium-heightth, medium-built men around thirty years of age. You'll soon narrow it down, just as soon as you find out what hotel or boardinghouse he stayed at."

"Uh-huh. That's what they call routine police work," said Kyler.

"Routine common sense, that's what it is," said Kanzler. "But the thing about common sense is that it's so uncommon.



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THE VICTIM

If you'd listen to me instead of both of you interrupting, maybe we'd get somewhere."

"Now, now. Now-now-now," said Leora.

"*I* could probably catch this fellow, if he's still in town," said Kanzler.

"Maybe I ought to ask the mayor to have you sworn in, Len. Put you on the force."

"You don't have to get sarcastic, Tom. I meet a lot of people in my business, maybe just as many as you do, and I have to be a student of human nature. You know, people come in the store and they hand me a prescription, all folded up. I look at it and see what it's for and I just say to come back in a half an hour. But that person has just told me things about himself, if his friends knew, or his boss, or sometimes his *wife*—if I ever said a word about that prescription, entire families would be ruined. *Ruined.* And some of the most prominent people in this town, believe you me. Tonight I was thinking when this fellow held me up, first I thought I recognized him, and I said to him, I asked him if he was So-and-So and mentioned two initials. The initials of a certain young fellow that comes in to get prescriptions filled. They cost a lot of money every refill, and he'll be coming back for a long time. That's who I thought was holding me up. But the more I talked to the robber, the more I knew it wasn't the certain party, and I was glad it wasn't, because this party has trouble enough as it is, without robbing people at the point of a gun."

"Who did you have in mind?" said Kyler.

"It wasn't him, so I don't intend to tell you."

"How can you be sure it wasn't him? He was wearing a handkerchief over his face," said Kyler.

"You can ask me till you're blue in the face and I won't tell you. It wasn't him. What you ought to do, Tom Kyler, you better concentrate on the hotels and boardinghouses. This fellow that held me up, he won't be satisfied with any $286 and my diamond ring. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he was robbing somebody else right this minute. He has to. He got $286 and a diamond ring from me, but now you police are looking for him. The question is, where does he strike next?"

Kyler looked at Leora Kanzler. "He's right," he said.

"Do you think he is?" said Leora.

"I know he is. He has it all doped out, and he has the right dope," said Kyler. "Earlier tonight we had a report of an armed robbery at Schlitz's. You know Schlitz's, the grocery store all the way out West Market? They stay open late Saturday night."

"Paul Schlitz's, sure I know them. Didn't I used to live at 1844 West Market?" said Leora. "They were held up too?"

"Not a whole hour before Len was held up. Paul and his wife, they closed up a little after nine. Shades down. A knock on the side door. They wouldn't of opened the front door, but the steady customers know about the side door. Paul went and opened the door and there was a fellow with a handkerchief over his face. A thirty-two or a thirty-eight revolver in his hand. Pushed Paul out of the way, went right to the counter where him and his wife had the money in little piles. Close to four hundred dollars. Saturday's when a lot of their customers settle up, so it may be more. They have to go through their ledgers to make sure."

"Were they injured?" said Leora.

"She fainted, but nobody was hurt. The robber put all the cash in a paper bag, and then he took a meat cleaver and hacked the telephone wire. That was when she fainted, when she seen him pick up the cleaver."

"I would too," said Leora.

"Yeah. We didn't get the call on that till around a quarter to ten. Schlitz had to go next door to phone the doctor. I guess she had some kind of a heart attack, so we were late getting the call."

"Was it the same fellow that held me up?"

"Well, it sure sounds like it."

"Funny Jack Riegler didn't mention anything to me."

"Well, I guess he wasn't sure it was the same fellow, and it don't pay to get people excited. But I guess you're right, Len. First the fellow robs Schlitz, out in the West End, then he can be on North Second in five or ten minutes. He has around seven hundred dollars on him, in small bills and silver. He won't be satisfied with under a thousand."

"Exactly the way I doped it out. Small bills. Now where else would you go for small bills on a Saturday night?" said Kanzler.

"The speakeasies. Only there he'd be liable to run up against some opposition. Drunks, full of Dutch courage. Too many people. This fellow is too smart for that."

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"Well, all the stores are closed by now," said Kanzler.

"Yeah. Nothing open after eleven o'clock, except the speaks. Where there's any money, that is."

The telephone rang. "I'll bet that's for you," said Kanzler. "Jack Riegler."

"All right, I'll answer it," said Kyler. He went to the telephone, and the Kanzlers stood in the hall to listen. "Kanzler's," said Kyler. "Yeah, Jack, it's me. Uh-huh. Yeah? Yeah? For Christ's sake. I'll be a son of a bitch. I didn't know he had it in him. Wuddia want us to do, Norm and I? No, they're all right. Well, maybe shook up a little, but we been talking. Yeah. I think he wants to be a cop. Ha ha ha ha ha. OK, Jack. We'll get over there right away." He hung up the receiver and turned to the Kanzlers. "Got him. Got your man."

"Arrested him?" said Kanzler.

"No *sir*. Charley Paxton, old Charley, shot him dead as a mackerel. Four shots. I didn't think old Charley could shoot that good, but I was wrong."

"What *happened? Where?*" said Leora.

"Well, remember we were trying to figure out where there'd be cash at this hour of the night?"

"Uh-huh," said Kanzler.

"We forgot the Armory. They have them dances there Saturday night."

"What dances?" said Leora.

"Big dances, every Saturday. Gents seventy-five, ladies a half a dollar. They get good crowds."

"Oh, *public* dances," said Leora. "Yes, I've seen the ads."

"Your stickup man seen the ads too. I guess. Anyway, he went out there to the Armory, and Ted Haggerty, he runs the dances, he was in the booth where they sell the tickets from. The ticket window was down, and he was getting the money ready to pay the orchestra. Knock on the door, and I guess he thought it was the fellow from the orchestra. He let him in, but it was the fellow with the gun. But this time he wasn't so smart. They always figure it out wrong. He told Haggerty to put the money in the satchel, and that was the last thing he ever said. One, two, three, four. Old Charley Paxton was sitting there in the booth, half asleep most likely. And he just took out his gun and he fired four straight shots and hit the guy with every one of them. Old Charley Paxton, getting ready to be retired. You sure have to hand it to him. Just quietly pulled out his thirty-eight and one, two, three, four. Guy was dead before he hit the floor. Three in the body and one in the head."

"You would have thought the fellow'd know Paxton was there," said Kanzler. "I would have made sure of that."

"Surprises me too. Only I guess maybe he didn't think old Charley was a cop. Well, he's a cop all right. I'm proud of him."

"For killing somebody? Tom Kyler?" said Leora Kanzler. "I'm ashamed of you."

"That was his duty. You wouldn't like it so much if the same fellow killed Len. I gotta be going."

"As I look at it," said Kanzler, "this young desperado was clever, very smart. He studies me and my habits, and did the same thing with the Schlitzes. Also the Armory. Had it all figured out to the last detail, including Charley Paxton. I don't agree with you that he didn't know Charley was a cop. I'm sure he knew he was a cop. But he probably saw Charley out there, half asleep or half intoxicated. Everybody knows Charley gets intoxicated, Tom. You don't have to cover up for him. Charley only has so much longer to go before they retire him, and he's been celebrating all winter. Was Charley wearing his uniform?"

"No," said Kyler.

"No. Because about two months ago he wasn't exactly suspended from the force, but they furloughed him. Isn't that correct, Tom?"

"Well, what they did, they didn't suspend him because he only has a little while before he's retired. They took him off regular duty and had him on standby. Like tonight, being a Saturday, he was on special duty. Saturday's our busy night, and those dances at the Armory draw a rough crowd, sometimes. All the same we can't spare a man unless it's somebody like Charley, but he was as good a cop as anybody else tonight."

"Because he killed a man?" said Leora. "Is that what he was there for?"

Tom Kyler patted his hip pocket. "I carry this in case I have to use it, Mrs. Kanzler. I'm suppose to protect life and property."

"I never thought I'd hear one of my pupils say they think it's all right to kill a man."

"Be fair, Leora. Be fair," said Kanzler.

"I don't understand you, either. The things *you've* been saying tonight," she said.

"I'll go now," said Kyler.

"Yes, I guess you have to, if you don't want to listen to a family argument, Tom. Good night. You know your way out."

"Good night, Len. Mrs. Kanzler," said Kyler, leaving.

"A while ago you would have died if anything happened to me, so you said," said Kanzler. "Well, just stop to think that if we didn't have the Tom Kylers and the Charley Paxtons ——"

"Oh, I'm familiar with all that. But you, all of a sudden I don't understand you at all. First you put yourself in the same position as a robber, and it was uncanny, your mind worked the same as his. Then you turn around and defend a drunken policeman for killing a man."

"Well, maybe I don't understand myself, either. But I was never robbed before. Never had a man point a gun at me and take my wallet and my ring. That's an experience that doesn't happen to me every day."

"I hope it never happens again, if it has this effect on you."

"What did you used to whack his behind for—Tom Kyler?"

"What do you want to know that for?"

"I guess you never thought about it this way, but you used to be a kind of a policeman."

"Go to bed. You and your customers and prescriptions and human nature."

"No, I'm going to stay up awhile. This makes my third cup of coffee. But you don't have to stay up, Leora."

"I don't intend to. Will you be sure and turn all the lights out?"

"Uh-huh. I wonder what his name was."

"Whose name?"

"Oh, the fellow tonight that didn't know how to pronounce my name."

"The sooner you start forgetting about that," she said.

"Shouldn't be hard. I don't have much to remember," said Leonard J. Kanzler, pronounced Con-slur, in Gibbsville, Pa.

THE END

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"It didn't help to curse. The barred door remained shut. Suddenly I was more frightened than I had ever been in a whole lifetime of being scared."

CENTER OF GRAVITY

By L. J. AMSTER

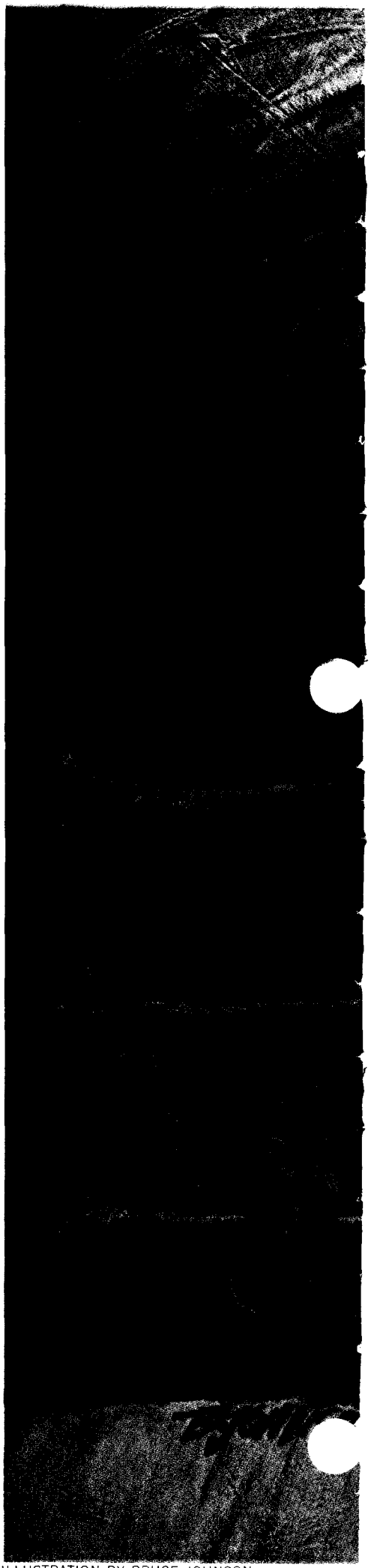

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE JOHNSON

The railroad yard bull squinted closely at the picture on the card that said I was licensed to box in Illinois.

"This you, boy?"

"Uh-huh."

The picture showed me when my nose was freshly broken and swollen across the hollow on each side, and the photographer, while setting up his camera, had warned me not to smile if I meant to use it on a license. That photographer was a champion. He was careful about the smiling but placed me in front of a flowery chintz drape, and when the picture was developed I looked as if I were wearing a large white flower behind my right ear.

"It does favor you some," the yard bull said. "Reckon it is you, awright."

"Usually I take a better picture."

"Well now," he said. "Funny you bein' a fighter. My name's Crumbaugh. I run the fights down to the opera house in Balmoral. Reckon you in shape to fight tomorrow evenin'?"

"Tomorrow? What about this?"

We were standing in the back room of a barbershop in a gritty railroad town where the barber served as the justice of the peace, and I was waiting to be tried for trespassing on railroad property.

Now the justice of the peace sat at a scarred, rolltop desk and wrote on a printed form. Under his close-cropped, iron-gray hair, the skin was speckled. He finished writing with a flourish that upset a soapy shaving brush on the desk. He wiped the desk with his sleeve and looked up.

"Well now, Andy," the justice of the peace said.

The yard bull said, "He's charged like that other boy."

The justice of the peace slapped the desk, and his metallic-looking head trembled. "Sergeant Crumbaugh, you know the law same's me. Now you charge this prisoner right and proper. Like he was arrested separate and by hisself."

"Awright, Judge. Awright. I charge this prisoner with trespassing. I arrested him off a gondola car on Train 119 on the bridge between here and Balmoral."

"Well now," the justice of the peace said. "That's the right way to do." He pointed the shaving brush at me. "How you pleading, boy?"

". . . ."

"Ten days." He became a barber again. "Now you all git. I got a customer waiting in the chair."

The barber went out, and Crumbaugh stepped in front of me. He pushed his long, pinched face forward. "Wait up, boy. About tomorrow evenin'. I got a boy coming over from Ridgeview Arsenal; reckon you and him weigh about the same."

"You know where I'll be."

"Well now," he said. "The sheriff and me are real good buddies. I reckon he'll let you out to fight."

He followed me to the door. "I'll call him while you on your way up there."

Outside, a van was waiting. A tall character, shaped like an elongated diamond, with narrow, muscular shoulders and a small, square face, leaned against the side of the van and picked absently at something in the palm of one hand. He wore a badge, a shoulder holster and gun, sunglasses and a baseball cap. I guessed he was a deputy sheriff.

When he saw us, the deputy pushed the cap back on his head and scratched his forehead. "Time you was inside, I thought you giving this boy a regular jury trial."

"Now, Dero," Crumbaugh said. His jaws, which were fastened far back on his head, loosened in a wide smile. "We wasn't no time at all." He caught my arm as I was climbing into the van. "I'll be up to see the sheriff myself. First thing tomorrow."

The deputy stood aside. "Come on, boy. We ain't got all day."

I entered the van. The Negro with whom I had shared the gondola in silence through the previous night sat on a bench on one side. He was a broad-shouldered, squat citizen and now he sat calmly, his large hands over his knees, looking like someone who was going to a job he didn't like but could do as well as anyone.

"We just missed having a crowd," I said.

"Umh. Those fellers in the cars near the end of the train was close to the other side of the bridge."

"Lucky us. We were in the middle."

"You tellin' me. We couldn't go nowheres. 'Less we had us a pair of wings. That bridge is eighty feet down. I know that bridge. I worked on it to build it."

"Your home around here?" I said it in a way he understood. Home was a point of departure.

"Not lately. Where's your home?"

"Home is where I hang my head."

"Yeah," he said. "Where you from mostly?"

"Chicago," I said. "Mostly Chicago."

I couldn't tell whether he was thinking about it, and soon he began to sing softly:

"Oh, you rob me of my silver,
You rob me of my gol'.
I'll be damn'
If you rob me
Of my soul . . .

"Love, o love, o careless love.
Love, o love, o careless love.

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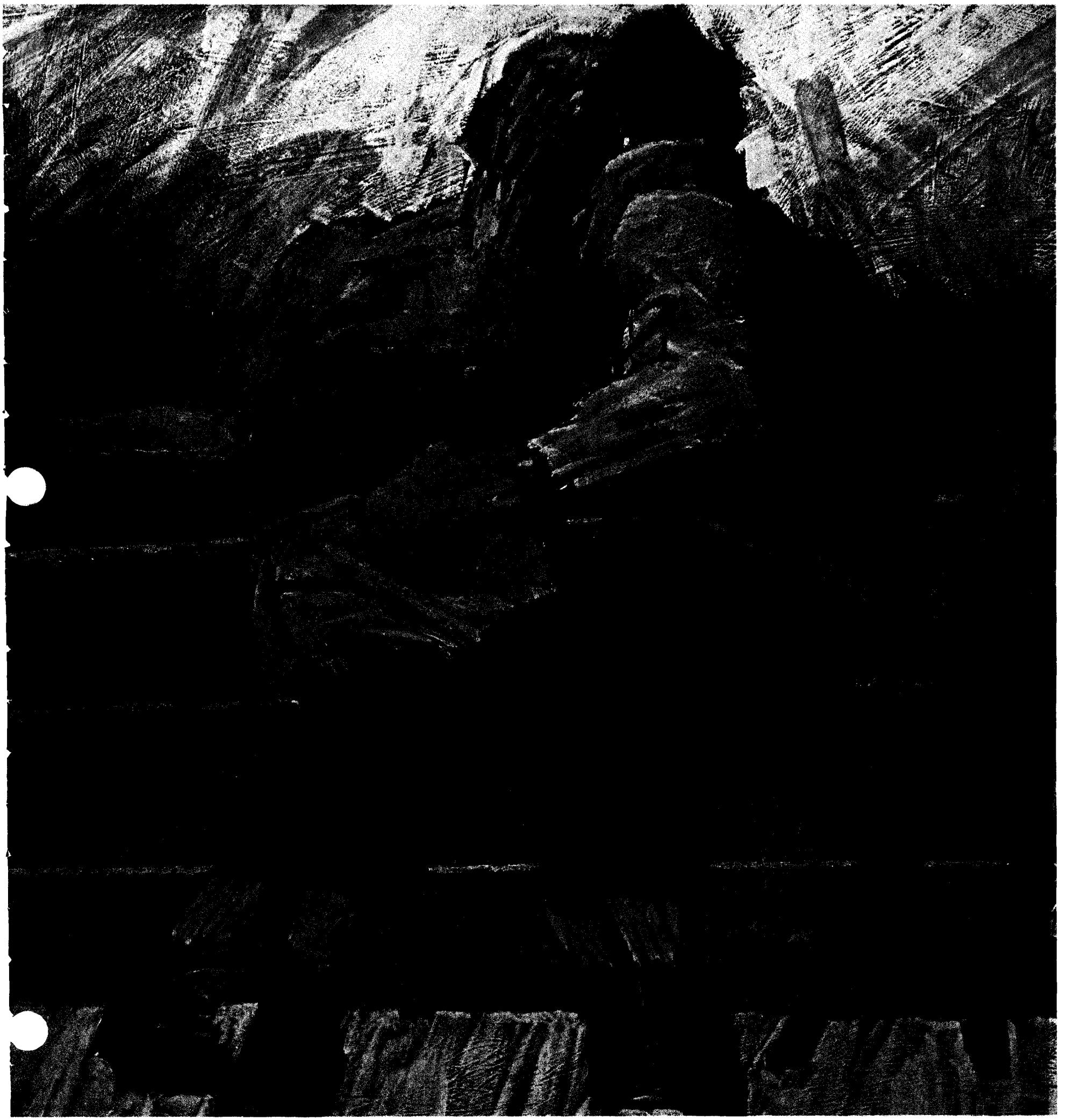
Post Fiction *Back in the days of the depression, L. J. Amster spent five years as a professional boxer. "But," he says, "'Center of Gravity,' while it may be true enough, is not strictly autobiographical." What happens to Johnny Benjamin in the story did not happen to Amster, but it could have—for he, too, moved about the country as a passenger without a ticket, and made the acquaintance of railroad yard bulls and county sheriffs and other authorities. This story, part of a novel in progress, is his first to be printed in The Post, but he has published fiction often in the "little" literary magazines. He has worked in Hollywood as a movie writer, has written for radio and television, and is currently adapting Gwyn Thomas's comic novel "Venus and the Voters" for the stage.*



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GRAVITY

Love, o love,
O careless love,
O you see
What love has done to me . . ."

He sang it all the way to the jail, and I settled back, my eyes closed, measuring the length of the ride by the number of verses and choruses. He sang clearly and with dignity, like a man who is often alone and his own judge, sounding the notes truly and sliding off into a minor tone that came up from a time and place long past and suggested something beyond the actual meaning of the words.

It must have been fourteen verses and choruses from the barbershop to the Onager County jail, a square structure of great rough-hewn stone blocks. Wind, weather and time had scored the surface of the stone and left flecks sticking out like barnacles.

The deputy ordered us inside the building. We entered the office, where an old man who limped crookedly received us. The old man was the turnkey. He had a growth on his face that made him look as if he carried a ball of tobacco in his mouth.

The deputy said, "They all yours, Bubber."

The turnkey nodded toward a narrow door behind him. "Sheriff's in the hopper, Dero," he said.

We heard the sound of a sudden rush of water. The narrow door was thrown open, and a character several inches taller than the tall deputy and wider in the hips came toward us. He was an older version of the deputy, and his small, square face hung protected between his shoulders.

The sheriff looked at me. "You the boy Crumbaugh was tellin' about?"

"Him and Crumbaugh appeared to be plottin' something," the deputy said. "Maybe a jailbreak."

The turnkey thought that was a funny notion and laughed, causing the growth on his face to jiggle loosely.

The sheriff said, "You best go on home now, Dero. Clarice is waitin' on you."

"Yah. Got to take her by the doctor's," the deputy said. He scratched his head through the baseball cap. "Be back after a while, I reckon." He turned to go out, ducking his head through the doorway.

The sheriff pointed to the Negro and told the turnkey, "Take him in, Bubber."

When we were alone, the sheriff settled himself deliberately in a swivel chair and stretched his long legs. He stared at his shoes.

"Tell me you a fighter," he said. He lifted his head and examined me. "How long you been fightin', boy?"

"About three years."

He was skeptical. "You ain't got the marks."

"I don't want 'em."

"When you fight last?"

"A week ago."

He raised one leg and dropped it over the other. But he didn't ask about that fight and it was just as well. That one wasn't a fight at all but another one of those things.

My opponent had been a local favorite, a young farmer with thick, plowman's shoulders and awkward, heavy legs. It was his seventh fight and he had won each time before. The matchmaker, his cousin, was very hopeful about the boy's prospects and spoke of taking him to New York sometime soon.

After the first round, I let him set the pace, but he was weary and moved slowly. He pawed tiredly at my face but didn't land a blow. I knew I had to work quickly. In the third round I moved in fast, caught a punch on my glove and fell to the floor, and he was too tired to show surprise. But it would look good in his record. I was a fighter from a big city.

Later, in the dressing room, the matchmaker gave me some money and waited till I counted it.

"That's right, ain't it?" he said. "Fifteen dollars."

"Tell you what. Give me another fin and you can have my stuff too." The ring clothes lay on a chair. "Five bucks. For the shoes, trunks, mouthpiece, jock, towel and bag." I held up the satiny blue trunks so he could see the white, six-pointed star stitched to the left leg. "I'll throw in the star too."

"What's that?"

"It's for good luck. The Star of David. A family heirloom."

"You say five dollars?"

He paid me and hurriedly pushed the clothes into the bag. His hurry was unnecessary. I wasn't going to change my mind.

That was a week ago.

The sheriff said, "Andy Crumbaugh says you wanna go down to Balmoral."

"He said you might let me go."

"I'm thinkin' about it," he said, and looked thoughtful. "If I do let you go, it ain't for good and all. You comin' back here to finish your time."

"It's only ten days, Sheriff. I can count ten days."

"Yah. You figure you in good shape to fight?"

"More or less."

"This boy Crumbaugh's fixin' for you to fight is mighty rough. Seen him fight a time or two. Corporal Valiant."

"It might be a good fight."

But the sheriff seemed worried. "What I'm thinkin' about is if you was to get hurt real bad. I'd be in trouble."

"Umm . . ."

"Yah. You may be just a plain damn fool," the sheriff said. "Now you let me tell you somethin'. A while ago we had a boy here claimed to be a fighter. The old sheriff went and took this boy down to Roxburgh. Well, this boy got a bad knock on the head and he died. . . . Still," he said, "I sure'd like to take you down there."

"It's up to you, Sheriff."

"Well now, I got to make up my mind. I'll let you know in time."

"OK."

"Meanwhile," he said, "you rest up good. If you do go down there, I want you to put a good show for them folks."

He shifted in his chair and called out, "Say, Bubber!"

The barred door swung inward and the turnkey stood in the opening. "He ready?"

"Yah."

I entered a large, rectangular room with two rows of cells, one above the other, fitted into three walls. The far wall was given over to a pair of tall, barred windows. On the left, a stairway led to the catwalk halfway up the walls. At a table in the middle of the room, some men sat huddled and doing nothing. They looked up briefly and without recognition.

I said, "This is a pretty old building, eh?"

"It's old but it ain't pretty," the turnkey said. "More'n a hundred and seventy years, I reckon. Sign out front'll tell you all about it, time you leave here."

"A lot of history."

"Yah. You take the end cell up there."

"What time do you feed in here?"

"Not till mornin' now."

"Can I get something from outside? I'll pay for it."

"Got to ask the sheriff, boy. You come down in a little bit."

I climbed the stairway and went along the catwalk to my cell, which was open like all the others. The door was a solid wooden slab, frozen against the wall, and its hinges were thick with rust. It looked like a lot of history, all right.

The only light in the cell came from a single bulb near the ceiling, which gave off a dull glow. There were two narrow cots, each with a thin mattress and a dark cotton blanket. The bedding smelled strongly of disinfectant. I didn't like the smell but it reassured me. No bug could hold out against anything that smelled like that.

I tried to move one of the cots away from the cold-sweating wall, but it was held in place by a metal band bolted to the floor. Scabs of rust covered the frame, and they broke under the pressure of my grip.

Then I heard footsteps on the catwalk behind me, and a shadow darkened the cell. I turned around. A citizen about my age stood in the doorway. He wore a bright yellow sweat shirt, and his long blond hair hung down over his forehead. His lips were turned out and he seemed to be laughing, but there was no humor in his face.

"What you fixin' to do?" he asked.

"Trying to rearrange the furniture. To make it more homey."

"Hah." He tossed his head, and the hair fell like a tassel.

"How long you gonna be here?"

"Ten days."

He pressed his lips together and seemed to be pouting.

"Of course, if I like it here I may stay longer," I said.

He blew out his breath. "Ten days. I could do that on my ear now," he said. "I been here eight months."

"Yeah?"

"Been a-waitin' on a trial."

"What for?"

"I done shot a feller." He said it calmly, but it didn't sound like an accident.

He inclined his head toward the cell next to mine and said, "This here's where I stay."

I looked in. His cell had more light. There was a pink-colored gooseneck lamp on a low table beside a framed picture of a flat-faced girl. A second picture of the girl hung on the wall over his bed, which was furnished with sheets and an encased pillow. I saw a bench, an electric grill and what looked like a box of canned foods.

"All the comforts," I said. "Is that your girl?"

"My wife. I made them pitchers. Hand-painted 'em."

"Umm?"

"That's the line I follow—artist."

He told me his name was Harrington. He was a Virginian and until his arrest had worked in a factory where they made religious articles. It was a large place, Harrington told me, and employed more than 400 people. It was owned by a man named Koch. Harrington didn't mind being in jail so long as the sheriff let his wife come to see him every weekend. He believed his lawyer would get him out.

I said, "I've got to go down to see the turnkey."

"What's your name?"

"Benjamin. John Benjamin."

"What kind of name is that? What nationality?"

"Cafeterian," I said. "Like Jeff Davis's boy, Judah Benjamin."

"Huh?"

"It's history."

Going down the stairs, my shoes made a loud clatter, but none of the men at the table looked up. Each one sat as if apart, measuring his personal time by the pulse-beats in his temple. Their faces were leaden, like lids that covered some highly inflammable secret longing. They gazed at the barred door as though they expected it to open suddenly and leave them unguarded so they could rush out wildly to make a life or destroy one.

The Negro with whom I had been arrested stood alone at the side of the room, next to a radiator. When he saw me coming, his face opened in a broad grin that lighted up his dark skin.

"How you makin' it?" he asked.

"So far it's a draw. You hungry?"

"Well," he said, "I ain't hongry, rightly enough. But I could eat a little somethin' to keep from *gettin'* hongry."

"Good enough. I'm trying to ding the turnkey into buying me some food outside. He's got to ask the sheriff if it's OK. Go on up to my cell and wait, huh? It's the last one on this side."

I noticed that he was looking past me, and I turned. I saw a guy leaning against the wall beside the window, and he stared hard at me. His face tightened like a fist and he worked his mouth as if to spit.

"He looks unhappy," I said.

"That's one thing sure."

The other man twisted his face angrily. I waited, watching him. He wore tight-fitting denims, Western boots and a wide belt which was drawn through a heavy buckle. His fingers played with the buckle, and I looked at it. I saw the embossed steer's head and the word TEXAS.

"Let's go," I said to the Negro. "That character needs a lot of room for his misery."

"Yeah man," the Negro said. "He's gonna need all this world and the next one too."

As we walked together to the stairway, I whistled *The Eyes of Texas*, but it went unnoticed. I went on to the barred door. On the other side, the turnkey sat at the desk and teased a mongrel dog with a bone. Each time the dog tried to get the bone, the turnkey slapped its muzzle sharply and the animal cringed, crawling backward under the desk. Then the turnkey made another attempt to lure the dog from its shelter.

"You speak to the sheriff?" I asked.

"Hold up, boy," the turnkey said. I didn't know whether he meant the order for me or the dog. Finally he dropped the bone, but the dog would not leave its safe place under the desk. The turnkey stood up and came toward me, carrying a parcel wrapped in a sheet of newspaper. He pressed the grease-stained package between the bars.

"Sheriff told me to give you this here couple-three sandwiches."

"Thanks."

"You lucky bein' here, boy," the turnkey said. "Sheriff Burden ain't a hard man like some."

"Tell him I appreciate it."

He went back to his chair, picked up the bone and resumed his game with the dog.

I tucked the parcel under my arm and headed for the stairway and went up. The Negro was waiting for me on the catwalk. I asked him to come in, and he followed but remained standing.

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GRAVITY

"Sit down," I said.

I opened the package and found four crudely made sandwiches, fatty lumps of meat between halves of cold biscuit.

"Ah, Southern cooking."

"Southern cooking ain't bad," the Negro said, "if you got the food to go with it."

"Compliments of Sheriff Burden." I tore the paper and divided the food. "He's a real good buddy," I said.

"He's a new one, I reckon. The other sheriff, he was a little bitty man, could sit on a dime and let his feet hang. A matchbox could hold his clothes."

The cold, gristly meat took some strenuous chewing. I looked down at the piece of newspaper near my hand and read an advertisement. It said that Onager County was 250 years old and would celebrate its anniversary at the annual fair. The advertiser, a company which manufactured surgical appliances, hoped that the coming anniversary would begin another 250 years of happy prosperity for everyone in the county.

I got the last bite of food down, swallowed convulsively and massaged my throat. "Need something to wash this down," I said.

"Yeah man. I'm dry as a wooden god."

We crossed the tier to the washroom and drank from one of the taps. Then we went back to my cell and sat down. He offered me his sack of tobacco.

"Roll one for me," I said.

He tapped some of the dry, brown grains into a paper trough and sealed it with a quick, rolling motion of thumb and forefinger. Then he held it up. "You wet the edge."

I ran the tip of my tongue along the edge of the paper and he pasted it down. He twisted the end of the paper and gave me the cigarette. Then he made another for himself and struck a match.

He drew on his cigarette and let thin wisps of smoke curl around his face. A vague smile of memory touched his mouth and went away. He moved his lips as if trying them before speaking. "Not to change the subject," he said. "I been to Chicago. Went up there one time just to see and be seen. Onliest time in my life I wasn't workin' or scufflin', one."

"You hit the number?"

"Nothin' like that. I stayed in Chicago with a real fine lady. But I reckon all that high livin' got too rich for my blood. I was bound to do something devilish." He waited for the full memory to return. "We was out walking one evening and she meet a lady friend name of Bella. This Bella shake my hand and say, 'Mister Cicero! Oh yeah. I heard a lot about you.' Right then I knowed it was gonna be a mess."

"Careless love."

"I'm tellin' you in front. That's the truth." He hummed the melody, warming it for a moment. Then his mouth opened and he sang:

"Oh, when you wear yo' apron high,
Oh, when you wear yo' apron high,
Oh, when you wear
Yo' apron high,
I can see
That love ain't passed you by . . ."

I listened, thinking that he sang like a man who had been sick beyond hope and was getting well. Suddenly the light overhead flickered and stopped burning altogether. We went out to the catwalk and looked around. All the cells were dark. But there was a light burning in the washroom and two more in the high ceiling above the cell block.

"Must mean it's bedtime," he said. "Reckon ol' Bones got to go down and get some winks."

"Take it easy, Cicero."

"I got to take it easy. This bein' a ten-day detour and all."

"Good night."

"You be good to yourself, now."

I went into the cell and undressed and made a pillow of my clothes. But the smell of disinfectant was like a steel probe in my nostrils and I blinked wakefully.

A ten-day detour, Cicero had said. All on the same ticket, at no extra cost. Well, I've got it to do. And when it's done it'll be all done. Ten days I could account for. If I could do as much for the rest of my time.

I lay back, thinking of sleep, but it would not come. The reason was plain. A body in motion tends to remain so. It was someone's law. And I had been in motion, moving like someone in flight, and gathering momentum. Now it was piled up inside me, making a quiet turmoil like a bunch of feathers in an electrically charged cylinder.

I thought of sleep again, lying motionless, and finally it came. But the movement of something on my legs stirred me a little and I heard a thin, harsh, sniffling sound. I raised up and wakened instantly and completely.

A large rat stood on the bed, facing me casually and unafraid, like a familiar and docile pet. I went rigid. The rat tensed and braced itself, and I pulled up my knees. The rat scrabbled to retain its footing, and I bent over the side of the cot and picked up a shoe. The rat leaped as I threw the shoe and struck the soft body, turning it in midair. It twisted and dropped to the floor and fled from the cell. It nearly overran the catwalk, scrambled to a stop and dodged away to the left toward the wall. I jumped down and ran after it, but the rat had disappeared.

I spent some minutes trying to shut the thick, wooden door to the cell, but the rust-packed hinges held firm. I was entirely awake and decided to go down and ask the turnkey about moving to another cell. I went along the catwalk, thinking about the rat. He certainly was a big bastard. Probably full of a lot of history too.

The sheriff's office was dimly lighted and empty. I shook the barred door, hoping to bring the turnkey, but there was no response. I turned away and started back to the stairway.

A grimy old citizen in tattered clothing rose from the bench next to the table in the middle of the floor and shouted something.

"What's on your mind?" I asked him, and went over to the bench.

"I wanna tell you something."

"I already know something, pop."

"Now, wait a minute," he said. "You don't know what I know."

"It's possible."

"Ah, you admit it," he said. "I've studied it out. I know." He placed a finger against the side of his nose. "It's all a matter of leverage, son. With the right leverage you can move a mountain. Any mountain."

"I thought it was faith."

"Aw," he said, and shook his head. "Used to be a fatalist myself. But I learned different. Take a Chinee."

"Another time, pop."

"You got any tobacco?"

"No. Sorry."

"Well, don't forget what I told you. It's all leverage. Gotta shift the center of gravity. Got the idea?"

He fell back on the bench, covered his face with his hands and began to mumble.

This was some detour. A champion detour.

I climbed to the upper tier and went into the washroom. I found a lean, bony-faced citizen sitting on a campstool, reading a book where the light was best. He looked up and grinned, and the skin puckered slightly over his cheekbones. He wore a shirt and trousers of matching blue, and his feet were stuck into leather slippers.

"How're you?" he said. His voice had a soft, raspy quality, and he spoke out of the side of his mouth. "You're a new arrival."

"Uh-huh."

"I was asleep," he said. "Let me be the last to welcome you to the Onager County Park of Culture and Unrest." He closed the book, leaving a finger sandwiched between the pages, and held it so I could see it was Shakespeare's complete works.

I said, "You a prisoner?"

"Indeed I am. A model prisoner. What's your crime?"

"Trespassing on railroad property."

"Very damned serious."

"What about you?"

"Oh, I'm just making a retreat," he said. "And there's a small technical matter of some alimony."

"You live in Onager?"

"I'm practically a native son. I've lived here almost three years."

"What's the attraction?"

"Onager? It's the Athens of the eastern seaboard. The public library is open five days a week. And it has another big thing in its favor: This area has the only really temperate climate in the entire country. That means a lot to someone born and raised in Los Angeles." His nose twitched and he stood up. "Shall we move to the living room?"

We went out and stopped beside the tall windows. Outside, a row of evenly spaced trees cut the highway into neat sections, and the lights from passing traffic blinked on and off, going by.

"Nice view," he said. "On a clear day, you can see the two-dollar window at the track."

"That's at Balmoral?"

"Yeah. That's one of my lesser vices, betting on horses. That, and talking confidentially to strangers."

I gave him my hand and told him my name.

"Fred Grimm," he said. "Author of Grimm's Law. Which same is: Break up the family and save the home."

There was something familiar about him, standing there with the book in his hand.

I said, "You know Chicago?—the near North Side?"

He shook his head, and this too reminded me of one of my father's friends, a man he always referred to as "F. X. Cleary." They used to meet in the evenings at a place near where we lived. It was the blank side of an office building and they called it "the wailing wall."

I said, "My father has Shakespeare's plays in Yiddish. He used the book on his job."

"Oh?"

"His job was to read to the cigar makers in a factory while they worked."

"Yeah? I'd like to hear what he thinks of *King Lear*. I'm on it now."

In the distance a smoky haze floated up as if from a faraway fire. I thought about going to bed. "What do you do about the rats in here?"

"Our little four-footed friends been bothering you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No, I didn't forget anything . . . I'm back from work!"

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"The one I saw wasn't little. I hit him with a shoe."

"Good work, John. That'll teach it a human being can be dangerous when cornered."

"If he's got a shoe."

"Indeed."

"I ought to try to get some sleep," I said. "There's a chance I'll need to be in good shape later today."

I told him about my talks with the railroad cop, Crumbaugh, and with the sheriff.

"You're a boxer," he said. "What're you doing rattling around the countryside?"

I moved my head automatically to let the question pass over my shoulder. It was a big question, crowding me, and it seemed to leave little room for an answer. Still, there were some names of cities and people, and Grimm was welcome to these, to make an answer for himself.

"I guess I've been on my way back to Chicago," I said. "From Miami. By the scenic route."

I had gone to Miami with Mickey Lester, a boxing manager I knew from the Chicago gymnasium where I trained. Soon after we arrived in Florida, he made a match for me with a Cuban lightweight named Enrique de los Reyes. The bout was for ten rounds and promised to pay well.

At the end of the bout I was glad it was over. My ribs ached from the pounding on the outside by Enrique and on the inside from the beating of my heart. While I dressed, Lester went out for a while, and when he came back his face looked like he had just made a large donation to a blood bank.

"It's OK, kid," he said.

Of course, it wasn't OK, not by $1,500 worth. Which was the amount of money I would have had left after paying Mickey Lester. The way it was, none of the boxers got paid, because the man who promoted the show had taken all the receipts and flown to Cleveland, where he dropped every dollar in a crap game.

Two days later Mickey Lester came to see me and asked if I could wire Chicago for money to take me home.

"I'm light, kid," Lester said. "Got just enough to get me out to the Coast."

That night I packed a toothbrush and razor into the bag I used for carrying my boxing gear and walked out of the hotel where I was staying, pretending I was just going down to the gym for a workout, and kept walking.

So—there was an answer of a kind to Grimm's question, but he was sharp enough, I saw in his face, to know that I had left out almost everything.

"Guess I'd better hit the kip," I said. "Just in case the sheriff decides to let me go."

"I'd like to see you box, John. I might just go down to Balmoral myself."

"How? Can you get out of here?"

"I can get out easy enough. I'll get an advance from my boss and pay my back alimony."

"How long does this alimony deal go on?"

"Forever. Or until she remarries. Which is the same thing," Grimm said. "She's a paid-up member of the Sodality of Our Lady of Perpetual Emotion, a veritable vixen." He grinned with half his mouth. "Oh, it was an idyll. An actual idyll. I rescued her from a runaway horse. Just like in the movies. Or a bad dream."

He talked like a man who was breaking a long vow of silence, hurriedly, letting the words tumble out and lie where they fell. "The alimony wouldn't be a strain, ordinarily," Grimm said. "But I've got other interests. Conflicting interests. I like to buy books and records. Bach, for instance, has been keeping me broke. Bach and his galloping monasteries. And I like to make a regular contribution to the pari-mutuel machines. So every once in a while I get the shorts."

"Well, maybe I'll see you at the opera house in Balmoral, huh?"

"Yeah. I'll get the dough. You look for me, John. I'll wear a White Russian in my lapel."

"If the sheriff lets me go. He's a nervous type."

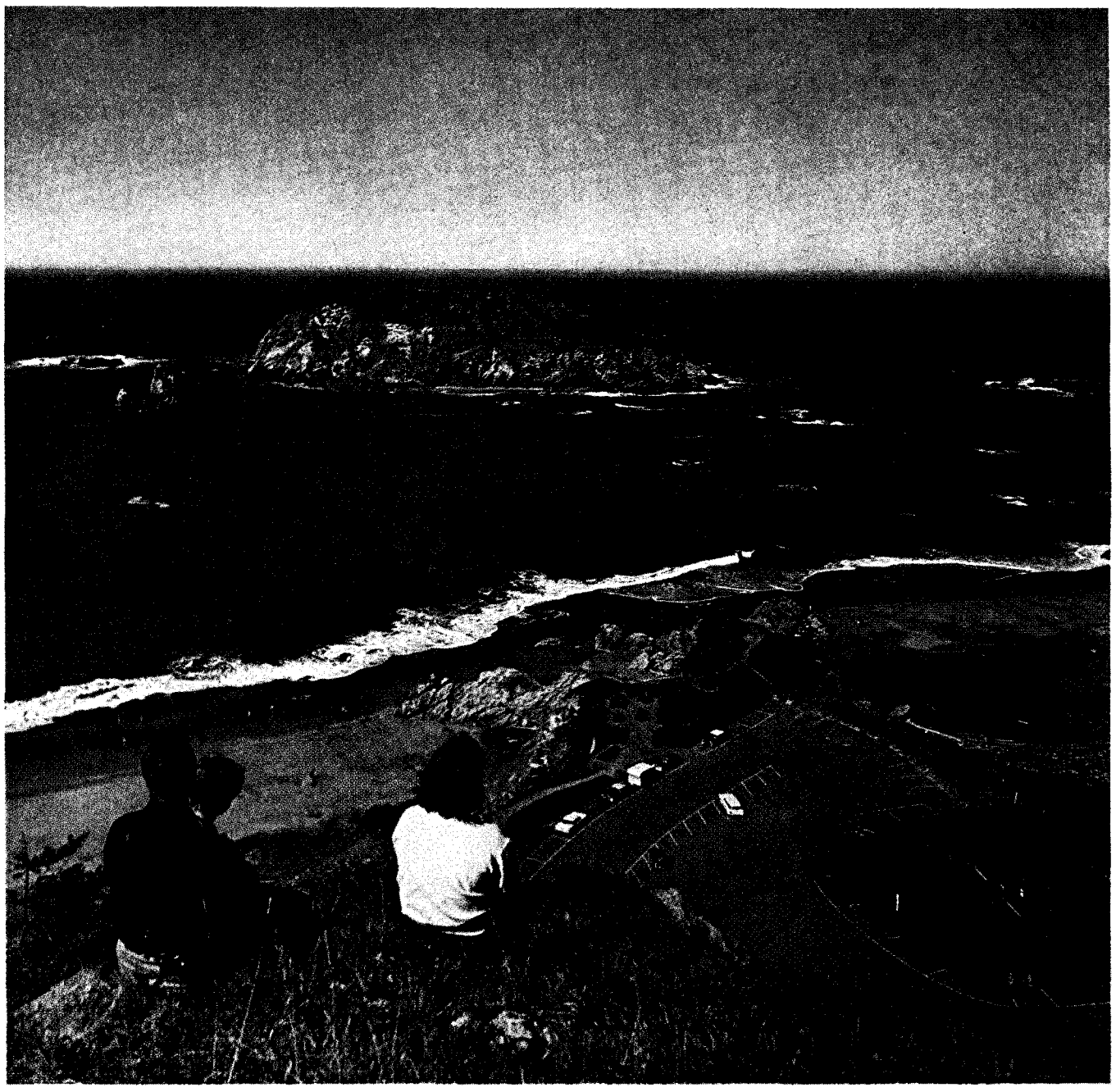
"That he is. Always running around hunched over like a dog trying to ride a football."

I turned away and went back to my cell, kicked off my shoes and lay down. I was very tired, and the last thing I remembered was a feeling about my own center of gravity. It seemed to be shifting about a great deal, as if a number of levers were at work under it. It got very complicated, and I was asleep before I could decide which lever was mine.

Bubber, the turnkey, woke me up. He stood over me, shaking his head, and the growth on his face seemed about to fall off. He spoke in a wheedling singsong: "I know you ain't got no worries on your mind, sleepin' like you do."

"What time is it?"

"Past two o'clock. Sheriff wants for



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you to come down. You got company."

"Anyone I know?"

"Sergeant Crumbaugh," the turnkey said.

I crossed the tier to the washroom, washed some of the sleep from my face and went down to the office. Crumbaugh pumped my hand like an old friend, but the sheriff was silent and looked worried.

"I told you," Crumbaugh said. "It's all fixed. You coming down to Balmoral this evening. Sheriff Burden says he'll carry you down there hisself."

"All I hope is I ain't makin' no mistake," the sheriff said. "You got to put up a good show, boy."

"Yah," Crumbaugh said. "You do that and I'll see you get a little somethin' for it."

"I've been meaning to ask," I said. "How much?"

"Now, boy," Crumbaugh said. "Don't you fret. I ain't one to go back on my honest word. The sheriff'll tell you."

The sheriff swung around in his chair. "Now, you sure you wanna go, boy?"

Crumbaugh answered for me: "Leroy, you talkin' to a boy's a professional fighter."

"This Valiant," I said. "How big is he?"

"You taller'n him," Crumbaugh said. "And you must have got a longer reach. It's a fair match, to my mind."

"I weigh one-thirty-five."

"Like I say," Crumbaugh said. "Valiant weighs about one-forty."

"You think he'll be too heavy for you?" the sheriff asked.

"It depends."

"Ain't hardly no difference at all between you boys," Crumbaugh said. "You got the reach on him."

"I'll need some clothes," I said. "Trunks and shoes."

"Haw! Reckon we can fix you up awright," Crumbaugh said. "One of the boys'll be glad to borrow you his clothes."

"I wear size-eight shoes."

"Eighter from Decatur," Crumbaugh said. "I'll remember that, awright."

The sheriff said, "You gonna have a doctor down there this evenin', ain't you?"

"Yah. Ol' Doc Newhouse."

"Well now," the sheriff said. "Doc's awright. Don't you misunderstand me. But he's been actin' mighty moon-happy of late. Looks to me like he's trying to be the sole and only support of half the moonshiners in the county."

"Yet and still," Crumbaugh said. "Folks got a heap of confidence in the old buzzard. He's the best damn coroner the county ever did have."

"You right there, Andy."

"Sheriff Burden," I said. "What're the chances of my getting something to eat? I'll pay for it."

"Well now," the sheriff said, "ain't no need for you to go spendin' your money. Reckon we got somethin' in the kitchen. . . . Eh, Bubber?"

"They some pork chops," the turnkey said.

"You can give him an apple, too," the sheriff said. "They in the bowl."

Bubber went out, and Crumbaugh stood up. "Leroy, I'm much obliged to you," he said, and shook hands with the sheriff. "You all come to the stage door about half past eight, hah? I'll be waitin' on you."

"Sure. Reckon it'll do to have my brother Dero be this boy's second," the sheriff said.

Crumbaugh frowned. "You tell Dero he don't need to tote his pistol into the ring, now."

The sheriff laughed. "County regulations says a deputy got to be armed long's he's with a prisoner on the outside. But I'll tell Dero to leave it off."

They walked together to the front door, and Crumbaugh went out. Then the turnkey came back from the kitchen, bringing a package wrapped in a page from the Onager newspaper. I took it from him and he motioned me inside the cell block.

"See you later," I said.

I stopped to look in Grimm's cell before going on to my own. He was sleeping soundly, with the blanket drawn up over his mouth, and his long nose stuck out like a fleshy pin. His book lay on the floor beside the cot. I left, thinking I would see him later.

I went into my cell and opened the package. There were three cold pork chops, an apple and four slices of grayish bread that looked half baked. I put aside the bread and ate the chops and the apple, meanwhile reading the newspaper page. The food wasn't much for taste, but it relieved my hunger. I took off my shoes and stretched out. I was reading a letter from a farmer, telling how he had operated a successful rabbit farm for twenty-eight years, when I fell asleep.

Hours later I woke up and stared at the sheet of newspaper stuck to the wall in front of me. Grimm had come in while I was asleep and had written a note on it and pasted it to the wall with a piece of bread.

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"Happy boss sent dough to ex-mate," the note said. "I'm getting out. See you tonight. Best luck. Fred Grimm."

I put on my shoes and went out and glanced toward the windows. I saw it was evening. I went down to where Cicero was standing in a cloud of thin steam that floated up from the wet socks on the radiator. The hard-faced Texan was leaning against the wall nearby, and he followed my movements with his eyes.

Cicero seemed diffident, as though he were feeling strained. I thought it might be the Texan. "Has the cowboy been behaving himself?" I asked.

"Aw, he ain't nothing but face," Cicero said. Then he raised his head and looked over my shoulder. "Mister Step-and-a-half callin' you."

I turned around, and the turnkey beckoned me impatiently.

"Well," I said, "I got to be going."

"You leavin'?" Cicero asked.

"I'll be back. Going out for a little while."

"You jivin' me, man."

"No. The sheriff is taking me down to the Balmoral opera house."

"What you gonna do—sing?"

"No. They've got a fight show. I'm supposed to represent the Onager County A.C."

"Well, man," Cicero said. "Take it slow."

The turnkey took me to meet the sheriff, who was waiting in his car at the rear of the building. I got in beside him, but he didn't say anything when I greeted him. He started the car, and I pretended to watch the passing countryside, which was flat and uninteresting. The sheriff seemed to be brooding and kept his eyes fixed on the road.

We approached a bridge, and to the right I saw the railroad bridge where I had been arrested the day before. Then we entered Balmoral, and the sheriff made a sharp turn to his left, passed a number of parked cars and stopped beside a fireplug. I began to get out, but the sheriff held me.

"You sure you in good shape, now?" he asked.

"The doctor'll tell you I'm OK."

The sheriff seemed to plead with me. "I don't aim to be worryin' you, boy. But they's gonna be a mess if anything does happen."

We got out of the car and went to the stage door. We went in and found Crumbaugh and Dero waiting for us. Crumbaugh grinned happily and began to tell the sheriff about the size of the crowd and about some of the people in it.

The opera house still managed to retain its former character, despite the boxing ring and the way the seats were set out. At one end was a curtained stage, standing between elaborately carved but flaking pillars of imitation marble.

In the ring, a bout was under way, and I slowed to watch the fighters, but Crumbaugh went on ahead and halted in front of a door and pushed it open. He beckoned me to come on, and I followed him into the dressing room.

"You go on in the final," he said. He tilted his head in the direction of my adversary of the evening. "That's Valiant."

Valiant was alone, and naked except for a khaki towel around his waist. He sat on a tilted chair, holding a comic book, and ignored me. His pockmarked face looked as though someone in heavy, hobnailed boots had walked on it, and gashes ran through it like trenches. His ears were lumps of child's clay, and his body looked like hard-packed, gray clay too. His arms were tattooed up to the shoulders and the colors were beginning to fade. One tattoo showed a serpent coiled around a wide-handled knife.

"Be back directly," Crumbaugh said, and went away. The sheriff and Dero remained outside.

I closed the door behind me, and Valiant put down the comic book and straightened his chair. He rose and shuffled toward me, moving his feet like a crab and carrying his head like a man going around a corner with an egg in a spoon.

"Ya t'ink yer pretty good, huh?" he asked. His puffed lips, scarred inside, muffled the words.

"I am pretty good," I said.

"I been fightin' twelve years. I fought some of the best."

"You ought to know better. By now."

"Huh?"

"You never won a fight in a dressing room, did you?"

"They said you was from Chicago."

"So?"

"I boxed there many's the times. At the Stadium."

"An outdoor man."

"I beat Eddie Snyder."

"Never heard of him."

"I busted his ribs," Valiant said. "They liked me in Chicago. I done awright there."

"You had a good paper route."

"I never went hungry in Chi, Mac. Not me. I lived like a king."

The king of Chicago. Some monarch.

"They like my action in this burg," Valiant said. "Last week they give me some kid from town. I belted him out in the third round."

"You look like someone who'd hit a kid," I said.

His head jerked around. Then his belligerence gave way and he said, "I know you from somewheres, don't I?"

"Maybe." I put out my hand and said, "My name's Corporal Valiant."

"Sure. Sure. I t'ought I seen you before." But then he got it and pulled his hand out of mine and swung vaguely. "G'wan, ya muzzler," he said. "*I'm* Corporal Valiant."

He shuffled away, spluttering angry and indistinct sounds. He picked up the comic book, threw it down and kicked at it. I watched him, expecting anything, but he didn't look at me.

The door was thrown back violently and Crumbaugh came in with the doctor, a short, bald man whose glasses fell forward on his nose. The doctor carried the usual small, black bag. He also brought in a strong smell of liquor.

"Har ya, boys," the doctor said. He went over to punch Valiant lightly on the arm. Valiant brought up his hands, and the doctor said, "You look pretty good to me, son."

Crumbaugh said, "This boy's Johnny Benjamin, Doc. He's from Chicago."

The doctor came toward me and extended a soft hand. "Glad to know you, Johnny."

"Hello."

"Fine. Fine. Har you feelin'?"

"OK."

"Never had no aches or pains or trouble with your heart?" the doctor asked.

"No."

"Fine. Reckon you boys'll give us a good show this evenin'. May the best one win." He turned to Crumbaugh. "Andy, I will certify that these boys are fit."

"Say, Doctor," I said. "Have you got any extra bandages and absorbent cotton?"

The doctor searched his bag and found several rolls of bandages, and I picked out two which were the right width for my hands. While he looked for the cotton, Dero came in with a pair of damp trunks, a pair of boxing shoes and a jockstrap.

Dero said, "Boy says for you to take care and not lose this stuff."

The doctor closed his bag and said, "Good luck, boys."

"Well now, Doc," Crumbaugh said. "How's about takin' a little snort?" He held the door for the doctor and followed him out.

Dero glanced at me and asked, "You gonna need anything more?"

"I'm all right."

He looked relieved and said, "I'll be out here if you think of anything." He pulled the door back, and Fred Grimm came in. The deputy hesitated, then shrugged and went out.

"Hello, John," Grimm said. "Is it OK for me to visit?"

He had changed his clothes and was freshly shaved. In his hand was the book he had been reading in the jail, the complete Shakespeare.

I said, "I see you made it."

Valiant was dressing, and he acted as though we were not in the same room. He pulled on a pair of purple trunks and slipped his arms through the sleeves of a worn, brown bathrobe. Then he covered his hands with a pair of smelly green-wool bandages, the kind boxers use in training. He seemed to know how to do the bandaging.

Grimm said, "I brought this book along, thinking maybe you'd like to have it."

"You sure?"

"I want you to have it, John."

Valiant stood up and shot his fists at the air, punching at an imaginary target and accompanying the motions with snorting breaths from his nose. Suddenly he stopped shadowboxing and went to the door and left the room without looking at us once.

"Who's he?" Grimm asked.

"My esteemed opponent, Corporal Valiant."

"God," he said. "He must think I'm pretty creepy, bring you a book."

"Well," I said, "it's not a comic book."

"That it ain't," he said.

I began to get ready, and Grimm drew up a chair and sat down. He put the book on a table.

Grimm watched me dress for the fight, observing my actions as though they were a strange ritual. I wound a bandage around my hand, doubled it back and forth over the knuckles and between my fingers, used my teeth to tear the end of the gauze, knotted the two ends to prevent them from parting down the middle, and held out my hand.

"You want me to tie it?" he said. I turned my wrist and held it out to him and he tied the knot.

"That's a square knot," Grimm said. "The only knot I remember from my brief but honorable career in the Navy. I lasted three months till the old man got me out because I was under age."

"Were you sorry?"

"Not at first. I was fourteen. I was a big kid for my age, but the old man could hit harder."

He helped me with the other bandage, and I said, "Too bad the sheriff wants his brother in my corner. You could be my second."

"I wouldn't know what to do."

"Neither will Dero. His job is to keep an eye on me in case I try to escape," I said. "I'll ask Crumbaugh to tell the sheriff I want you in my corner."

"Don't. I tell you I don't know a thing about this business. I've only seen one fight in my life. And I went to that because one of the guys was a guy I knew. It was his last fight."

"Huh?"

"All those semiskilled intellectuals, the sportswriters, were sure he took a dive. But he never regained consciousness."

Under the circumstances, his reminiscences were out of order. But I didn't know how to stop him without shouting at him.

"This guy was really built," he said. "They used him as a model for some damned trophy. That is, they used his body but another model's head. His head was no bigger than a baby's."

"Look," I said. "Let's talk about something else. The batting averages in the Texas League."

Grimm was startled by my tone and stood up. "I didn't mean to get off like that."

He looked uncomfortable, and I said, "You're OK. But on the way down here, I got a big load of worry from the sheriff. And then . . ." I wanted to tell him about Valiant. But I didn't. Valiant was something I'd have to do alone and for myself.

"You want me to leave?"

"OK. Thanks for the book."

"Yeah."

He went out and I was alone. The room was windowless and the door was closed, but I felt chilled. I rubbed some warmth into my arms and punched at the air.

Behind me the door was thrown back and banged against the wall, and the deputy sheriff said, "You ready, boy? It's time now."

"Where're the gloves?"

"They got 'em in the ring, I reckon," Dero said.

I went to the door, taking the book with me. Dero saw it. His mouth opened.

"I don't want to leave this here," I said. "I'll take it with me. And you keep an eye on it in the corner."

"What you sayin', boy?"

"Here, you carry the book. I don't want anybody to clout it." I handed him the book and he took it, looking a little bewildered.

"Let's go," I said. I started down the aisle leading to the ring, and Dero followed me.

Valiant was already in the ring, seated on a low, wooden stool and talking with a soldier who stood beside him. I crawled through the ropes near the vacant corner, and the soldier turned to look at me and turned away again. Dero stayed outside the ring, standing on the apron. My book lay face down on the canvas near his feet.

There was a pair of gloves on the stool. They were damp with sweat and bulged in the wrong places. While Dero tied the laces, I glanced over the crowd, looking for Grimm. But he wasn't in any of the seats close to the ring, and the rest of the auditorium was shrouded in a dense tobacco fog.

Behind me, in the row of seats at ringside, an overstuffed woman who wore a wide, red straw hat pointed to me and said in a loud voice, "I'm bettin' on that boy. He's real cute." The very fat, red-faced man who sat next to her slapped the woman sharply on the thigh, making her rise from her chair. They laughed together, drunkenly.

Waiting like this always produced the sensation of a nervous bladder. It was

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the adrenal gland pressing on my kidney. I had read about it. Excitement stimulates the adrenal gland, which sends out something to speed up the heart action. It was a hell of a spot to have such a gland, right over the kidney. A familiar sour taste filled my mouth. "Hyperchasidity," my father called it when he told me how a big, brutal guy had threatened to beat him, a small man armed with a thin book. Fear tightened my nerves, and tremors ran under my skin. It was always like this and I was impatient for the first shock of contact.

Crumbaugh climbed into the ring. Someone struck the bell, and the crowd became attentive. Crumbaugh announced: "Folks, this is the fight you all been waitin' on." He went on to introduce Corporal Bobby Valiant from the U.S. Army Arsenal at Ridgeview, and the crowd responded with cheers and whistling. Crumbaugh waited for the noise to subside and then introduced me: "Johnny Benjamin out of Chicago, Illinois." Some of the crowd cheered, perhaps as much for Chicago, Illinois, as for me.

"Neighbors," Crumbaugh said, "I reckon you all would appreciate knowin' that Benjamin is a special protégé of our good sheriff, Leroy Burden. Stand up, Leroy, and take a bow."

When the applause and laughter ended, another man, bald and ministerial-looking, entered the ring. He wore light-tan trousers and a T-shirt decorated with a picture of an artillery shell surrounded by the words: U.S. ARMY RIDGEVIEW ARSENAL.

Crumbaugh said, "The referee for this bout will be none other than our old friend, Chaplain Downer."

The referee called Valiant and me to the center of the ring and recited the rules in an uncertain voice. He sounded like he was delivering a benediction, and it would not have surprised me if his speech had ended, "Go, and sin no more."

"By the way," I said. "I didn't hear anyone mention how many rounds we're supposed to box."

"Ten rounds, son," the referee said.

I went back to my corner, and the bell sounded. I shuffled out to meet Valiant and he came toward me, crouched low and moving crablike, as though he were straddling puddles in a wet street. His hands hung below his knees.

We circled each other, and I jabbed his face lightly and Valiant swung at the same time, aiming for my groin. I dropped my right glove and blocked his swing and Valiant stepped back. His face was unprotected and I pumped my left hand into it, landing solidly. Again, I stuck my left in his face and crossed with a right that pounded his nose. He began to bleed from his nose and he snorted, blowing a bloody spray that speckled me with red dots. I aimed a jab for his head and he ducked, but I hit him with an uppercut. He crouched lower and swung wildly, and I stopped the blow with my forearm. He started another swing, from below his knees, and lunged at me. The punch landed on the side of my head, but there was no force in it. My fear went away. I snapped a jab into his face and hit him hard on the jaw with my right. His knees buckled, but he didn't fall. I jabbed him again, smearing blood over his face, and he stood flat-footed, weaving his head from side to side like a snake. Then he rushed, caught me in his arms and wrestled me to the ropes. I tried to twist free and he brought up his head and struck my chin a sharp blow. I felt the quick, smarting pain of the wound as he pressed forward and continued to maul me with his head and shoulders. Finally, I let myself go limp and sagged against the ropes, and his weight carried him with me. I got my knee between his legs and jerked it upward, and he let go and I hit him on the chin as the bell rang. He ignored the bell and threw a punch that went over my head. He spun around, off balance, and was saved from falling by the referee.

Dero, my second, waited for me in the corner, blocking the stool. He was grinning happily and slapped my back as I walked around him.

"Sit down, Benny," he said. "Sit down, boy. You doin' good."

"Who's Benny?"

"You, boy," Dero said. "Heah, have some water."

I brushed the bottle aside and looked down at the patches of wet blood on my chest, belly and arms. Dero took off his baseball cap and flapped it up and down in front of me.

"Don't do that," I said. "You got a towel?"

"Reckon you could use one," he said. But he didn't move.

"Some second!"

He straightened up and laughed softly. "I like to bust a gut seein' you hit that boy's nose every time."

"Why don't you go sit down somewhere?"

"Me? I got to stay right here with you, boy."

I saw the book and reached down with both gloves to pick it up. I gave it to him, and he took it without understanding.

"Read to me," I said.

He stared at me and then lowered his glance to look at the page. He tilted his head and his lips moved silently. He seemed baffled.

"Tell me you readin' this?"

"Yeah. It's in English."

Dero shut the book with a loud noise and tossed it to me. "Boy, I think you gettin' simple, more'n likely."

I laid the book on the canvas next to the ring post and turned around as the bell rang.

Valiant rushed from his corner and stopped abruptly in the center of the ring. He waited, as if daring me to cross an imaginary line. I walked directly up to him, feinted with my left and pounded my right hand into his face. His mouth guard flew out of his mouth and landed near the edge of the ring. Blood ran from his nose. He doubled over and charged at me, flailing with both hands. I was too slow and he landed a low punch that sent a spurt of pain through me. I stepped back, keeping my left hand poised, and waited till the pain stopped. Meanwhile, Valiant pawed at the air between us.

The crowd urged Valiant to hit me again, and he tried to do it. But now I felt stronger and avoided his rushes. I jabbed his face repeatedly and solidly, and landed with a right. Valiant stumbled, shook his head and cursed me.

After that, he made no effort to protect himself but came at me again and again, swinging wildly at my lower body and failing to connect. He was easier to hit now and stumbled oftener, but he replied to my hardest punches by shaking his head and repeating his curses.

Some of them, when they're like that, are hard to stop with anything less than a baseball bat. They're all disarranged inside and you hit them on the chin, getting all your weight into it, and they only snort and keep moving in.

Valiant swung a long, looping right and I stepped back. He slipped on the bloody canvas and sat down. He looked tired and confused sitting there. I went over to a neutral corner and the referee kneeled and began to count slowly, speaking the numbers into Valiant's ear.

There was no way of telling how much time remained till the end of the round, but it seemed the referee would use all of it to help Valiant. Then the bell rang and Valiant's second came out and escorted his fighter to the corner, where he dropped to the stool.

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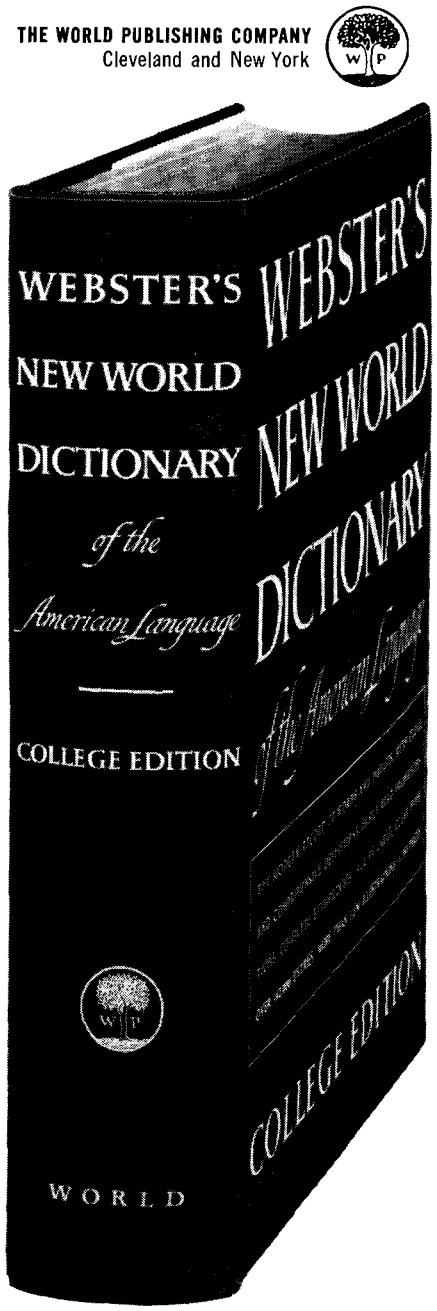

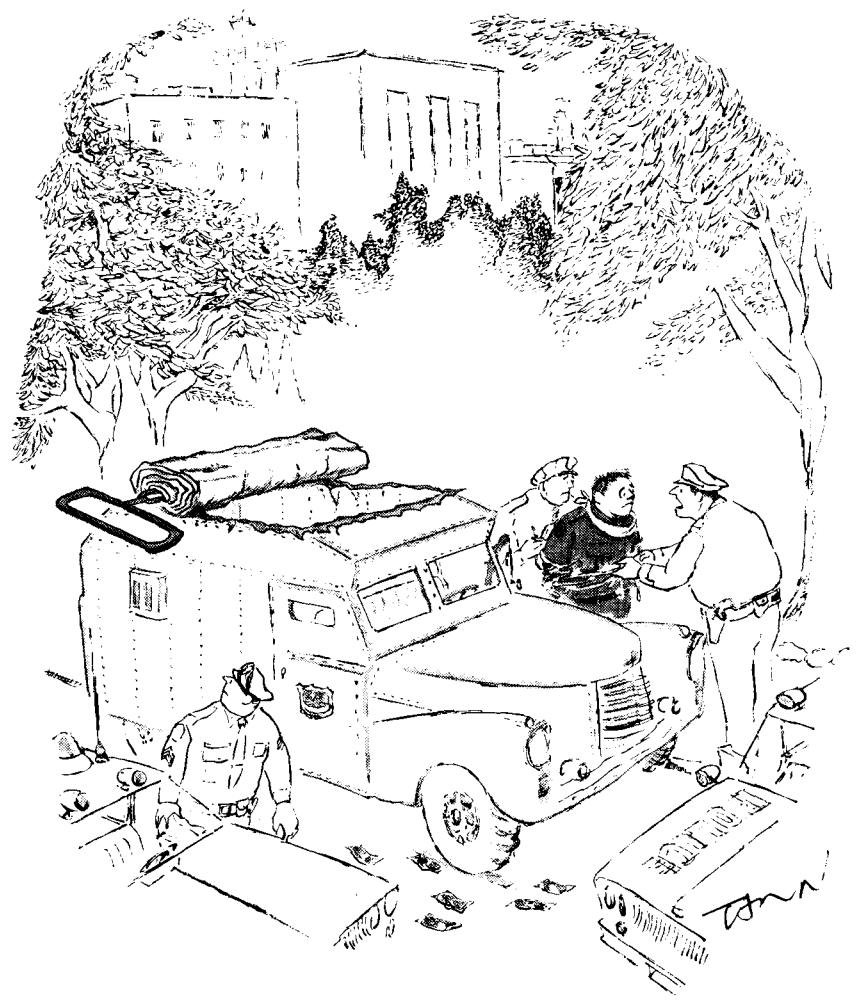

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... you thought you heard the sound of ripping metal—then what happened?"

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When I reached my corner, Dero was trying to get my stool into the ring. He had been drinking and managed the stool with difficulty. Eventually he got it through the ropes and set it down.

"Now, they-ah," he said.

"Thanks."

"You awright, boy? You want anything?"

I didn't answer but let my hands droop and breathed deeply.

"Reckon you got a cut on your chin, Benny-boy," Dero said. "Heah, lemme look at it."

"Leave it alone. It's nothing."

"Nothin'?"

I was restless and impatient for the bout to resume. I stood up, and my action brought a drunken shout from the overstuffed woman in the red straw hat.

Dero said, "Reckon you think I'm useless."

"You're giving yourself the best of it, boy."

"Yah," he said. "I figure you oughta take him in the next round."

"What round is it?"

He cocked his head and looked suspicious. "The third," he said.

"Right. You're smart."

Dero took a deep breath and faced me squarely. "You know what, Benny-boy? You can just go ——" His speech was heard by the people at ringside, and he left the ring amid the sound of laughter and cheers. The bell rang, silencing the laughter.

Valiant shuffled from his corner, looking white-faced and wary. When I came near him, he gathered himself and launched a desperate swing. I saw him start it and stepped inside and hit him hard on the jaw. He sank to the floor and sprawled there, conscious and muttering curses.

The referee waved me to the side of the ring and dropped to one knee and began to count. This time I could hear him.

". . . nine," the referee said.

Suddenly Valiant sprang to his feet and dashed toward his corner. He grabbed his towel and bathrobe and began to leave the ring. The referee ran after him and tried to hold him, but Valiant wrenched loose.

"To hell with that fink," Valiant shouted. He succeeded in freeing himself from the clutches of his second and jumped down to the floor. The crowd howled in protest and several men rose in his path, as if to prevent him from leaving.

Valiant lowered his head and charged, and the aisle opened for him. He seemed to be shouting in answer to the crowd, but his words were drowned out by the loud booing. He ran all the way to the dressing room and slammed the door behind him. But the booing persisted, even while the audience was leaving.

The referee came toward me. "You the winner, I reckon," he said, and raised my hand.

He paused, about to say something more, and changed his mind. I walked to my corner. My second had disappeared, but Grimm was waiting for me at the ringside. I saw that he had picked up the book and was holding it under his arm. He untied the laces and pulled the gloves off my hands. They were trembling a little and he noticed it.

"Lousy fight," I said.

"The manly art of self-defense," Grimm said, and smiled with half his mouth.

"You didn't like it, huh?"

"Well," Grimm said, "I'm glad you won."

Sheriff Burden came up, looking very pleased, and pounded my back. He said, "You awright, boy. Sure 'nough." He was half drunk, at least, and felt fine. His drawl was longer than usual. "Yah, yah, boy. You really put it on Valiant, awright." He turned to Grimm. "I got me a fine boy. Ain' 'at so?"

Grimm nodded seriously, and the sheriff said, "You damn right."

"How'd you like to go down to Roxburgh, boy?" the sheriff asked.

"Roxburgh?"

"Yah. They got a couple-three boys down there I'd like to match you up with."

"Your new manager," Grimm said.

"Yeah."

"Go on and get you clothes, boy," the sheriff said. "I got to see a feller a minute." He slapped my back and went away, laughing excitedly.

Grimm walked with me to the door of the dressing room. I looked in and saw that it was empty. I felt relieved.

"You don't have to go," I said to Grimm.

"I guess I can get a later bus."

"Sure."

We went in and I removed the bandages and used them to wipe the blood from my arms and chest. Grimm sat watching me, his face serious. I fingered the cut on my chin and it didn't feel like much.

Sometimes, like now, a dressing room served as a decompression chamber. As the pressure decreased, the fight appeared like a train of separate incidents almost detached from one another. I laughed at the memory of Valiant's face as he left the ring, clawing frantically at the trailing bathrobe.

I was smiling when Crumbaugh and the sheriff came in. The sheriff brought a bottle of liquor and unscrewed the cap, fumbled it drunkenly and dropped it. He kicked the fallen cap aside and held up the bottle.

"Hell's fire," the sheriff said. "Heah's to the evidence."

He pressed the bottle to his lips and drank. Then he passed the bottle to me and said, "Won't hurt you none."

I lifted the bottle and let some of the liquor into my mouth and swallowed. It traveled like a flame along a fuse and exploded in my stomach. I offered the bottle to Grimm. He waved it aside.

"Thanks," Grimm said. "I'll pass." He patted my arm. "Guess I'd better blow."

"Thanks again for the book," I said to his back.

"Andy," the sheriff said, "I'm fixin' to take this boy down to Roxburgh. He'd go good down there, huh?"

Crumbaugh took a long drink, gulped, and gave the bottle to the sheriff. "You going to Roxburgh," Crumbaugh said. "They got a colored boy down there I'd like to see get a beatin'."

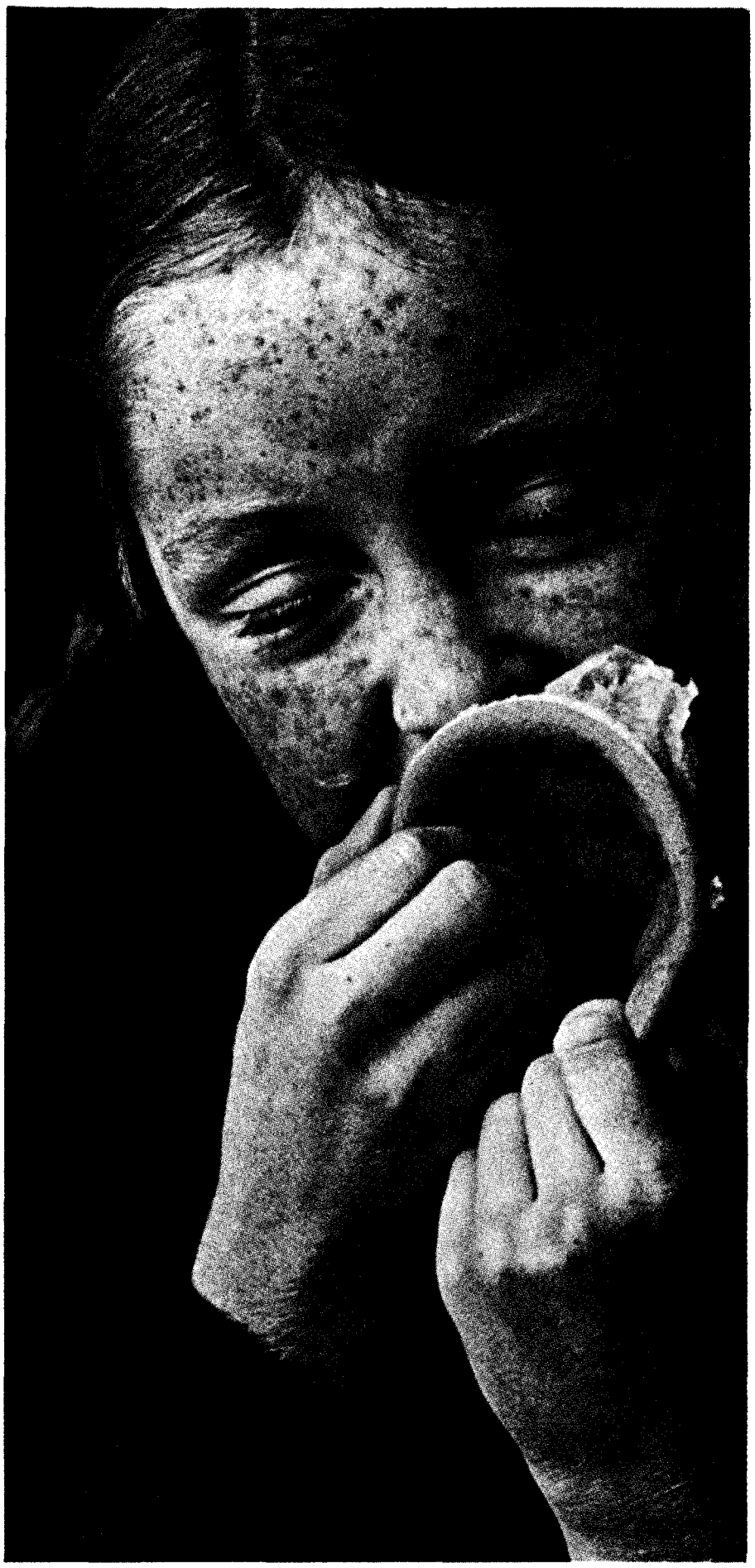
"Nawsuh," the sheriff said. "I don't aim for my boy to be fightin' with a nigger. Nawsuh."

"Well," Crumbaugh said, "this boy I got in mind stands in need of a real good beatin'. Ain't no one done it yet."

"I don't know about that," the sheriff said. "We'll see when the time comes. Eh, boy?"

Crumbaugh reached into his pocket and drew out some money and made a fan of five-dollar bills. "This is for you, boy."

"All of it?"



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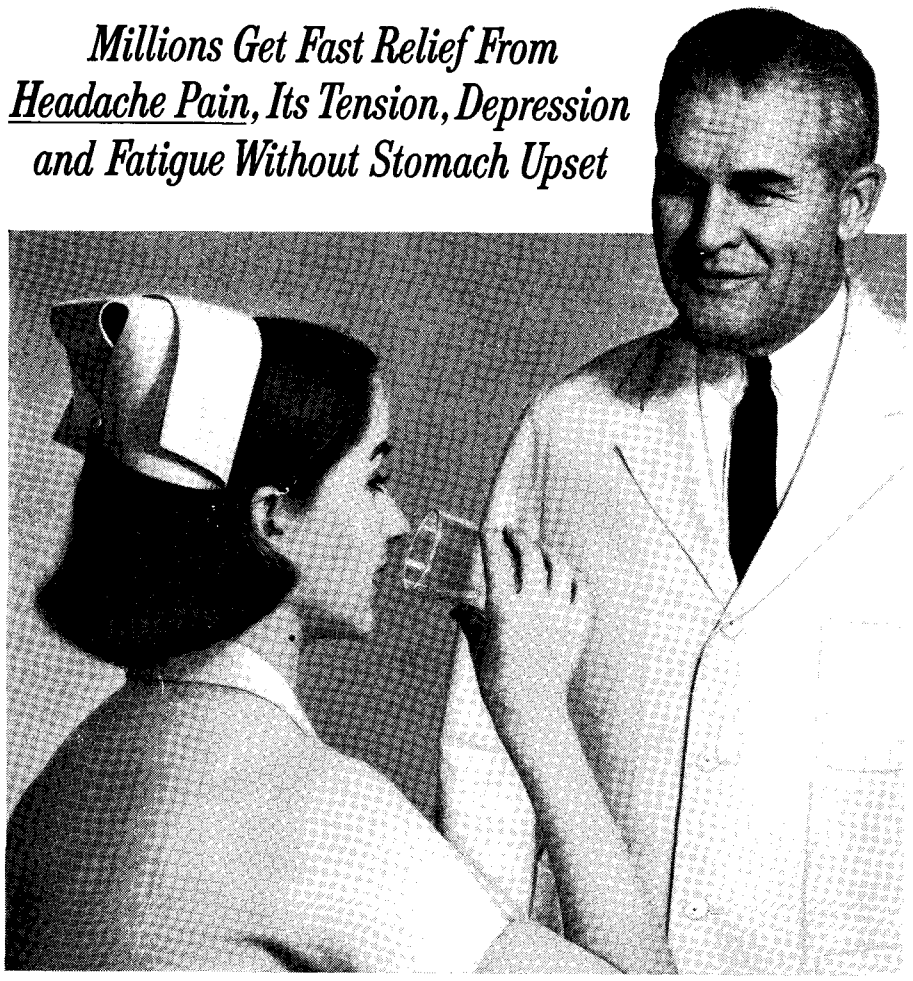

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"Yah. You put up a good show this evening." He took the bottle from the sheriff and drank. When he lowered the bottle, Crumbaugh said, "You know one thing. This moon sure makes a man hongry. I reckon this boy could eat a little something too. What d'you say we drive over to Noreen's, eh, Leroy?"

"She runnin' again?"

"Don't you know that?"

"Well now," the sheriff said, "I got to think of this boy."

"We'll see he don't get to messin' around," Crumbaugh said. "You takin' him to Roxburgh, he's got to keep in training."

There was a burned-out taste in my mouth and my tongue felt like a piece of charred rope. When I wet my lips, the spittle clung to them like a dry ash. It was always like this after a fight.

The sheriff saw the book in my hand and his face wrinkled in puzzlement. "What you totin', boy?" he asked. His glance wandered drunkenly as he examined the cover. "Where you get it?"

"Grimm gave it to me."

"'At's a funny idear, sure enough," Crumbaugh said. "Bringin' a boy a book. A boy 'at's a prizefighter, I mean."

"I can read too."

"Aw now," Crumbaugh said. "I don't mean to say you ignorant, boy."

"How can you tell?" I said, and moved toward the door. But the sheriff stood in my way and raised the bottle to the light. "Reckon we oughta kill this before we go, Andy," he said.

"Be better'n leavin' it lame like it is."

They emptied the bottle without offering me a drink. Then we went out to the car, where the sheriff halted abruptly and searched his pockets for the key to the door, and the jerky motions lifted the bottom of his coat. I saw he was wearing a gun. When he faced around, his look wavered and settled on me. "You drive, boy?"

"Yes."

"Reckon you'll do the driving."

Crumbaugh crowded onto the front seat beside the sheriff. "It's just th' other side of the horse track," he said. "Straight out this road."

"And best you drive careful," the sheriff said. "Don't want no trouble with the laws." He laughed good-naturedly.

I shifted gears, gained speed and drove into the quiet night, listening to the soft sound of the tires on the smooth pavement and the persistent, tuneless whistle of the wind in the power lines overhead. The two men sounded as though they were in another room.

Crumbaugh said, "You ain't been by Noreen's in some while, hah? Been real busy, I reckon."

"Yah. Been busy rightly enough."

"Leroy, what you think about puttin' on a real big fight show durin' fair week? We could take and fill 'at ball park up at Onager and make us a fine piece of money."

"Well now," the sheriff said. "Reckon you'd have to get the county's approval on something such as that."

"Aw, you ought not to have no trouble on that account. Big as you are in the county."

"Big as I am," the sheriff said, "I can't get the money so's I can deputize another three-four men."

"Yet and still, you the high sheriff, Leroy. I ain't aimin' to blow smoke up your nose. Just statin' a fact is all."

"I appreciate you mean rightly," the sheriff said. "Tell you what, Andy. You come up and see me tomorrow, or call me on the phone, one."

"Be mighty glad."

We were coming to the Balmoral racetrack. In the distance, a horse neighed, probably in answer to the sound of the motor. The road curved in the shadow of the high, darkened grandstand and took us toward a huge, flashing electric sign which advertised NOREEN'S INN. Neon horses flickered around the outer edge of the sign.

The inn stood in a glen about a hundred yards back from the road, at the end of a pebbled driveway, and it looked like one of those ancient veterans of the Civil War, dressed and barbered for his last parade on earth. The hedge on each side of the entrance resembled a pair of dusty and ragged muttonchop whiskers, and the tall, fluted columns across the front of the house were like the meaningless military braid on an old soldier's coat.

But whatever anyone might think of its appearance, Noreen's Inn certainly was a popular place. The parking lot in the rear was full to capacity.

The sheriff pointed to a cluster of small cabins beyond the parking lot. "Reckon he can pull up 'side of them cabins, eh, Andy?"

I stopped beside the nearest cabin and began to get out of the car, and the sheriff said, "Wait up, boy. Best you come on out this side. Don't want you takin' a notion to go off by yourself, now."

"What about the book? Will it be safe here?"

"Hah. Never hear of anyone stealin' a book long's I been sheriff."

"I can believe that."

"Y'know somethin'?" Crumbaugh said. "My gran'pappy growed tobacco right here on the old McCobb place."

"Dif'nt times, dif'nt crops," the sheriff said.

"But now, you got to give ol' Noreen her fair credit. They'd be a whole lot more hongry folks in this county anytime she's forced to close down for good and all."

"Ain't likely," the sheriff said. "She got too many powerful friends in the state."

We came to the front door and went in, and it was like stepping unexpectedly into the frenzied atmosphere of a revival meeting. A confusion of excited voices, explosive shrieks and loud music that sounded like a hymn beat against my eardrums. Two large amplifiers brought the music from a jukebox somewhere in the room. It seemed that everyone, including the couples dancing in the center of the floor, was holding a drink of one kind or another.

Some of the crowd recognized the sheriff, but none of them showed any alarm, and a few men looked at him directly and laughed. The sheriff fidgeted and seemed anxious to escape the people who were staring at him.

Crumbaugh saw an empty booth near the bar on the far side of the room and led the way toward it. As we went along, we passed several booths occupied by men and women in close embrace. Crumbaugh enjoyed staring at the embracing couples, but they were oblivious of him. We came to the empty booth, and Crumbaugh beckoned to a girl standing nearby. She was dressed in tight slacks and a white blouse decorated with pictures of prancing horses.

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"Har ya, Lucille?" Crumbaugh said when the girl came to the table.

"Just fine, Andy. What are you all havin'?"

"You tell Noreen me and Sheriff Burden wanna see her, hah?"

"And bring us some hamburgs," the sheriff said.

The girl walked away, and Crumbaugh stared at her rear and wagged his head. "Man, 'at's a real feisty li'l ol' gal," he said.

The sheriff grunted and turned away to watch an old man stagger toward the bar, aiming for it with a fixed, drunken look. "Old Harvey," the sheriff said. "Drunk as a hundred dollars."

The old man reached the bar, but the other customers flattened themselves against it and refused to give him an opening. He sniffed, nodding his head as though it were too heavy. Then he spun around on bent knees and went away, and the people at the bar laughed.

"Hah," Crumbaugh said. "They really put it on old Harvey."

"Sure did," the sheriff said.

A squarely built woman who wore a costume like Lucille's approached the table, smiling broadly. Her very black hair looked as if it had been dyed quite recently.

"Noreen," Crumbaugh said.

"Har you all?" Noreen said. Her voice was deep, like a man's. "How you been keepin' yourself, Sheriff?"

Crumbaugh moved and Noreen sat opposite me. "Don't believe I know this boy," she said.

"Johnny Benjamin."

"You the boy whipped Bobby Valiant," Noreen said. "I am happy to know you."

"See the fight?"

"Naw. But I would've, had I knowed it was gonna happen. It sure did my heart good to hear about it."

"You don't like Valiant?"

"Boy, you ain't sayin' half. Not after what he done to Sissie the other night. Took her out back and like to killed her. He put a knot on her head big as your fist. Wait'll I tell her you here. She's gonna love you to death."

"Nawsuh," the sheriff said. "This boy's in training."

"Hell, Sheriff, I know about fighters," Noreen said. She put her hand on mine. "Don't I, honey?"

"Aw-aw," the sheriff said quickly. "I got to get him to bed real soon."

"You treatin' this boy like a common prisoner."

"It's all right," I said. "The sheriff is interested in my health."

"Yah," the sheriff said.

"Leroy and me fixin' to put on a big show up at the Onager, come fair week," Crumbaugh said.

"'At so?" Noreen asked. "Tell you what. You match him up with Corporal Valiant again and I'll close my place and bring everybody."

"Well now," Crumbaugh said, "that sound like a mighty good idea."

"I'll get me some seats right up by the ringside," Noreen said. "Every time you sock him me and Sissie'll whoop and holler."

"Yah," Crumbaugh said. "A rematch sound like a mighty fine idea, don't it, Leroy?"

"We'll have a drink on it," Noreen said. She stood up and shouted, "Flannagan! Come on out here and meet some folks. And bring a bottle, love. . . . You ain't met Flannagan, Sheriff. My new husband."

"I bet he's a good man," the sheriff said.

"You right there," Noreen said. "He got to be for this li'l ol' gal." She turned to the bar again. "Flannagan! Call Sissie and tell her to come down. . . . Lucky thing I put in that phone system," she said. "It like to saved Sissie's life. . . . Now I'll tell you somethin' you can celebrate, Sheriff. Mavis'll be back in a couple-three days."

"Sure 'nough?" the sheriff said.

Noreen smiled and winked an eye. "I know you'll be mighty glad to see her."

"Well now . . ."

"Ain't no use for you to deny it, Sheriff."

The sheriff turned and tried to hide his face with his hand. But Noreen enjoyed baiting him. "Don't I know it?" she said. "You lookin' a li'l peaked, if I do say so."

The sheriff grinned foolishly. "Mavis is a good li'l ol' gal," he said.

"And so romantic," Noreen said. "She didn't hardly know that boy she run off with. I tried to make her wait awhile and see how things peter out. But not Mavis. Nawsuh."

While Noreen talked, the sheriff became increasingly miserable. He compressed his lips and filled his cheeks with air and slouched in his seat. Then Lucille arrived with the hamburgers and provided a diversion, and the sheriff exhaled noisily in relief.

Noreen lifted the check from Lucille's tray and said, "They my guests, honey."

Lucille nodded silently and turned to go, and Crumbaugh's eyes followed her.

"Ooo-eee, Lucille," Crumbaugh said.

"You takin' that name in vain, Andy," Noreen said. "Lucille gonna get married next weekend."

"Yet and still," Crumbaugh began as a smiling, sandy-haired man in a bartender's jacket came to the table, carrying an unopened bottle of liquor and four glasses.

Noreen said, "Come and set, love. And shake hands with Sheriff Burden and Johnny Benjamin, the boy who whipped Corporal Valiant this evening."

Flannagan squeezed into the booth beside his wife. "That one's a terrible lad," he said with a soft Irish brogue. "When he gets too much of the liquor in him, he loses all his nobility."

It was a funny thing for anyone to say about Valiant.

Flannagan poured generous drinks into the four glasses, and Crumbaugh said, "We shy a glass."

"Noreen and I are drinking outa the one glass," Flannagan said, and his wife smiled warmly.

"To your very good health, gents. And more power to you, Johnny."

The sheriff drank and grunted appreciatively. "'At's right good drinkin' liquor. Whey you gettin it?"

"It's the leprechaun's own brew," Flannagan said. "Distilled and bottled by me own little people."

"Hah. You talking like I was a federal man," the sheriff said.

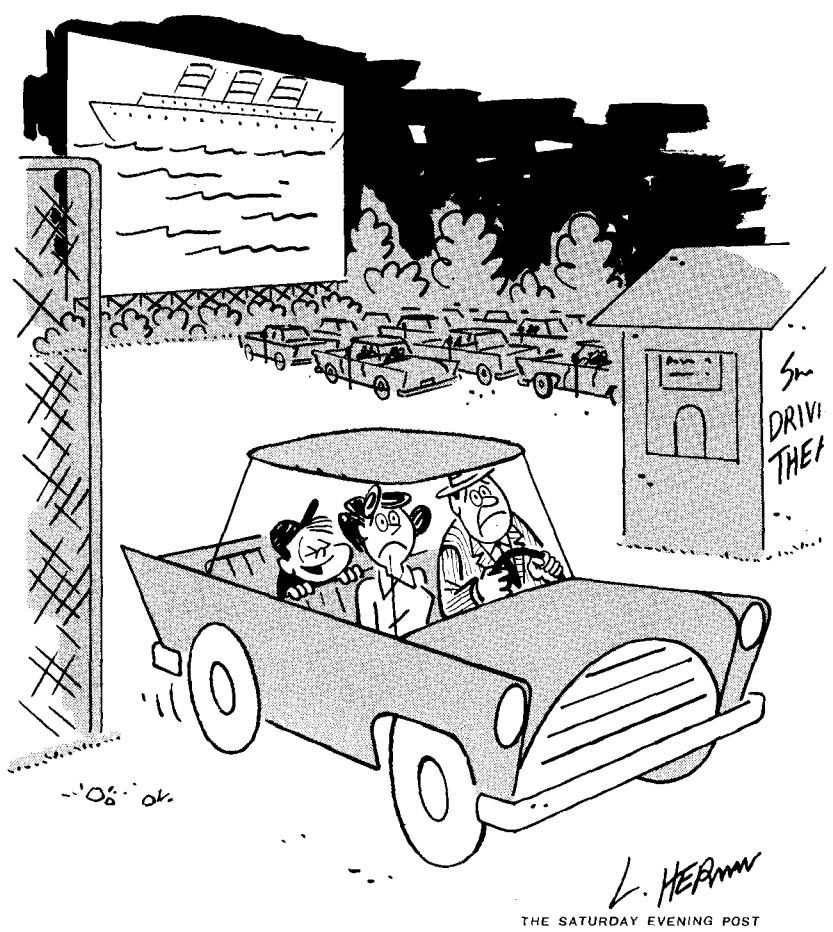
Flannagan ignored the sheriff's complaint and raised the bottle and shook it. Tiny crystals formed on the surface of the liquor. "We call this 'church whiskey,'" he said, "for you can see the beads on it." He removed the cap. "Have another."

Flannagan watched me drink. "You like it, eh?" he said.

"Uh-huh. One more drink and I'll be seeing my own little people, the leprecohens."

Flannagan filled our glasses and Crumbaugh began to tell him about the fight. It didn't sound like the one I'd been in, but Flannagan listened eagerly. His head bobbed, and twice he interrupted Crumbaugh to ask me, "Is that so, Johnny?"

When Crumbaugh spoke of making another match with Valiant, Flannagan



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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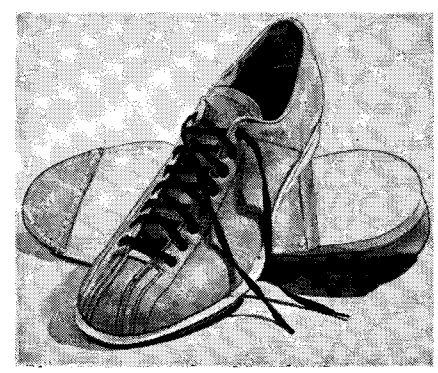

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stared at me with round eyes full of wonder. He filled my glass. "Bring on the leprecohens, me boy. It's their night to dance."

"Reckon this boy's had a-plenty," the sheriff said, and looked at his wristwatch. "Time we's making tracks for home."

"Naw," Noreen said. "Sissie'll be here in a minute. You got to wait."

"Sorry, Noreen," the sheriff said. "You coming with us, Andy?"

"Reckon I'll just stay on for a li'l bit," Crumbaugh said. "I'll be awright."

Just then a girl with pale, blond hair came around the end of the bar and walked toward us. The ends of her blouse were tied in a knot under her full bosom. She wore little makeup, and when she smiled the cleft of her chin widened.

Noreen went to meet the girl and brought her to the table. "You know Andy and the sheriff," Noreen said. "And this boy's Johnny Benjamin."

"Har ya, Johnny."

The sheriff remained in his seat, and she passed her hand in front of him. Flannagan gave up his place to the girl. "I'll be getting back to work now," he said.

Noreen said, "By all rights, you got to give Johnny a real big hug and a kiss, Sissie. He whipped that no-'count Valiant this evening up to the opera house."

"Sure enough?"

"That's what I said. This boy's your hero," Noreen said.

"Oh . . ." Sissie leaned across the table and put her arms around my neck. Her mouth found mine quickly.

I heard Noreen laugh and clap her hands. "'At's the way to do, gal. Now give him another 'cause he gonna whip Valiant again."

The sheriff moved out of the booth and stood beside the table. He looked stern. "You folks finished with your damn foolishness, we'd best be on our way."

There was nothing to do about it, and I slid along the seat and got up.

"Reckon you won't mind if we see you all to your car," Noreen said. "We'll go out the back."

Sissie put her hand in mine and we walked on, with the sheriff and Noreen following. It was the damnedest procession.

"Look like Sissie really likes that boy," Noreen said. "They sweet."

The sheriff answered by clearing his throat noisily. When we came to the car, Noreen said, "Now you take good care of him, Sheriff."

"Yah."

"You kiss Johnny good night, Sissie, and we'll go on back."

Sissie dropped my hand and turned and pressed the length of her body against mine while she held me tightly. When we separated, the sheriff said, "Get inna car, boy."

"Want me to drive?" I asked.

"Hell's fire! Not after all 'at smoochin' you doin', boy. You liable to drive us into a ditch."

The sheriff jerked open the door, muttering under his breath. His eyes were narrowed and downcast, and he started the motor with a roar that startled Noreen and Sissie. As the sheriff swung the car about, the two women waved. I waved my hand in return, and the car shot ahead rapidly, passed through the parking lot, careened around the side of the house and went on. A half minute more and we were back on the highway, going like hell.

The sheriff curved his body over the wheel in a space too small for him and held his foot hard against the accelerator. He paid no attention to the signs that warned of crossroads or railroad tracks. Luckily there was no other traffic on the highway.

My body swayed from side to side as though my head were a balloon. I gave myself up to remembering Sissie's eyes, nose, mouth and the pressure of her body.

The car hit a bump and leaped forward jerkily. "Damn woman," the sheriff said.

"How about slowing down a little?"

"You ain't scared, boy? You s'posed to be a hero."

"Oh, Noreen was only kidding, Sheriff."

"Gimme 'at bottle out of the compartment."

I opened the glove compartment, found a bottle of liquor, uncapped it and handed it to him.

"You wanna drink?" he said.

"No. I'm not driving."

He tilted the bottle to one side and watched the road while he drank. It was a big drink, judging from the number of times he swallowed. He set the bottle between his thighs.

"Now I'm gonna show you somethin'," he said, and reached behind him and brought up his gun. "Watch, boy." Without slowing the car, he began to fire into the darkness on his left, and I heard the noise of shattering glass. He was shooting at the insulators on the power lines and hitting them.

"Pretty good," I said.

He thought so too. "Reckon I ain't much hand with women, but I sure can handle a firin' piece."

He put the gun away and took another long drink from the bottle. "You a good boy," he said. "I'm gonna he'p you. See you take care and train right. You gonna do your roadwork ever' morning."

"You gonna let me out to do it?"

"Umm." He shook his head. "Can' let you do 'at, rightly 'nough. You bein' a prisoner and all. But now, you take and run round that tier. Say, fifty times." He mumbled to himself, making some calculations. "Fifty times'd be near two miles."

"Running indoors isn't much good, Sheriff. I need to get a lot of air into my lungs. And I should box three or four rounds every day."

"Huh?"

"Another thing. We could rig up a heavy bag in one of the cells."

"Hell's fire, boy. You in plenty good shape right now." He raised the bottle and drank. "Ain't no need for you to fret so," he said. "You done beat Valiant one time, the shape you in."

"What if he doesn't want to fight me again? You'll have to find someone else."

"Boy, you sure frettin' more'n you oughta. Me and Andy Crumbaugh gonna see about everything."

"I guess you can always arrest Valiant and hold him till he agrees to fight, huh?"

The sheriff laughed loudly. "Hah. "'At's a funny i-dear, boy."

I decided to ask him about moving my cell. "Mine is a damned rat's rest," I said.

"I'll tell Bubber to let you move. You can have Grimm's old cell."

He stopped the car at the rear of the jail. I picked up my book, and we went in together and woke up the turnkey, who was asleep in a chair. Bubber woke slowly, yawning and stretching his thin arms.

"It's you," he said. "Har you feelin'?"

"OK." I was ready for a go at the shadowboxing championship of the world.

Bubber unlocked the door and I entered the cell block hoping to find Cicero. But the room was empty, and the snores of the men asleep in the cells made it seem desolate. I climbed the stairs and went into the cell where I had seen Fred Grimm sleeping. I took off my shoes, put the book under the mattress near my head and lay thinking of Sissie.

When sleep came, I dreamed an old dream. But this time the girl was Sissie.

We were swimming toward each other from opposite sides of a turbulent river, rising and falling with every wave, but drawing closer stroke by stroke. Then there was the final, terrifyingly near yet drawing-away wave, and we were together on the crest of it, holding on and exhausted of everything but tenderness.

I felt myself being shaken and heard the turnkey say, "Get up, boy. It's near ten o'clock."

I raised my head. It throbbed a little, and the cut on my chin felt stiff and raw. The turnkey gave me a cardboard box which held an orange, three egg sandwiches and a container of milk.

"Sheriff said to tell you about doin' your roadwork."

"Not today. I'm breaking training today. I'll start again tomorrow."

"I'm tellin' you like he told me to, boy."

The turnkey left me. I got the book out from under the mattress, propped it against the cardboard box and opened the pages to the play, *King Lear*, which Grimm had been reading. I ate slowly as I read, wanting to finish my breakfast and the play at the same time. But I had eaten the last of the sandwiches and drunk the last sip of milk by the time I arrived at the point in the play where King Lear tells his daughter Cordelia: "Come, let's away to prison. We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage."

I closed the book and went out to the catwalk and looked down. Cicero was spreading a wet handkerchief on top of the radiator at the side of the room. The Texan with the fancy belt stood nearby, showing Cicero a hard face.

I dressed and went down, wanting to speak to Cicero. As I approached him, some of the prisoners standing near him stepped back, looking quickly at me. Cicero's smile seemed tight and forced.

"What's up?" I asked him, feeling the tension all around me.

"Whyn't yew ask me?" the Texan said, fingering the buckle on his belt.

"OK, I ask you."

I knew it was coming but I waited. It seemed a long time.

"Yew can't be so tough an' a Jew too," the Texan said.

He saw me coming and was ready with his belt. The buckle flashed through the air and I threw up my arm. The buckle struck my wrist, slicing the skin, and I punched him squarely in the face. He fell back, lifted his leg and kicked me in the chest. He swung the belt again, but I caught it and tore it loose from his hand. He was wild with a punch and it gave me time to recover. I slashed at his face and head again and again. He sprang at me and tried to grab the belt, and I hit him on the jaw with my fist. His head struck the radiator and he fell. I chopped at his head with the buckle as he lay on the floor. Then someone rushed in and pulled me away, and I saw it was the deputy, Dero. The sheriff was coming fast from the office.

Dero continued to hold me while the sheriff went over to examine the Texan. I saw the sheriff kneel. Then he raised his head and called two men from the group behind me.

"You carry this boy to my office," the sheriff said. "And the rest of you get in your cells." He asked me, "What you been fightin' about?"

Cicero said, "The man tried to coldcock him with his damn belt buckle."

"He ain't talking to you," Dero said. "Get in your cell."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just once, I wish he'd have a bad day at the office!"

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Cicero walked away slowly, looking back over his shoulder. The sheriff turned to me and put out his hand. "Gimme that belt, boy."

"I want to keep it. I won it."

He took it from me. "It don't belong to you," he said, and put his hand on my arm. "Now you go on back to your cell."

The sheriff and the deputy went out, and the room became very quiet. I walked to the stairway and climbed up and entered my cell. I felt listless, and when I tried to read, the words seemed foreign. I put down the book, shielded my eyes and fell asleep.

I was awakened by the sounds of commotion in the cell block. I swung off the bed and went out to the catwalk. Down below, the turnkey was herding a group of men, including Cicero, toward the door.

"Hey," I called out, and Cicero waved.

The turnkey said, "C'mon now, all you train riders. You gettin' out."

I saw Harrington, my former next-door neighbor, and asked him, "What's going on?"

"I hear they lettin' all you train riders go," he said. "To make room for some new prisoners—moonshiners. Appears the federal men put on a big raid last evenin'."

I hurried downstairs, and when the turnkey saw me he shook his head. "Not you, boy. You stayin' with us."

"What?"

"Sheriff's orders."

"Where is he?"

"He'll be back directly. You ask him." He let the last of the departing men out and closed the door behind him. I turned back to the stairway and ran up the steps and went along the catwalk to the windows in the far wall. I hoped to see Cicero and to call out to him. I did see someone on the highway who looked like Cicero in the fading light, and I searched along the window for a way to open it. But the window was sealed firmly. I felt frightened, the fear rising in me, causing the skin to tighten over my scalp.

I heard new sounds behind me in the cell block and turned. Dero and the turnkey stood in the midst of the new group of prisoners, directing them to various cells. I guessed that the sheriff had returned, and ran to his office to see.

Sheriff Burden swung around in his swivel chair when I entered his office. "Say, you put us both in bad trouble, boy."

"It's a damn swindle."

"Umm." He shook his head. "Now I'm forced to hold you. You beat that boy Tex real bad."

Dero, the deputy, came in and leaned against the sheriff's desk and smiled, probably pleased by the way I looked.

"Folks been asking me questions," the sheriff said. "The County Prosecutor, for one. Now we got to wait and see what happens to that boy in the hospital."

I stepped back and turned around and shook the door to call the turnkey.

"You wait up, boy," the sheriff said. "You know I'm gonna he'p you all I can. You my boy."

The turnkey stood in my way, and the sheriff went on. "One more thing. We got to change your cell. Dero'll show you where you stay."

The deputy came up and grasped my arm above the elbow and guided me toward a cell in a corner of the lower tier.

"You go on in, now," Dero said.

"Now? Why?"

"Go on," he said. His hand moved toward his shoulder holster, but instead of pulling his gun he pushed me into the cell. I heard the door slam behind me and the sound of a lock and then there was a sudden silence.

And my fear, feeding on the silence, grew like a wild plant, filling the space around me, making me shrink inside myself. I was more frightened than I had ever been in a whole life of being afraid. And I could not now, as in the past, try to overcome the fear by embracing it, by doing the thing I was afraid to do. There wasn't anything to do.

I sat on the bed and repeated every bitter word I knew, hoping that one of them would give me an anodyne against the fear, but the words had long before been drained of all substance.

I didn't hear the turnkey at the door and was only distantly aware of him as he unlocked the bolt and came in.

"You awright, boy?" he asked. He carried a paper box in both hands. "Got you a present."

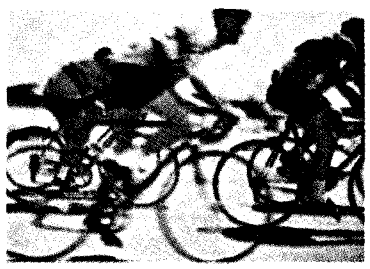
I showed no interest and he made a disapproving sound with his tongue. "That ain't the way to do," he said, and put the box on the bed beside me. I saw that the box had come from Noreen's Inn and had been opened.

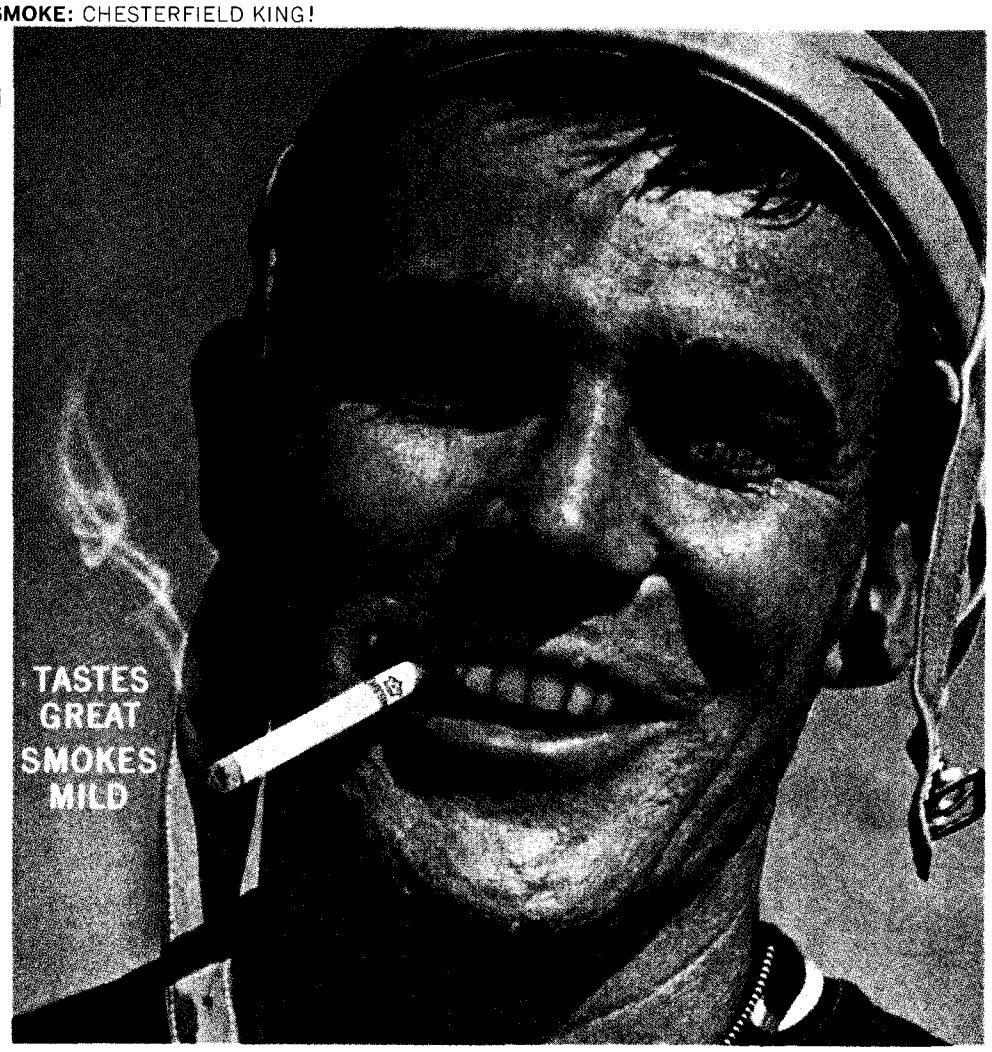
"Fried chicken," the turnkey said. "And safe to eat. We didn't find no hacksaw blade in it." He laughed.

I wanted him to leave me, but he wasn't ready. "I'll be by in the mornin'," he said. "Long's you here, Sheriff Burden wants you to take care. And I'm to see that you do your roadwork every day now."

THE END

GREAT FUN: BICYCLING. **GREAT SMOKE:** CHESTERFIELD KING!





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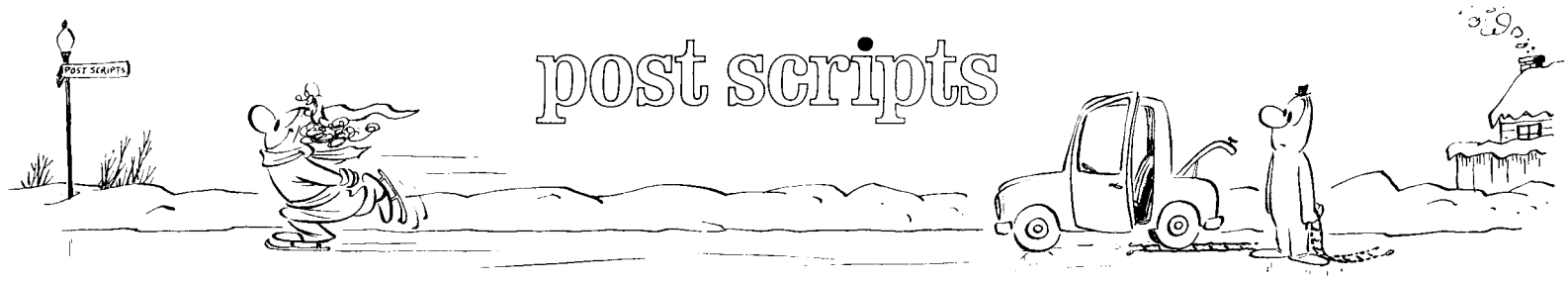
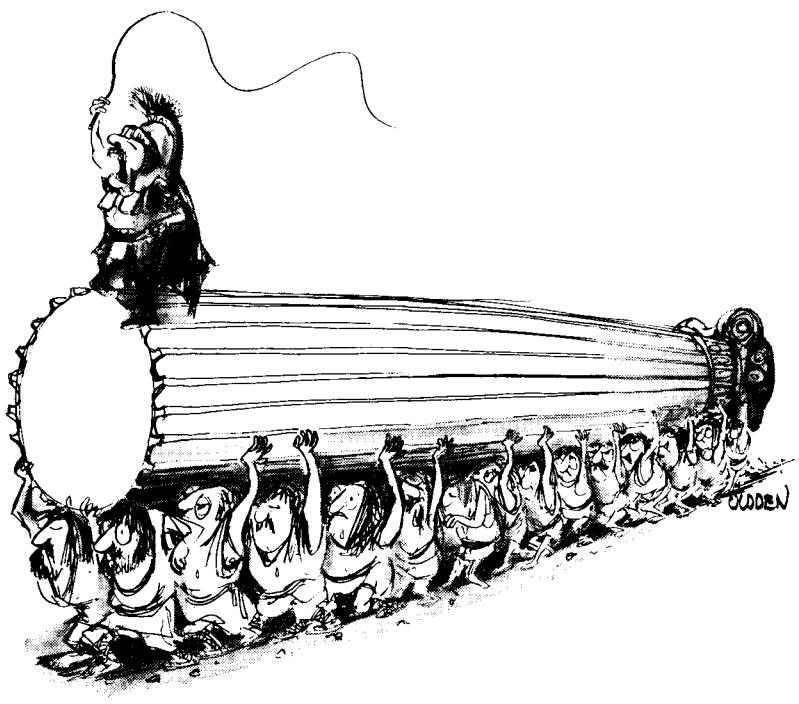


"Oh, no! I forgot to mail the ransom note!"

"He convinced me a watched pot never boils."

"I removed a thorn from his paw."



"Column left. . . march!"

". . . and the bulk of the estate to my esteemed friend and legal adviser. . . ."

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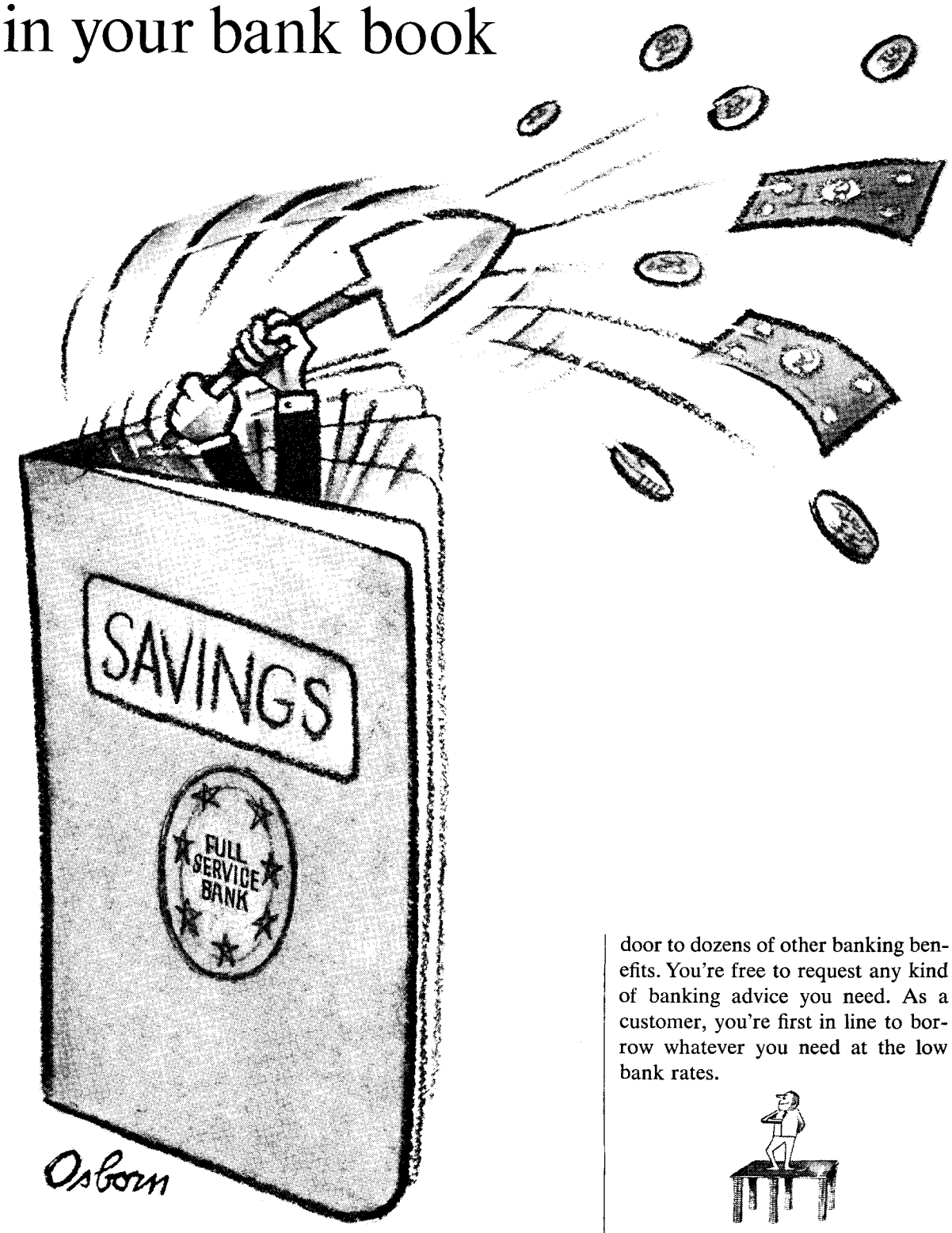
Dig out the fortune that lies buried in your bank book



More and more people are realizing that they'll have to *borrow* far more money in a lifetime than they can save. Including home loans, appliance loans – plus loans to send the kids to college or themselves on a vacation – the average family may borrow as much as $50,000 before the grandchildren take over. That's a lot of money.

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So what has all this borrowing got to do with putting your savings in a

"Full Service" bank? *Practically everything!* Read why.

Use your savings to cut the cost of borrowing

Assuming you're starting from scratch, here's the way to use a savings account to beat down the cost of borrowing (not to mention starting a useful financial partnership with a good bank):

1. Pick a "Full Service" bank and give it all your banking business – savings account, checking account, anything else you can think of.

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Pretty soon, you'll find that "they know you at the bank." Your growing savings account has unlocked the door to dozens of other banking benefits. You're free to request any kind of banking advice you need. As a customer, you're first in line to borrow whatever you need at the low bank rates.

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By GEORGE WALSH

THE WOOING OF A SEVEN-FOOT WONDER

In New York's Power Memorial Academy gymnasium one afternoon last November, a member of the fanatic breed of free-lance recruiters who bird-dog high-school basketball players made an unthinkable blunder. Carried away by good intentions, he said, "Hello, Lew," to a Power player named Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor Jr. The boy ignored the greeting, looked through the man as if he did not exist and went on his way. Then, from behind the scout came the stern voice of John Donohue, the Power coach. "You know the rule! No talking to my players. Out of the gym!"

For Lew Alcindor, a 16-year-old Negro who is 7 feet, ¼ inch tall and still in his junior year, Coach Donohue's rule is particularly fortunate. Lew is probably the best high-school basketball player in the United States, and the insistent stream of colleges bidding for his services might turn any teen-ager's head. Donohue, the buffer between his star and the high-powered world of recruiting, is determined this will not happen.

There are signs that Lew may well develop into the greatest player in the game someday. In his freshman year he could only hold his hands in the air as a psychological deterrent to any opponent trying to shoot a basket. He then progressed to a sophomore season in which some said he looked like a second Wilt Chamberlain. (Actually, he was taller and heavier than Chamberlain at a comparable age.) He scored an average 19 points a game on unstoppable "dunk" shots, swept the backboards clear of rebounds, and blocked so many shots by the opposition that the court often resembled a huge Ping-Pong table. In doing so, he led Power to a 27-game undefeated season and the city-wide Catholic title. It was an ugly duckling transformation that made other coaches' mouths water. For example:

- "We are in the process of building a solid basketball program and hope you may become a part of it," wrote Bob Cousy, the new coach at Boston College.
- "At this stage of the game, he's got more coordination than Wilt Chamberlain had," said Eddie Gottlieb, general manager of the San Francisco Warriors.
- "We are fully aware of how sought-after this young man will be," wrote Bud Millikan of Maryland.
- "All that we ask is an opportunity to talk to the boy," implored Bob Stevens of Oklahoma.

This year, as a junior, Lew was even better. He averaged some 26 points and 18 rebounds a game, and Power again finished the regular season undefeated, running its three-year winning streak to 52 games—a New York schoolboy record. Despite the coaching fraternity's pleas, Donohue will keep recruiting pressure off Lew until the spring of 1965—just before he graduates. Donohue intends to spare the boy and his family not only the bother of incessant phone calls and interminable visits from scouts and coaches but, inevitably, the dangling lures ranging from cash payoffs to sporty convertibles to cushy jobs. The Alcindors simply refer all calls to Donohue; as an added precaution, they will shortly get an unlisted telephone number. Mail in college envelopes is forwarded to Donohue, unopened.

Lew's mother puts it this way: "We know what getting lots of publicity has done to other boys. We think Mr. Donohue is a very capable man. We are with him one hundred percent. When any of those cuckoos call, we tell them they'll have to speak to Mr. Donohue." Mrs. Alcindor is a tall woman, almost six feet; her husband, a New York City transit policeman, is several inches taller. Both approve of Donohue's view that "too many boys have been ruined in this game by talking to the wrong people."

The recruiting traps set for Lew are fixed with all kinds of bait. Last year Donohue received a series of letters from a representative of a West Coast university. They went like this:

May 31: "As I told you, we are permitted according to N.C.A.A. regulations to furnish Lew with a round-trip ticket that includes a 48-hour visit on campus. During this time he would meet with our coaches . . ."

June 7: "I think you have made a sound decision to hold off Lew's trip until his junior or senior year. Just let us know when he is ready."

November 4: "I will be in New York on November 12 . . . and I would appreciate the opportunity of meeting you and Lew."

The man arrived in Donohue's office on November 12. He came right to the point. "Jack, I'd like Lew to have dinner with [and here he named a prominent Negro]. He's one of our most famous alumni. He wants to tell Lew how much he'll enjoy our school."

Donohue repeated, "The rule is this: no talking to Lew until his senior year."

So, if you can't get to the athlete, try the coach. That's what some schools do. A representative of a midwestern university wrote Donohue last year, "Our coach underwent surgery recently . . . and I'm very sorry to say I believe he does not have too long to live. . . . I thought if you have a friend who is a good coach, it would pay to apply for the job. . . ." The implication was clear. There might be a job for Donohue if Alcindor came too.

Power Memorial is a Catholic high school on Manhattan's West Side that is taught by the Irish Christian Brothers. Lew attends on a full athletic scholarship worth about $300 a year. He is quiet, polite, popular with the students and his teammates. His grades are in the top 10 percent. On the basketball court Donohue relies on him whenever game action gets rough. ("Give the ball to Lew. He'll stuff it *and* the guys hanging on to him through the basket.") But Donohue also disciplines him if he fails to hustle. ("Lew, off the court! If you can't get back after a fast break, get off the court!") When playing, Lew stands slightly stooped, seemingly disinterested. He shoots no more often than anyone else, but when he swoops, whirls or spins, the ball goes through the hoop. He rarely misses. On defense, he stands to one side of the basket, patiently waiting. Anybody taking a shot within 15 feet of him finds a huge hand batting the ball down. Anyone taking a layup is an optimist.

It was bread cast on the waters that brought Lew to Power. Donohue decided to give a scholarship to a red-haired boy named Arthur Kenney, who, in the eighth grade, was only five feet nine. (He is now a varsity starter and towers six feet eight.) Arthur, 14, and Lew, 13, lived in the same apartment-house complex, and, in his

During tense time-out, Power Coach Jack Donohue reminds his streaking team, including Lew Alcindor (center), that he's the boss.

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BASKETBALL RECRUITERS—CALLED "SPOOKS"—HAUNT GYMNASIUMS IN SEARCH OF TALL TALENT. THEIR NO. 1 PRIZE TODAY IS LEW ALCINDOR.

freshman year, Arthur brought Lew to Power to work out. Donohue, who is a genuinely religious man, took one look at Arthur's friend, who was then six feet eight, and thought, God is good.

Today, Lew and Arthur Kenney are closer friends than ever, and Donohue, who lives near them, generally drives them to and from school. They enjoy bantering, but when the two boys took harmless swings at each other in a recent practice game, Donohue called the team together for an impromptu lecture.

Donohue: "Gentlemen, I want no racial violence in the gym."

Lew: "Mr. Donohue?"

Donohue: "Yes?"

Lew: "How about peaceful demonstrations, like CORE?"

Donohue: "That's all right."

Lew: "Can I carry a placard?"

Donohue: "OK, but no big words."

Donohue is a youthful, sturdily built man whose hair is flecked with gray. He was graduated from Fordham in 1952, and after Army service he got his first varsity coaching job in 1955 at St. Nicholas of Tolentine High School in the Bronx. Tolentine was the smallest school in its league, but Donohue's teams did not lose a league game in three seasons, winning the title each year. In 1958 he went to Power, where he is also athletic director. Over the last six seasons, not counting this year's Catholic-high-school playoff games, his teams have won 150 games and lost only 29.

Temptations are tall

Donohue's record helps attract the recruiters. The most colorful of them are the free-lance scouts who have no official connection with any college or university. These talent-hunters are familiarly known as "spooks," and almost any afternoon one or more of them can be found in the Power gym, or in Donohue's office. There is not much money in what they do; once in a while a college coach may come across with a double sawbuck for a scrap of intelligence. The tragedy of their lives these days is that they may not talk to Lew, for if—just if—a spook could deliver this seven-foot wonder to some eager college, he could write his own ticket.

The spook Donohue has known longest is Freddy, who affects Tyrolean hats and large cigars, and calls himself the No. 1 scout in the country. Another is Mike, a good-hearted fellow, who has been known to give basketball sneakers to worthy youngsters. Still another is Aldo, a balding man who wears dark glasses and works as a waiter; the consuming ambition of his life is to shake Lew's hand.

Most spooks share Donohue's passion for basketball, but they move in a shadow world. "Some will say anything," says one longtime friend of Donohue. "They'll tell a kid he's all fixed up with a college scholarship, but when the boy shows up at the school, nobody ever heard of him. Then they say, 'Oh, the kid had it all wrong.' What really happened was that they found a player they liked better in the meantime, and told the college to give the scholarship to him." Then why tolerate them? "Well, sometimes they *can* get a deserving boy a scholarship," says Donohue's friend.

Donohue goes all-out himself to get college scholarships for his players. "They work hard for four seasons," he says. "They deserve all I can do for them."

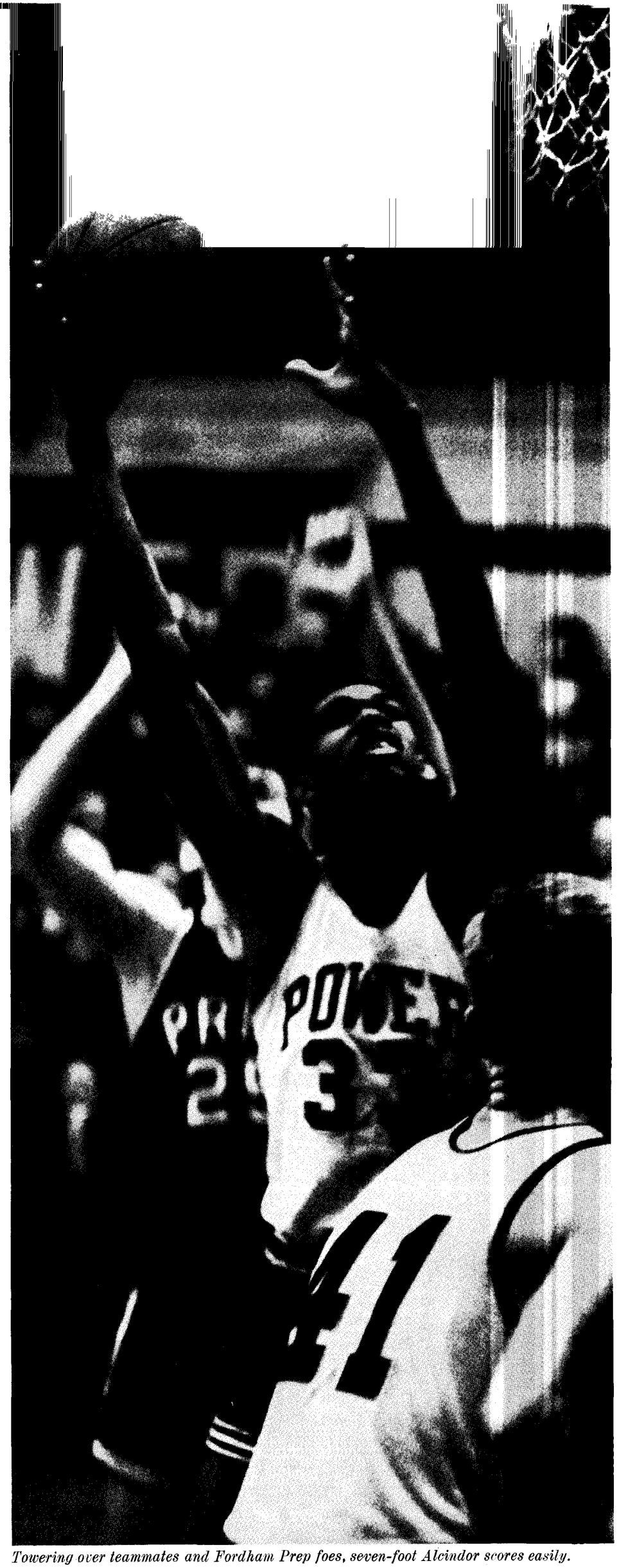
Lew Alcindor remains under Donohue's wing even during the summers, when he works at Friendship Farm, Donohue's 50-acre children's camp on the banks of the Hudson River near Saugerties, N.Y. The first two summers Lew worked as a dishwasher; last season he was promoted to junior counselor. "He's great with little kids," says Donohue. "They love to ride way up there on his shoulders." Lew is paid only with room and board. After work there are long evenings of basketball on the outdoor courts.

Lew has turned down better money offers for his summer services. After his sophomore year a Catskill mountain resort tried to recruit him as a busboy. "It's worth $1,000," the man said. Donohue, who is deeply suspicious of the moneyed glitter of the Catskills, reputedly demanded, "Is it worth $2,000?" Back came the reply, "Jack, they want him." Said Donohue, "And me? Is it worth $1,000 to me?" Again came the reply, "Jack, they want him." The offer was turned down; Lew spent the summer at Friendship Farm.

One of Donohue's best friends in the coaching ranks is Joe Lapchick of St. John's University. Lapchick says, with a faraway gleam, "Jack Donohue has the most wanted basketball property in the nation. The boy just might win the national championship for some college. Jack could probably get a half-dozen college jobs if he delivered Lew."

If Donohue does accept a college offer, he would be less than human if he did not ask Lew to play for him. But Donohue also knows the boy will make his own decisions.

In due time, of course, Alcindor will graduate, and Donohue will have to find a new star. He is already looking. Just the other day he stood outside the gym at the three-o'clock bell, waiting to catch the freshmen as they trooped homeward. "Michael Breen!" he called. "Know any good eighth-grade players in your neighborhood? . . . Eddie Leicht! Know any players? . . . Tell them to be here Saturday for scholarship tryouts. . . . Ignatio Gonzalez! . . . Know any tall eighth-graders?" Then he added, almost inaudibly: "I keep thinking. . . . Isn't it a shame Lew is an only child?" THE END



Towering over teammates and Fordham Prep foes, seven-foot Alcindor scores easily.

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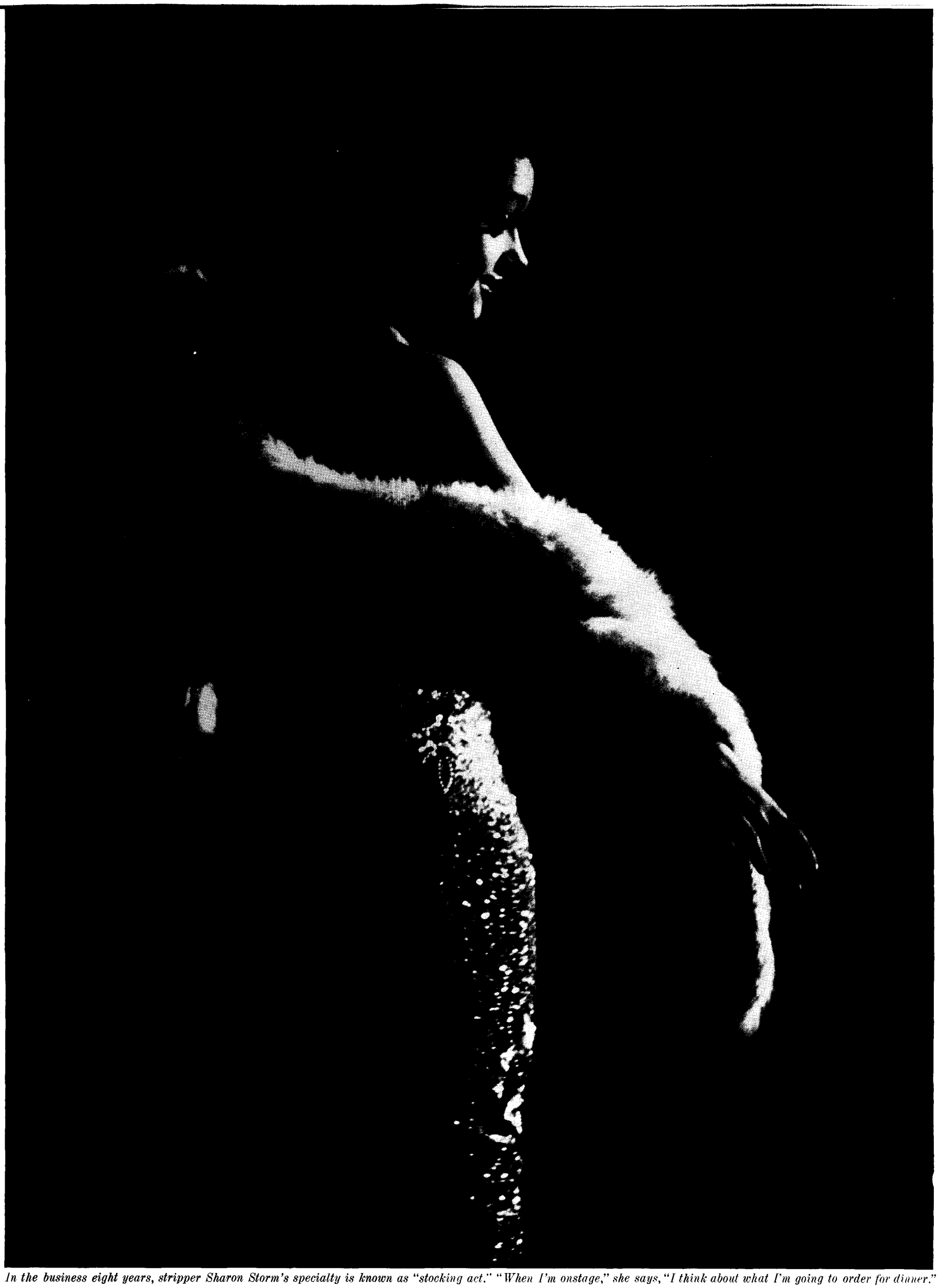

In the business eight years, stripper Sharon Storm's specialty is known as "stocking act." "When I'm onstage," she says, "I think about what I'm going to order for dinner."

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What ever happened to Burlesque?

The audience has dwindled and the glamour has fled from burlesque. But for the troupers grinding away at the once-flourishing art, it's still show business.

By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

Out front the band finishes with *Yankee Doodle Dandy;* the house lights fade; the 53 guys scattered among the two-dollar seats lay aside their newspapers and lean forward to get a better view. They all wear overcoats.

Backstage, surrounded by a clutter of old props, empty trunks and porcelain reindeer, Nino Valli, stage manager and sometime opera singer, steps up to an ancient microphone and delivers his usual spiel: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen; welcome to the Gayety Theatre, home of traveling burlesque. . . . And now let's meet and greet the first of our charming disrobers, that precocious little imp, Miss Sinthia Savage."

Sinthia comes on in blue sequins. She is a plump woman in her middle 30's, her hair dyed black and her mouth painted bright orange. The band—trumpet, tenor sax, drums and upright piano—plays *My Funny Valentine.* Sinthia begins to dance, smiling at the sports in the front row and wondering if her sick Pekingese backstage needs another aspirin.

Thus the curtain opens on a Sunday matinee at the Gayety Theatre in Baltimore. The billboards outside, below the weather-beaten cupids of the plaster façade, announce A REAL SHOW FOR REAL PEOPLE. The road companies that pass through every week are the remnants of the glittering productions that once boasted such names as W. C. Fields, Fanny Brice, Abbott and Costello, Red Skelton and Sophie Tucker.

As Sinthia Savage dances, the spotlights dwindle from soft pink to deep lavender, and the music gets louder. Sam Yorker, manager of the theater, sits backstage in a green room, smoking a cigar and talking of time past.

"It ain't like it was," he says. "I've seen 'em all, been around the business for fifty years. A show used to carry as many as forty people, in their own private railroad car, and with a freight car for the scenery . . . eighteen chorus girls in those days, a bandleader, a wardrobe woman and a dancing soubrette."

The modern burlesque show consists of eight people—usually three men and five women—who travel by car or bus, carrying their miscellaneous belongings in cheap suitcases and shopping bags, like so many soap salesmen.

The few performers still in the business—fewer than 150 in the entire country—are the last inheritors of a tradition that all but disappeared during World War II. The old-fashioned burlesque, which was light and easy and mostly for laughs, gave way to the frankly erotic dance in honky-tonks.

A practical man who avoids all philosophy, Sam Yorker offers no explanations.

"Don't ask me what happened," he says. "How do I know what changed the world? Before, they didn't have penicillin and nobody wanted to go to the moon."

Onstage, Sinthia Savage has by now divested herself of everything but a net bra, a G-string and a pair of gold shoes sewn with rhinestones. The band is playing, in B flat major, *Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals.* In the 37th row, obscured behind a pillar, a solitary and presumably cautious man watches through binoculars. It is 2:35 P.M.

The new shows arrive at the Gayety Theatre on Sunday afternoons and stay for seven days, giving two performances on Sunday, four on the following Saturday and three on the intervening weekdays. The theater is owned and the road companies are assembled by the Bryan and Engle Circuit, the last burlesque circuit operating in the United States.

The circuit plays theaters in Toledo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis and Baltimore; Allentown and Reading, Pa.; and Youngstown, Canton and Dayton, Ohio. Except for one-night stands at Allentown and Reading and a two-night stand at Canton, all engagements are for one week. A complete tour of the circuit requires about two months.

The theaters and the working conditions differ in every town. The band in Dayton consists of an organ and a set of drums; in Cleveland the stage is too small for large props; backstage in Baltimore, bats sometimes appear in the dressing rooms. The theater at Reading is also a movie house, where, during the week, the management presents films with titles like *Ship of Condemned Women* or *Gentlemen Prefer Nature Girls.* At Allentown the theater is occasionally used for concerts by the local symphony orchestra.

The prescribed manner of undress, dictated by state law or the prevailing degree of municipal tolerance, also varies from place to place. In Maryland the girls can take off more clothes than in Ohio or Pennsylvania, a practice known as "working strong."

Together with Sinthia, this afternoon's show in Baltimore consists of Jack Rosen, the principal comedian or "top banana"; Pat Burns, straight man; Billy Parker, second comic; and four exotic dancers, advertised, in order of precedence, as Busty Russell, Sharon Storm, Laurie Layne and Laurie Darnell.

Busty Russell, the "featured woman," joined the company Friday night in Reading. Sharon Storm (née Helen Wittenbert of the Bronx, N.Y.), Laurie Layne and Billy Parker were already in Baltimore, left over from a previous show. The other performers had set out from Toledo three weeks before.

Her act over, Sinthia Savage—so named by a nightclub owner in New Orleans—collects her clothes and lingers in the wings to watch Pat Burns and Jack Rosen begin the "Kohinoor Diamond" routine. Under her own name, Judy Jeffries, Sinthia entered show business at the age of four, playing the violin in a vaudeville act with her father and mother. Wrapped in a cotton bathrobe, she shivers in the cold.

Burns is her husband. She married him

Exotic dancer Sinthia Savage joins comic Jack Rosen in a broad skit called "Wrong Room." Rosen, on the road for 49th consecutive year, knows 250 routines.

Performers kill time backstage by writing letters, playing cards and reading news.

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in Detroit after the war and learned to strip so that she could travel with him.

He looks the part of the traditional straight man, clean shaven and neatly dressed, delivering his predictable lines in the manner of a radio announcer promoting breakfast cereal. Rosen wears baggy pants, a derby hat and a pajama top. Rosen and Burns mug their way through gags that lean heavily on double entendre, puns or insults. For example:

Comic insulting straight man: "Did I call you a dog? Well, I'll apologize to the next dog I see."

Straight man insulting comic: "Is that your face, or did your pants fall down?"

Comic playing love scene with a girl called Miss Gotrocks, a name he confuses with Miss Rotgut or Miss Rockpile: "Ah, sweetheart, I've looked for you no place and found you everywhere."

Comic confronted with girl made up as a hag, whom he is required to kiss: "What is that thing, an anteater?"

In Allentown, the night before, the gags had gone over very big; there were as many women as men in the audience, and they were the kind who, as Rosen remarked, "start laughing when they buy their tickets." On Sunday afternoon in Baltimore, however, as soon as the customers see the comedians, they go back to reading their newspapers.

Rosen is 65, a resident of Buffalo, N.Y., now in his 49th consecutive year on the road. A small man, his moustache carefully trimmed, he has had only three hours' sleep since leaving Allentown just before one A.M. He no longer cares for the gypsy life. In the car, on the way to Baltimore, he said, "You gotta walk around with a pocket full of Tums. It takes two nights to get used to a strange bed and the strange noises, and then, if you can't find the right eating joint, you keep taking the Tums."

Like all the comics on the circuit, Rosen knows the dialogue for at least 250 scenes, some of which bear such titles as "Minnie the Mooch," "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," and "Spanish Love." He varies the routines according to the available props or the mood of the audience.

In front of a drop curtain representing an 18th-century garden, he and Burns pursue their quest for the Kohinoor Diamond. They play detectives and force a procession of girls to undress at the point of a cap pistol. Girls who serve as stooges to the comedians are known as "talking women," which means they recite lines as well as strip.

Waiting to perform, the other members of the troupe sit in the green room, in the drifting smoke of Mr. Yorker's cigar. A picnic table and two wooden benches stand at the far end of the room, near a door leading toward the stage. On one side of the door there is a soft-drink machine (dispensing a standard cola, a diet cola and grape soda), an electric heater, two smaller benches and a pail of water full of cigarette butts. The plaster walls are decorated with spangled posters bearing the names of strippers who entertained the patrons of the Gayety—Rita Atlanta, Justa Dream (who traveled with a pet snake), Una Vack, Cup Cake Cassidy and Naja Karamuru.

Seated at the picnic table, Laurie Layne and Sharon Storm play gin rummy. Laurie is 22 and blonde, her manner that of a coed spending a dull afternoon in the common room of a sorority house. She won an amateur striptease contest last summer in Pittsburgh and has been on the circuit only 10 weeks. She wears the red tulle dress she wore in the contest, the same dress she bought four years before to go to a high school prom with the man from whom she is now divorced. Prior to the amateur contest she sold ties. She is embarrassed about taking off her clothes, and when she dances in Pittsburgh, she wears a wig. "I mean, those are people I know; that's my hometown," she says.

Sharon has been in the business for at least eight years; very few things still embarrass her. She does what is known as the stocking act and is dressed accordingly: black silk stockings, garters, black corset and shoes sprayed with aluminum paint. Her red hair reaches to the middle of her back. "I always felt like a cute little girl," she says, discarding the eight of clubs. "The first time I did a strip I danced for twenty minutes, just doing kicks and fancy steps. Then I thought, 'these people aren't paying to see me dance.' Now when I'm onstage I think about what I'm going to order for dinner."

The overhead lights in the room suddenly blink twice, advising those present that Burns and Rosen have almost given up their futile search for the Kohinoor Diamond. The next girl to dance is Laurie Darnell, a tall, matter-of-fact brunette in her early 20's. She puts aside a comic book, *Millie the Model*, and walks reluctantly toward the wings. "It's a job," she says, "you just do it."

For 21 performances a week she earns $214, the average salary for an exotic dancer without feature billing. The featured girls can earn as much as $500 to $2,000 a week. The brightest names in the business—Blaze Starr, Tempest Storm and Irma the Body—do not tour the circuit, preferring to work at the better theaters or in nightclubs.

While the band plays *Barefoot Contessa*, Laurie Darnell flounces across the stage in pink chiffon, whispering small "ooooh" sounds. Her pouting mouth is smeared with vaseline, which makes the lipstick show up better. The applause is loud and spontaneous. She languishes on a velvet rug, looking at an entranced and bald-headed man in the fifth row. "Suffer, baby," she says, "suffer."

Like the other girls on the circuit, Laurie chooses to dance in theaters rather than in the so-called strip joints operating in many towns. In the joints the girls must drink with the customers.

As she removes her costume, Laurie hands the several pieces of it to the stage manager, Nino Valli, who folds the costume across a wire hanger. When he was younger, Nino hoped to become an opera singer. He studied the classical repertoire for a tenor voice, memorized arias in six languages and posed as an artist's model in New York so that he could pay for his music lessons.

The ordinary strip lasts about eight minutes, and the girl dances to three tunes, known as "trailers," which gradually increase in tempo. A typical sequence might proceed from *Over the Rainbow* to *Blue Violins* to *Nightmare*. The usual costume costs about $300 and consists of the outer gown, gloves, panels, strip bra, strip pants, net bra, G-string and pasties. The preferred materials are satin and velvet; the predominant colors are blue, red, white and black.

Succeeding Laurie Darnell, a hard act to follow, Billy Parker, the second comic, shuffles apologetically into the spotlight. He wears a checkered suit, a shaggy wig, and size-18 sneakers. The buttons of his suit are large red reflectors. He sings *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles* and balances a balloon on his nose. His eyes are bright blue; his toupee is awry.

More accustomed to entertaining children than burlesque audiences—this is his first time around the circuit—Parker blows up a series of balloons and ties them into the shapes of horses and dogs and mice. The customers neglect to applaud; the balloons are something new, but they came to see the girls.

Sensing a lack of response, Parker releases the balloons and starts to play *The Bells of St. Mary's* on a row of soup cans. "Sometimes I do this for an encore," he says to his audience, "and sometimes I do it for revenge."

The afternoon wears on. The first act lasts 90 minutes; the second about 40 minutes. Exotic dancers come and go. Between appearances onstage they try to divert themselves with idle amusements. Sharon Storm, bored with cards, picks out *Toot, Toot, Tootsie* on a toy ukulele. Laurie Darnell studies the television schedules in hopes of locating a Cary Grant film on the late show. Laurie Layne decides to change her hairdo and pins up in a sophisticated fashion that s noticed in a magazine.

Sinthia Savage takes her Pekingese, Su Ling, out for a walk in the alley behind the theater. A patient woman, she makes no complaints. "When they start yelling, 'put it back on,'" she says, "that's when I'll give up."

The dramatic event of the afternoon, the attractions that most of the customers paid to see and therefore the last number in the show, is the appearance of Busty Russell. The band plays a fanfare; Nino makes the unnecessary introduction.

"Here she is, ladies and gentlemen, the girl with the truly unbelievable measurements of 50-26-36, Miss Dairy Queen of 1964 (in Allentown the night before she was called Miss Waterwings of 1964) lusty, Busty Russell."

The entrance of Busty—who was born Sandra Churchey in Hagerstown, Md.—in red tulle and a white fur stole, inspires murmurs of dazed awe. The billboard advertisements are seen to be accurate.

Parading heavily across the stage, her mouth full of gum, Busty cuts short the preliminaries and proceeds to undress within 28 bars of *What Kind of Fool Am I?* Her generous dimensions reduce the crowd to incredulous laughter.

Rosen, singing to himself in the wings, looks mournfully at the stage and remarks to nobody in particular, "Ah, Busty, you're about as sexy as a can of clams."

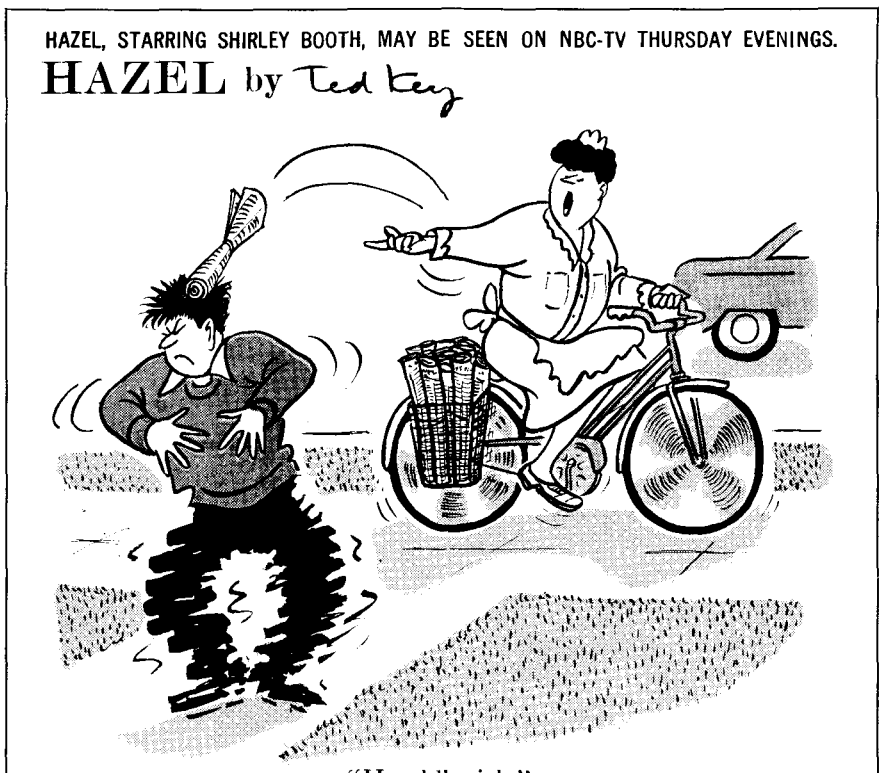
At 5:12 P.M. the curtain falls on Busty Russell as she lies sprawled across bench covered in leopard skin; the mus subsides and the show ends. The customers file silently up the center aisle, through a lobby adorned with brass spittoons, and out into East Baltimore Street. It is already dark. Sparrows swirl and twitter among the neon signs.

The burlesque troupe quits the theater just as hurriedly as its audience. Laurie Layne and Billy Parker go first to the Hi-Ho Inn, a tavern selling drinks at "neighborhood prices," and thence to a cafeteria where Laurie eats half a bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwich. Rosen goes across the street to sleep for a few hours in a theatrical hotel. Sharon Storm takes her mother out to dinner and then goes for a ride in her new car.

Nino Valli is the last to depart. Pausing at a blackboard on the green room wall below a sign which says, NEXT OVERTURE, he erases the time, "2:30 P.M." and substitutes "8:30 P.M." Then he pushes out the door and goes around the corner to a bar, where, if it is not too crowded, the manager will let him play the piano and sing a tenor aria from *La Bohème*.

At 8:30 P.M. everybody will be back at the Gayety Theatre, dressed in costume, sitting around the picnic table, waiting for his turn on stage. The musicians will once again strike up *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, playing it straight or with fancy riffs, depending upon how many drinks they ordered after dinner.

Perhaps at the evening show, or if not then, maybe next week in Youngstown or next month in St. Louis, the custome will laugh at all the gags; maybe all t girls will look young and beautiful. Bu even if nobody laughs and none of the girls inspires sudden applause, burlesque will continue to play, because, as Sharon Storm likes to tell herself every night at curtain time, "It's show business, baby, it's show business." THE END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HAZEL by Ted Key
"Harold's sick."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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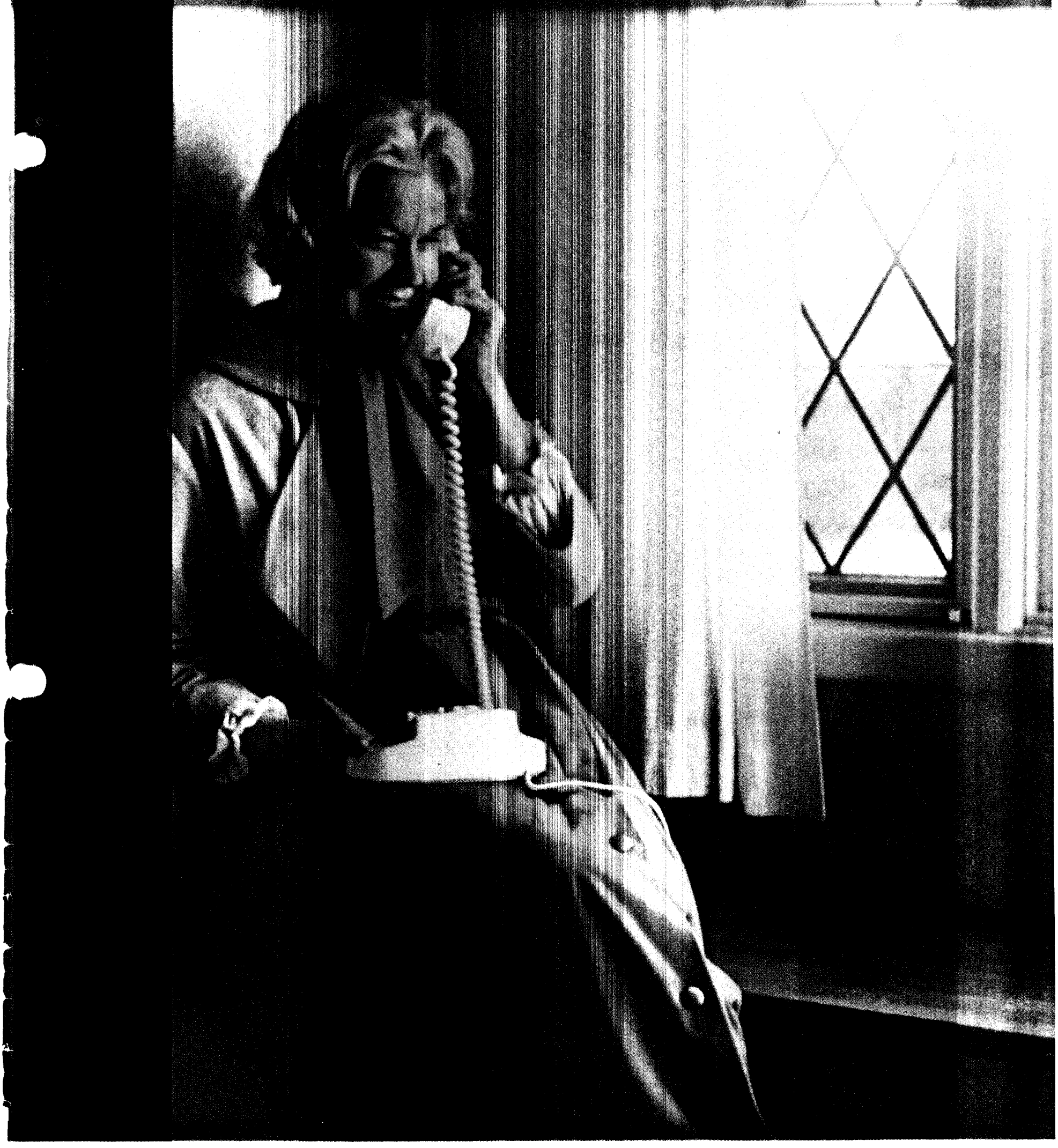

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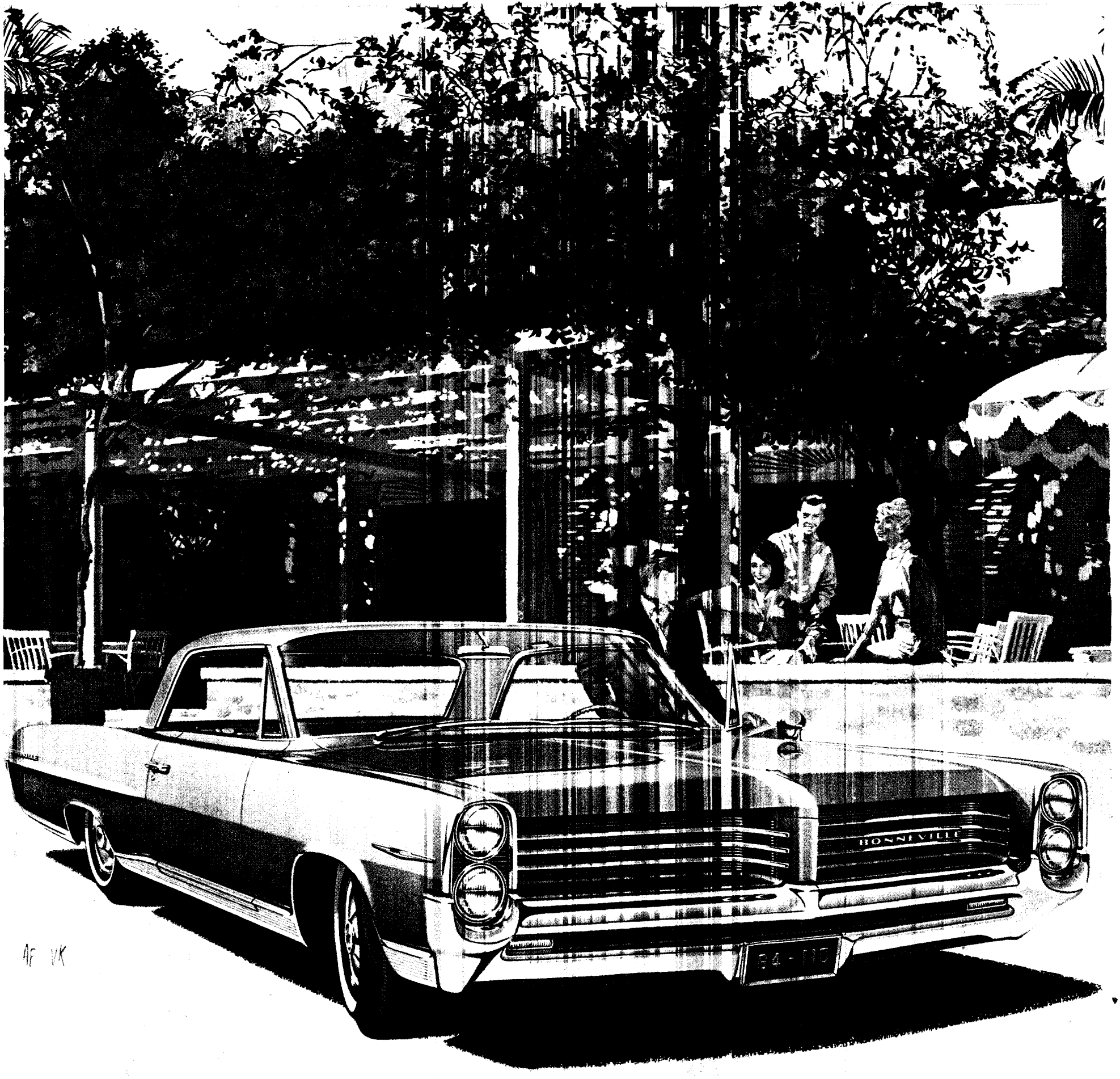

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The trial of 'Delay' Beckwith

"They'll acquit him in 15 minutes," people thought. This was Mississippi, and the victim was a Negro, Medgar Evers. But six jurors held out for conviction.

By Harold H. Martin

Atop the massive granite-and-limestone Hinds County courthouse in tense Jackson, Miss., a gigantic statue of Moses holds aloft the ancient Tablets of the Law. Clearly visible in the streets below, as the morning sun falls on the weathered stone, is the admonition of the Sixth Commandment—THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

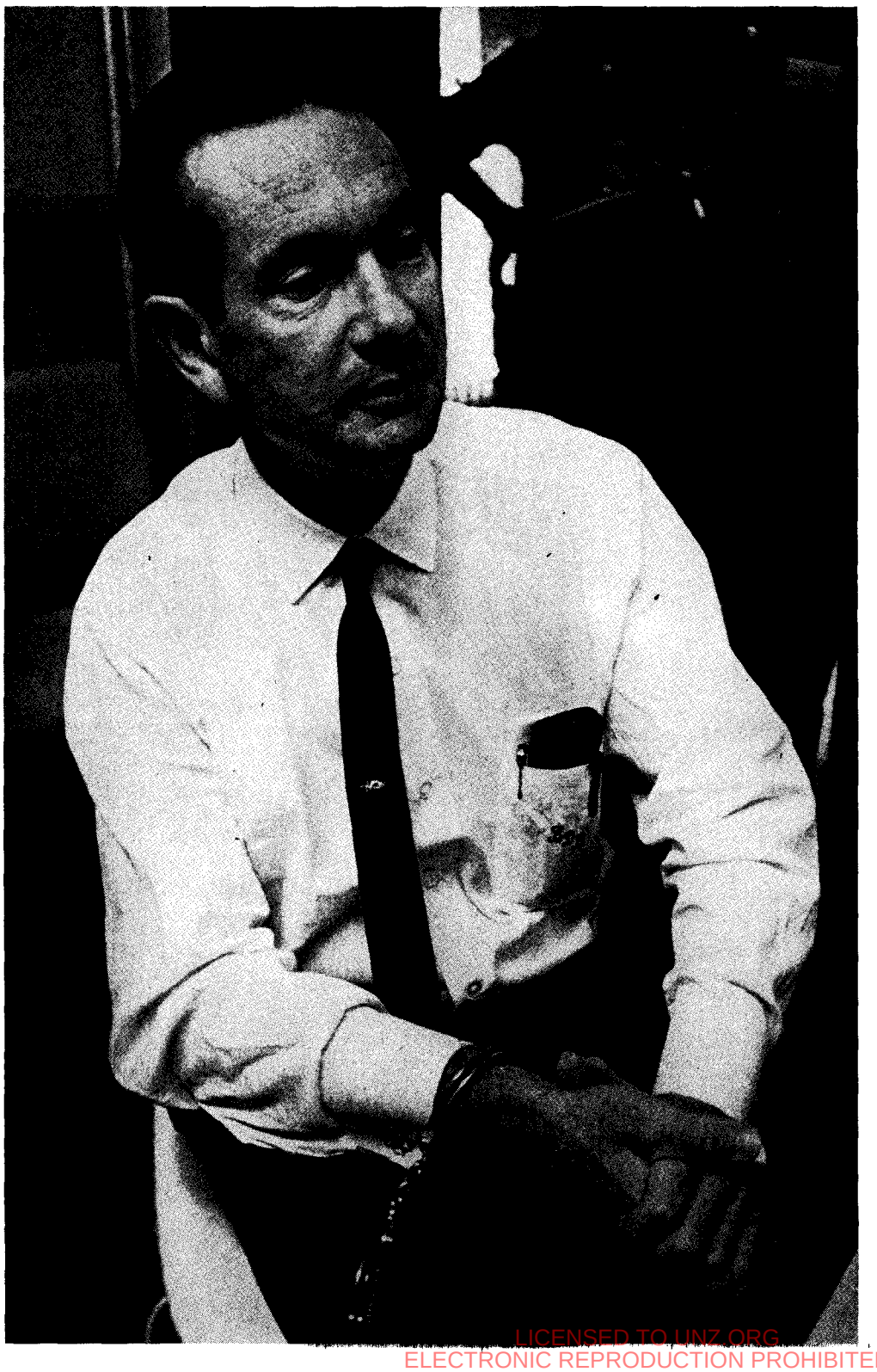
On the cold and blowing morning of last January 27, as Byron De La Beckwith went on trial in this courthouse for the murder of Medgar Evers, an old fat man in faded overalls set out his baskets of hot peanuts, parched and boiled, in front of the building's great bronzed doors. He stood there all morning, but his sales were few.

"They ain't coming to this trial like I expected," he said. "I guess they figure there's no use comin' to see a show when you know already how it's going to turn out."

The old man's words reflected the views of the majority of Mississippians. Byron De La Beckwith is a white man. Medgar Evers was a Negro—and an outspoken leader of the hated N.A.A.C.P. No Mississippi jury in the memory of living men has ever sent a white man to his death for the murder of a Negro.

"They'll acquit him in fifteen minutes," a florid man in a white jacket said. "The jury'll go back and play a few hands of Rook, just to make it look like they are studying the evidence. Then they'll walk back out and turn him aloose. That'll be all there is to it."

Byron De La Beckwith, charged with murder, enters state mental hospital to undergo sanity tests.



In the somber, dark-paneled courtroom the yellowish light from four huge chandeliers shone on the bearded, moustached and goateed portraits of famed Mississippi jurists of the past, and behind the judge's bench the tall carved scales of justice hung only slightly askew. All seemed normal. Yet from the moment the case was called, there were signs that this trial might not be just another sardonic charade.

On the bench Circuit Judge Leon Hendrick, 69, tall, lean, craggily handsome, with a mane of snow-white hair, ran his court with a gentle voice but a firm, unbending dignity. Son of a Jackson policeman, he was a Mississippian, and the customs and traditions of his birthplace were bred deeply in him. Admittedly he was a segregationist, but in his public acts and statements he had never demonstrated the slightest degree of racial bias or prejudice. Nondrinker, nonsmoker, noncusser, a quiet scholar of the law, no outside pressure could sway him except the dictates of a stern Calvinistic conscience. In his courtroom he recognized only one authority, and that was the law.

The atmosphere in the courthouse wasn't free and easy like it usually was, but solemn and somehow strained. They had set up a table outside the courtroom door, and every man who came to watch had to sign his name, and then a deputy sheriff felt him all over to see if he was toting a pistol. That was all right for the Negroes—no telling what they might do—but what white man was going to try to shoot "Delay" Beckwith?

In the courtroom itself things were even more unusual. The Negro spectators were being allowed to sit anywhere they wanted, instead of clustering all together in the back. If a man wanted to see and hear what was going on, he might have to sit down by a Negro. Or a Negro might come in and sit down by him. Worst of all was out in the halls during recess. A man might walk into a toilet with a big sign on it saying WHITE MEN ONLY, and a Negro could walk right in behind him, and the deputies standing around wouldn't do a thing about it. It was the judge's orders, they said, for the courthouse was a public place.

The young prosecutor was acting strangely too. William Waller, 37 years old, beginning his second term as district attorney, was a slow, soft-talking, brown-haired, full-faced man. Son of a Delta planter, graduate in law at Ole Miss, as a seventh-generation Mississippian he well knew the implications of this case. Ahead of him lay the prospect of one day sitting there on the bench as circuit judge—and the judge's bench could be a springboard to the State House, or a seat in the United States Senate. Trying this case, he must have known, could not help him in Mississippi politics, nor in the private law he practiced on the side. But murder was murder, and he had taken his oath.

When Waller was questioning the veniremen, trying to get a jury, he'd come right out and ask, "Do you believe it's a crime to kill a nigger in

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A lonely, friendless boy orphaned at 12, Beckwith grew up in this old house in Greenwood, Miss., with his vague Uncle Will.

Evers's wife heard his car drive up, then the sound of its door closing. And then a rifle roared.

Mississippi?" And if the man hesitated over this question, he excused him from jury duty. For four days it went on like this before they finally got a jury.

"Call Myrlie Evers." There was a gentle stirring in the courtroom as the wife of the dead man took the stand. Ca[l] composed, quiet in dress and manner, told what happened on the night her hu[s]band was killed. It was a little after midnight on the morning of June 12, 1963. She and the children had waited up for him. She heard the car come down Guynes Street and turn into the driveway. She heard the car door close. Then the [e] came the crash of the rifle, and the children fell to the floor, as they had been taught. She ran out. Her husband, a red wound in his back, the front of his chest torn away, lay face down in the driveway. He was trying to crawl toward the door, trailing behind him a smear of blood. The children knelt beside him, crying, "Get up, Daddy." She began to scream, and that is all she could remember.

Hardy Lott of Greenwood, florid, heavyset, his thin hair rumpled, cross-examined for the defense. A White Citizens Council stalwart, he asked Mrs. Evers if it was not true that at the time of his death her husband had before the courts a suit to integrate the schools—on behalf of their son, Darrell Kenyatta Evers. He bore down on the "Kenyatta," the name of the Mau Mau chief. Mrs. Evers said, "Yes." That was all.

Leaning back languidly in his chair, his dark eyes roaming the courtroom, Byron De La Beckwith paid little attention to the story Mrs. Evers was telling on the stand. If he had the slightest fear that here was the beginning of a chain of evidence that might destroy him, he gave no sign of it. From the moment he sat d[own] at the table with his defense counsel

Blood trail outside Evers's door shows where he fell and crawled when shot.

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Police Capt. Ralph Hargrove found Beckwith print on telescopic sight.

District Attorney Bill Waller and assistant John Fox prosecuted Beckwith for murder.

personality—jaunty, confident, sometimes even arrogant—dominated the room. Trim and erect at 43, his black hair slicked back over the faint suggestion of a bald spot, he had the air of a man come to receive the homage, not the judgment, of his peers. He would carefully adjust his red necktie, carefully lift his trouser leg to reveal his crimson socks, carefully thrust out the proper length of shirt sleeve so that his French cuffs would be revealed. Then one slim hand on the table, the other resting on the arm of his chair like a man posing for his portrait, he would sweep his eyes over the scattered spectators beyond the rail, nodding and smiling a thin, quick smile as he spotted a familiar face.

His was a history that Faulkner might have written—the story of a Sartoris whose views on race had made him a hero of the Snopeses. The names of his ancestors were honored in the Delta. His grandmother, Susan Southworth Yerger, came from an old plantation family that once had owned 10,000 acres of rich Delta land. She had been a friend of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and he had inherited from her a china teacup and saucer and a gravy boat that Mrs. Davis once had owned. His grandfather, Lemuel P. Yerger, had gone off at 16 to ride with Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry, and had come home with a bullet in his leg, to live his life out as a lawyer, proudly wearing the honorary title of Colonel.

Beckwith himself remembered no great plantations, no summer homes on the gulf. He had been born in Colusa, Calif., where his mother, a gentle, pretty, brown-eyed woman, had gone to visit an aunt, feeling that a change of scenery would soothe her nerves. There she had married one Byron De La Beckwith, a convivial man who grew grapes and collected guns. The senior Beckwith died when their son was five, and his mother came back to the Delta town of Greenwood to live with her brother, "Mr. Will" Yerger, in a decaying old house their father, The Colonel, had built in 1900. When Beckwith was 12 his mother died, and he lived on with his Uncle Will, a dreamy-eyed old gentleman who liked to pass out toys and candy to small children in the street.

He grew up there in the old dark house with the gentle, addled old man, a lonely small boy with few companions of his age, leaving only for brief ventures at private schools. Then when he was 20 the war came along. He joined the Marines, fought at Guadalcanal, was wounded at Tarawa. He came home completely changed. Proud, cocky, affecting a black string tie, he would walk down the street jauntily wishing all he met a jovial "top of the morning." He married and got a job selling snuff, cigarettes and chewing tobacco to little crossroad stores. His acquaintances remember now, with some surprise, that he was pleasant and polite, almost deferential, to the Negro storekeepers who bought his wares. His virulent hatred for the Negro as a race, in fact, did not manifest itself until the Supreme Court's school decision in 1954. A Mississippi circuit court judge named Tom P. Brady delivered a vitriolic speech before the Sons of the American Revolution, in which he denounced the court and likened the Negro to a chimpanzee. Beckwith, a member of the Sons, was apparently much impressed by this speech.

"That speech," said a relative later, "changed Delay overnight. He became rabid on the race question. I do not say that lightly."

He warred with the rector of his Episcopal Church for his tolerance in racial matters, harassed his fellow members of the Sons of the American Revolution by demanding they pass resolutions denouncing the Supreme Court. His home life was affected. His wife, tall, dark-haired Mary Louise Beckwith, a former WAVE, was herself a strong segregationist. But Beckwith's moods made a travesty of their marriage. They were divorced, remarried, divorced and married again. At the time of his arrest they were separated, but as the trial began, she again took her place at his side.

As racial tension heightened in Mississippi, Beckwith began distributing his own diatribes in written form, bombarding newspapers with letters to the editor. In one of them, published by the conservative Jackson *News* in 1957, he said, "I believe in segregation like I believe in God. . . . I shall combat the evils of integration and shall bend every effort to rid the U.S.A. of the integrationist whoever and wherever he may be. . . ."

The integrationist leader in Jackson was Medgar Evers. Born and educated in Mississippi, Evers had fought in World War II and in many of his interests and activities he was the counterpart of thousands of white Mississippians. He was a Baptist, a Mason, an Elk, a member of the American Legion and of the Y.M.C.A. He was also field secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. in Mississippi. Evers had tried to persuade his people to register and vote. He had led them on street demonstrations and sit-ins in public places. Worst of all, he had brought suit to integrate the Jackson schools.

All through the balmy, flower-scented spring of 1963 tension had been building up between Jackson's 100,000 whites and 50,000 Negroes. Then on May 28 violence flared. At a ten-cent store four Negro students and a white professor from Tougaloo College had staged a sit-in at a lunch counter. A mob of whites attacked the five. Two were beaten, one severely. That night 2,000 people jammed into a church to hear Evers call upon the whole Negro community to take to the streets in protest. When he shouted, "Who's ready to march?" the entire audience rose.

The city struck back hard. Within the next few days over 500 demonstrators, many of them children, were thrown into paddy wagons and garbage trucks and hauled away to a temporary stockade.

"Hell," said a courthouse official, "our police have to be hard. If they showed any signs of weakness, thousands of white men would take to the streets, shooting every Negro they saw. The fact of the matter is, there are a lot of young, hotheaded Negroes here who are ready to die for what they believe in. And we've got a lot of white men who are ready to kill them."

White hatred focused on Evers. A fire bomb made of a beer bottle filled with gasoline exploded in the carport of his home. And though his telephone was unlisted, somehow the calls got through. Sometimes the hard voice threatened his life. And he answered, "Man, I don't want to kill you. Why should you want to kill me?"

But on June 12 someone did. The state claimed it was Beckwith.

Slowly, methodically, Bill Waller began to build up his case. Detective Sgt. O. M. Luke, heavyset, bald to the ears, with a black streak of hair in the middle of his skull, told of finding the ambush spot 200 feet away in a tangle of honeysuckle vines beneath a clump of sweetgum trees on Missouri Street across from Medgar Evers's house. He described how on the following morning he had found a .30/06 Enfield rifle, with a telescopic sight on it, hidden carefully in a tangle of vines, 50 feet away from the trampled spot where the killer had hidden.

I. Thorne McIntyre III, 26 years old, a Delta farmer, took the stand. Young, handsome, well-dressed, he wore dark glasses of a greenish tint, and the tension in him was palpable in the room. He told of trading an Enfield .30/06 rifle in 1960 to a man he knew well. He examined the murder gun.

"How does this compare with the gun you owned?" Bill Waller asked. "The type of weapon is identical," McIntyre replied.

"Who did you trade guns with?"

"A man from Greenwood named Delay Beckwith," McIntyre said slowly,

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Beckwith jury, with two plainclothesmen, heads for restaurant during lunch recess.

"Do you believe it is a crime to kill a nigger?"

his head turning briefly toward the table where Beckwith sat.

In the hall at recess a man said angrily, "I'd hate to sleep in McIntyre's bed tonight. I know those Delta folks. They won't even gin cotton for him this fall."

Waller tied the gun closer to Beckwith when FBI agents told of tracing the telescopic sight—a six-power Goldenhawk—from a Chicago supplier to a Mississippi gun dealer—and the dealer testified that a month before the killing he had traded this scope to Byron De La Beckwith.

Only one small chink appeared in the wall of evidence Waller was building. Agent Richard Poppleton could not swear under oath that the bullet which had killed Medgar Evers had come from the rifle that was found at the ambush scene. The bullet was too badly battered.

But he testified that it could have been fired from only one type of rifle in the world—a .30/06 American-made Enfield. "Didn't we manufacture about a million of these rifles back in 1917?" asked Hardy Lott, on cross-examination. "And haven't they been sold and traded all over the country ever since?" To both questions Poppleton answered, "Yes."

On this first faint note of "reasonable doubt" the first week of the trial ended.

Beckwith, still jaunty, strode between two bailiffs back to his fourth-floor cell. There on Sunday he worked on his memoirs, counted the checks and cash coming into his defense fund—nearly $16,000 by now—and pounded out on a typewriter long essays propounding his fiercely segregationist philosophy. The jurors filed out to their bullpen off the courtroom to loll on the prison-gray blanketed beds, read riddled newspapers from which all reference to the trial had been cut, and to watch TV while a bailiff sat poised to snap it off if a newscast of the trial came on. The three bridge players on the panel, unable to find a fourth, resignedly played Rook.

In her small, neat house on Guynes Street Mrs. Medgar Evers, tall, slender, soft-voiced, talked at length about her husband and his work. "I like to talk about him," she said. "It helps me. I want people to know what kind of man he was. He wasn't in this for money, for power, for prestige. He was in it to do what he could for his people, for their freedom and liberty and their happiness—and by so doing make this country itself stronger and happier and more free.

"For you see, he not only loved his race. He loved his country too."

On Monday morning at 8:30 the trial resumed. Capt. Ralph Hargrove, round-faced, high-voiced, turning slightly gray, limped to the witness stand and identified himself as head of the Jackson police department's Identification Office. On the morning after the killing, he said, he had dusted with gray powder the weapon found at the ambush site. There were smudges and smears on the rifle and stock but no identifiable prints. But on the painted black metal of the telescope sight a clear fingerprint had jumped up—a fresh print which by his estimate was no more than 12 hours old. He had photographed it and "lifted" it. Ten days afterward he had fingerprinted Byron De La Beckwith, and in 14 points of comparison the print from the murder weapon matched the print of Delay Beckwith's right index finger.

So far, so good. The rifle had been traced to Beckwith. The telescopic sight had been traced to him. The fingerprint on the scope had been identified as his. Now to put him as near as possible in time and place to the scene of the murder.

Here Waller began venturing out onto shaky ground—building his case on the fragile memory of human beings, of what they saw and heard at times that might be significant. Evers had been killed just after midnight Wednesday morning. Two white taxi drivers told the jury that a man had come to them on the previous Sunday afternoon as they sat talking in front of the Jackson bus station. He had asked if they knew where "Nigra Medgar Evers, the N.A.A.C.P. leader, lived." They told him they didn't. "I've got to find him in a couple of days," they swore the man had said. Later, in a police lineup, they had picked out Delay Beckwith as this man.

(Two days later a cabdriver said, "Them two fellers are through in this town. They tell me one of them already has quit driving. The other one is scared to death. The dispatcher gets calls from the bootleg joints across the river, asking for him by name to come make a pickup. He won't go. Serves them drivers right.")

Now to bring Beckwith closer to the murder spot. Pictures of the automobile he drove in his new job as a fertilizer salesman—a white Valiant with a trailer hitch and a long aerial for a two-way radio—were put in evidence. Robert Pittman, 17, the son of a grocer who lives on Missouri Street near Medgar Evers's home, remembered the car. He testified that on the Saturday night before the killing he had seen this car parked at the back of Joe's Drive-In, next to his father's grocery store. A man wearing dark glasses and white shoes was walking about near the tangle of vines from which the shot was fired. Then about 9 or 10 o'clock on the night of the murder, while Robert and a friend were playing outside his father's store, a white Valiant with a long aerial that made it look like a police car had driven slowly, four or five times, up and down Missouri Street across a vacant lot from Guynes Street and Medgar Evers's house.

"Call Jean O'Brien." Martha Jean O'Brien, 17, a carhop at Joe's Drive-In, whose parking area backed up to the tangled undergrowth on Missouri Street from which the shot was fired, came into court. Pretty, with slanting Oriental eyes and a little pussycat grin, she testified that on the night of the killing a white Valiant car had been parked in the shadows at the back of the lot. A man had gotten out of it and gone into the rest room. She was sure about the car. She couldn't identify the man.

Barbara Ann Holder, a chubby blonde wearing a bright pink dress, took the stand. She had gone by Joe's that night to see her friend, Jean O'Brien. She had seen the car parked in the shadows. She saw it first around 9:30. It was still there when she left at 11:45. The reason she had noticed it was she thought it was a police patrol car, because of the long aerial. She had seen a man get out of it and go in the rest room. In her opinion. . . .

The roaring objection of Hardy Lott stopped her short. The jury was dismissed while the attorneys argued. "Let's hear what she was going to say," the judge ordered. "In my opinion," she said, "according to the height and description and all, the man who went in the rest room was Beckwith. He walked straight, and people around here don't walk straight." (Beckwith, whose carriage is that of an old Marine, stared at her, his fingers drumming on the tabletop.) In the visitors' gallery back of the press seats there was an angry mutter. "Damn if I thought I'd ever hear a white woman in Mississippi testify against a white man in a case like this."

"Objection sustained," the judge ruled. "The jury cannot hear this testimony. It is an opinion."

Shortly after this the state rested. Hardy Lott moved for a dismissal. Judge Hendrick denied the motion.

The defense began perfunctorily. Employees of Joe's Drive-In said they had seen no car parked in the lot. One who had seen it swore it was not a Valiant but a Dodge.

Something stronger obviously was needed, and Beckwith's fellow citizens of Greenwood provided it. A neon-sign manufacturer, who was also an auxiliary policeman, swore that he saw Beckwith at a Billups filling station in Greenwood at 11:45 on the night that Evers was killed at 12:30 A.M.—in Jackson, 90 miles away. Two Greenwood car patrolmen, their uniform jackets unbuttoned, swore that they saw him at a Shell filling station at 1:05 on that same morning. Waller brought out on cross-examination that neither of the three could remember what other Greenwood residents they had seen that night at any hour. Then, as if fearful their alibi witnesses might not be believed, the defense attorneys took the gamble nobody expected them to take. They called Beckwith to the stand.

He came like an actor striding to center stage, sat down, adjusted his cuffs and beamed upon the jury.

"Yes *suh*. No *suh*," he answered Hardy Lott's preliminary questions, like a boot Marine snapping answers to a drill sergeant. He told of "getting the business" (his wound) at Tarawa. He spoke of his avid interest in guns. "I like guns. I like a man who likes a gun. I am a trader and collector of guns. I always carry guns with me in my car."

Then the crucial questions, with question and answer coming so fast they were almost one sentence: Did you shoot Medgar Evers No suh Were you in Jackson the night Medgar Evers was shot No suh Did you talk to those two taxi drivers who testified they saw you at the bus station No *suh* I don't even know where that bus station is in Jackson.

Once the dangerous questions were past, Beckwith relaxed. He examined the gun with the air of an expert, slammed the bolt back, sighted over the head of the jury and pulled the trigger. He would not say with certainty it was the gun he had owned. Very similar though. And what had happened to his gun? Oh, he had been target shooting on Sunday afternoon, and he had cleaned the gun and put it in the bathroom closet at his home. Monday night when he went to look for it, it had disappeared. "My house is an old house, gentlemen, a dime-store key would unlock its doors."

Slowly, heavily, Bill Waller rose to cross-examine. The courtroom tensed, for here, under heavy pressure, an unstable man might crack. Waller showed him the old letter the Jackson *News* had printed: "I believe in segregation like I believe in God. . . . I shall . . . bend every effort to rid the U.S.A. of the integrationists." Do you still feel that way? "Of course I still feel that way suh."

Waller read from another Beckwith letter written in January, 1963, to the

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National Rifle Association. "Gentlemen, For the next 15 years we here in Mississippi are going to have to do a lot of shooting to protect our wives, children and ourselves from bad niggers. . . ."

A third letter, written since the Evers killing, to the editor of *Outdoor Life:* "Sir, I have just finished an article on garfish hunting at night, which is sure to be of interest to the reader, along with several ideas I have on shooting at night in the summertime for varmints. . . ."

Waller: "Would you say an integration leader is a varmint?"

Beckwith: "Ohhh, that's a human bein'. I'm talking about crows, and things like that."

Waller changed the subject, questioning Beckwith on a book he was said to be writing in his cell. The title of the book, he drew from Beckwith, was *My Ass, Your Goat and the Republic.* Would Beckwith explain that title?

For the first time Beckwith seemed on the verge of losing control. His face grew taut, and officers in the courtroom near him saw a strange glitter come into his eyes. His voice lifted, and the words poured out. "It is thus explained: by the left-wing forces riding my donkey. They intend to aggravate the public and continue on their method of destroying states' rights, constitutional government and racial integrity." The words were innocuous enough, but to court observers the manner was that of a man on the verge of hysteria.

Sensing danger, Stanny Sanders, Beckwith's lawyer, jumped between his client and Waller. "If the court please, we are not here to discuss philosophy."

The judge overruled, but the interchange gave Beckwith time to regain control. Throughout the remainder of his testimony he was calm, even cocky.

All that remained were the closing arguments. John Fox III, Waller's crewcut assistant—looking more like a law student than a prosecutor—opened for the state. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have seen this man's demeanor in this courtroom. Has he in any act or utterance behaved like an innocent man? He sat in that witness chair as if he were on a throne of glory—and he reveled in it. He proudly demonstrated to you that he is a crack shot. He wanted the world to know that. Is it possible that he also wanted all the world to know that he killed Medgar Evers—but he didn't want it spelled out so plain you'd have to find him guilty? Gentlemen of the jury," Fox concluded, "Byron De La Beckwith is a fanatic pure and simple. He had not only the capacity and the capability and the power to kill, he had the deep compelling motive. And as calmly as he would kill a turtle on a log, as coolly as he would shoot a crow out of a tree, he did execute Medgar Evers, a human being—shot him like a varmint, in the driveway of his home, in the nighttime, in the summertime, in 1963. . . ."

Six of the 12 jurors apparently agreed with John Fox. After deliberating for nearly 11 hours, the jury was still hopelessly deadlocked, and a mistrial was declared. Sometime this spring or summer Byron De La Beckwith will be tried again for the murder of Medgar Evers.

In the light of Mississippi's history, and of the fears and hatreds which still haunt that troubled land, the fact that six white men held out for conviction was in itself a victory for the law. **THE END**

Mrs. Medgar Evers shows her anguish on the day of the murder. She feels the jury's refusal to acquit Beckwith is a "ray of hope."

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THE GREAT TRADE MUDDLE

When British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home concluded his talks with President Lyndon Johnson recently, he said Britain did not agree with the U.S. policy prohibiting trade with Cuba but added that he understood our position. If the prime minister understands that much about U.S. trade policy toward Communist nations, he is ahead of us. That policy is a mixture of self-righteousness, confusion and schizophrenia. Consider first our trade policy toward Cuba: We are committed to the "economic strangulation" of that island. We believe, or profess to believe, that we can bring Castro to his knees by cutting off our trade and persuading others to follow our example. The second element in our trade policy toward Communist nations pertains to Red China and is consistent with our policy toward Cuba. We maintain a total embargo on trade with the Red Chinese.

The confusion and the schizophrenia really show in our trade policy with the Soviet Union. Until recently our trade with Russia was minimal, our exports amounting to only $15,253,000 in 1962 and $2,828,000 in the first quarter of 1963. Last fall the Kennedy Administration decided to encourage the sale of wheat to Russia. On January 20 of this year the Commerce Department issued licenses for approximately $313,935,000 in wheat exports to Soviet-bloc nations. Included in addition to the Soviet Union were Hungary, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Bulgaria. This trade is the policy of the United States Government. The Johnson Administration exerted great pressure on Congress at the end of last year to secure approval of Export-Import Bank credit for the wheat deal. The U.S. Government subsidizes the wheat in this country at the domestic price, and it is sold to the Soviet bloc at the world price, which is considerably lower. Early in January the Agriculture Department announced that "the biggest sale of American wheat in American history" had been concluded between the Soviet Union and the Continental Grain Co. The Soviets purchased 37 million bushels of wheat at the world price of $78.5 million on delivery at Soviet ports. The wheat was valued at about $90 million (domestic price) at U.S. ports.

The decision to sell wheat to Russia was not a moral one. There was no question of Russian starvation, although Soviet agriculture once again had fallen far below its goals. The decision was made chiefly because it was a good financial deal and because our government felt, as President Kennedy put it, it was "a hopeful sign that a more peaceful world is both possible and beneficial to all."

Not long after the announcement of the wheat deal a British firm completed an arrangement by which it agreed to sell 400 buses to Castro's Cuban government and granted Cuba an option to purchase 1,000 more. The U.S. Government howled. A few weeks later it let out an even bigger howl when it was announced that another British firm was negotiating for the sale of road-building equipment to Cuba. Secretary of State Dean Rusk suggested that U.S. citizens might institute consumer boycotts against the British. A few days later the U.S. Government curtailed its military aid to Britain, France and Yugoslavia, and announced that no further military aid would be granted to Spain and Morocco until they clarify their policies of trading with Soviet-bloc nations. Military aid to Britain, France and Yugoslavia amounts to only $100,000 apiece this year, but the action constituted a slap in the face for two of our principal allies (Britain and France).

The United States cannot dictate trade policies to its allies. It can only hope to persuade them to join us in economic sanctions against Cuba. That hope may not have been very realistic from the start, because other nations are motivated by economic self-interest in their trade relations, the same factor which caused us to make the wheat deal with Russia. But the task of persuading our allies to refuse to trade with Cuba was bound to fail if we were going to turn right around and trade with the Soviet bloc. We cannot expect European nations to see Cuba as a graver world threat than Russia, or to agree to forgo trade with Castro while we are trading with Russia and East Germany.

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

For many years the name of Clarence Budington Kelland was synonymous with *The Saturday Evening Post*. Beginning in 1916, Kelland wrote 53 serials, 134 short stories, and six articles for this magazine. He was a prodigious writer, who estimated that in his 61 years of writing he put 10 million words on paper. His total output included 60 novels and more than 200 short stories.

Volume, however, was not his best measure. His homey, easy style and the optimistic tenor of his stories endeared him to millions of readers of the *Post* and the old *American Magazine* in the comfortable pre-World War II era. Scattergood Baines, Mark Tidd and Mr. Deeds (from the novel *Opera Hat*, which became the movie *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*) were among the most familiar characters of popular fiction in this century. Even when such celebrated writers as Booth Tarkington and F. Scott Fitzgerald were writing for the *Post*, a new serial by Clarence Budington Kelland caused the greatest stir.

Last month, at the age of 82, Clarence Budington Kelland died at his home in Scottsdale, Ariz., having lived a full life, and having brought great pleasure and enjoyment into the lives of millions.

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THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64

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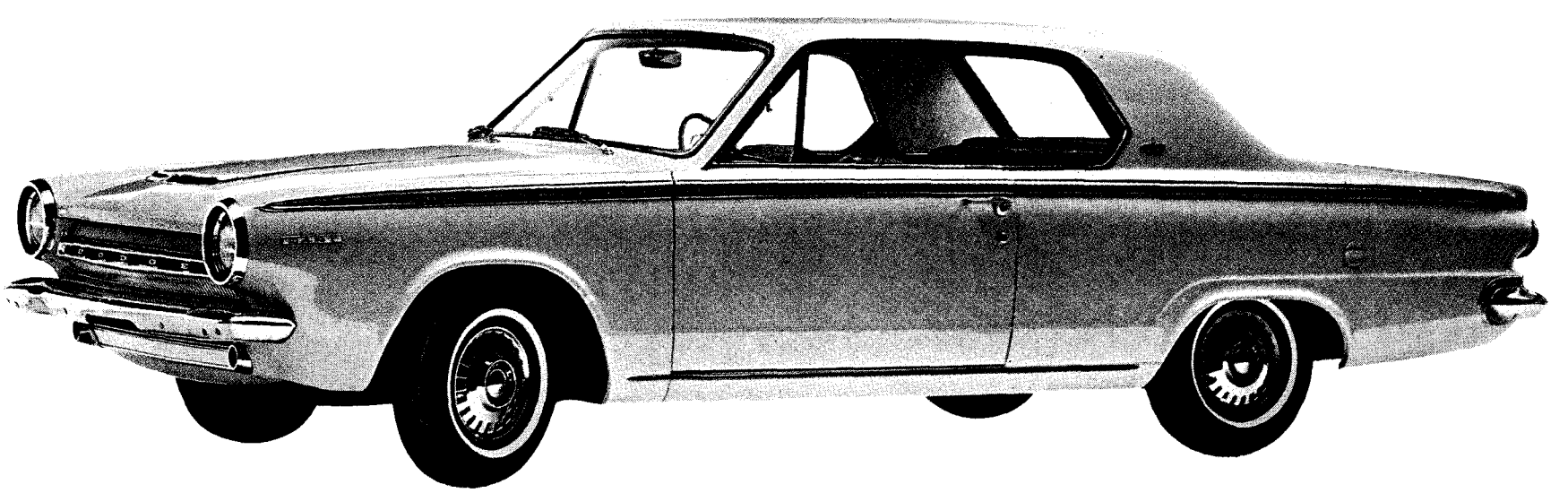

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